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Jan. 22, 1966

THE NEW YORKER

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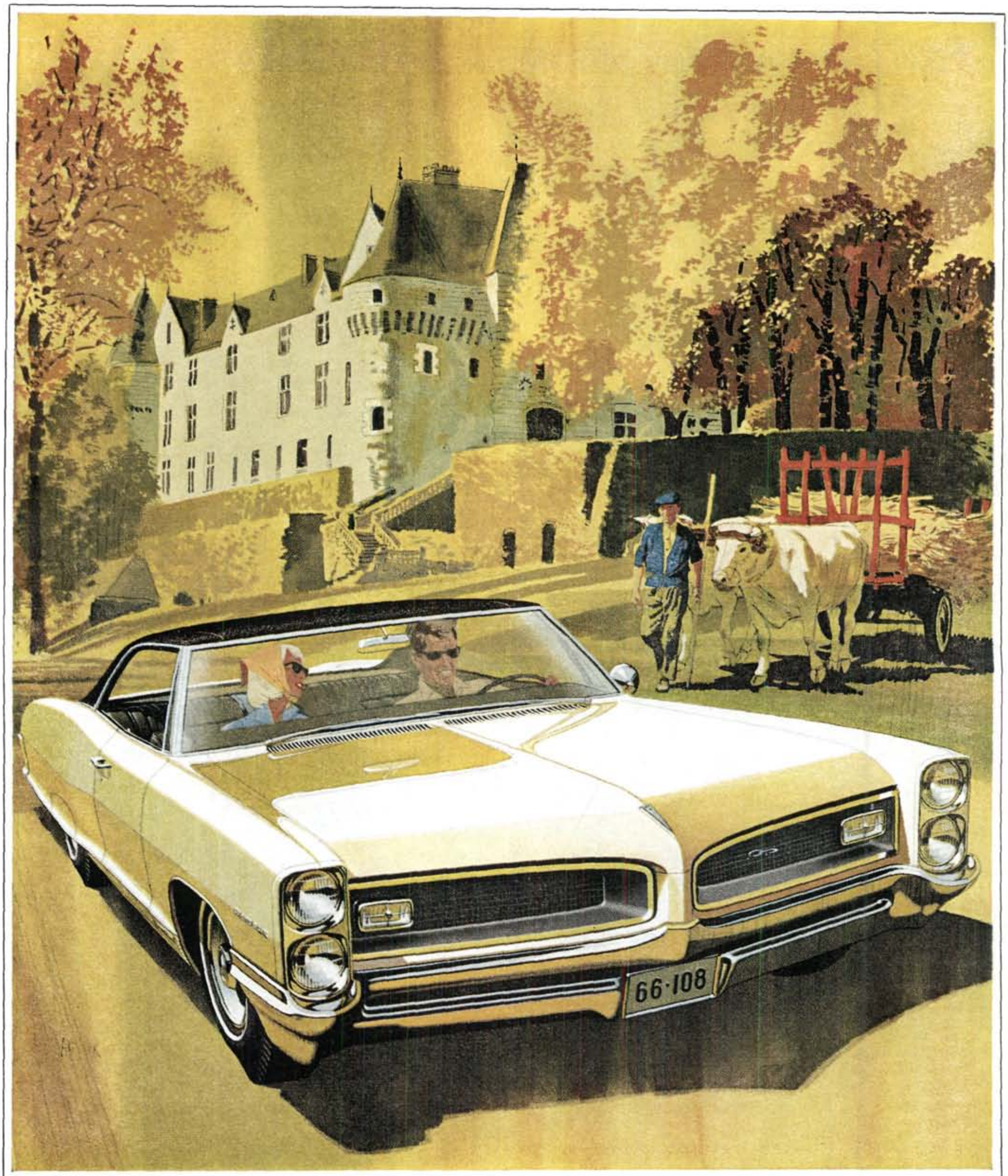

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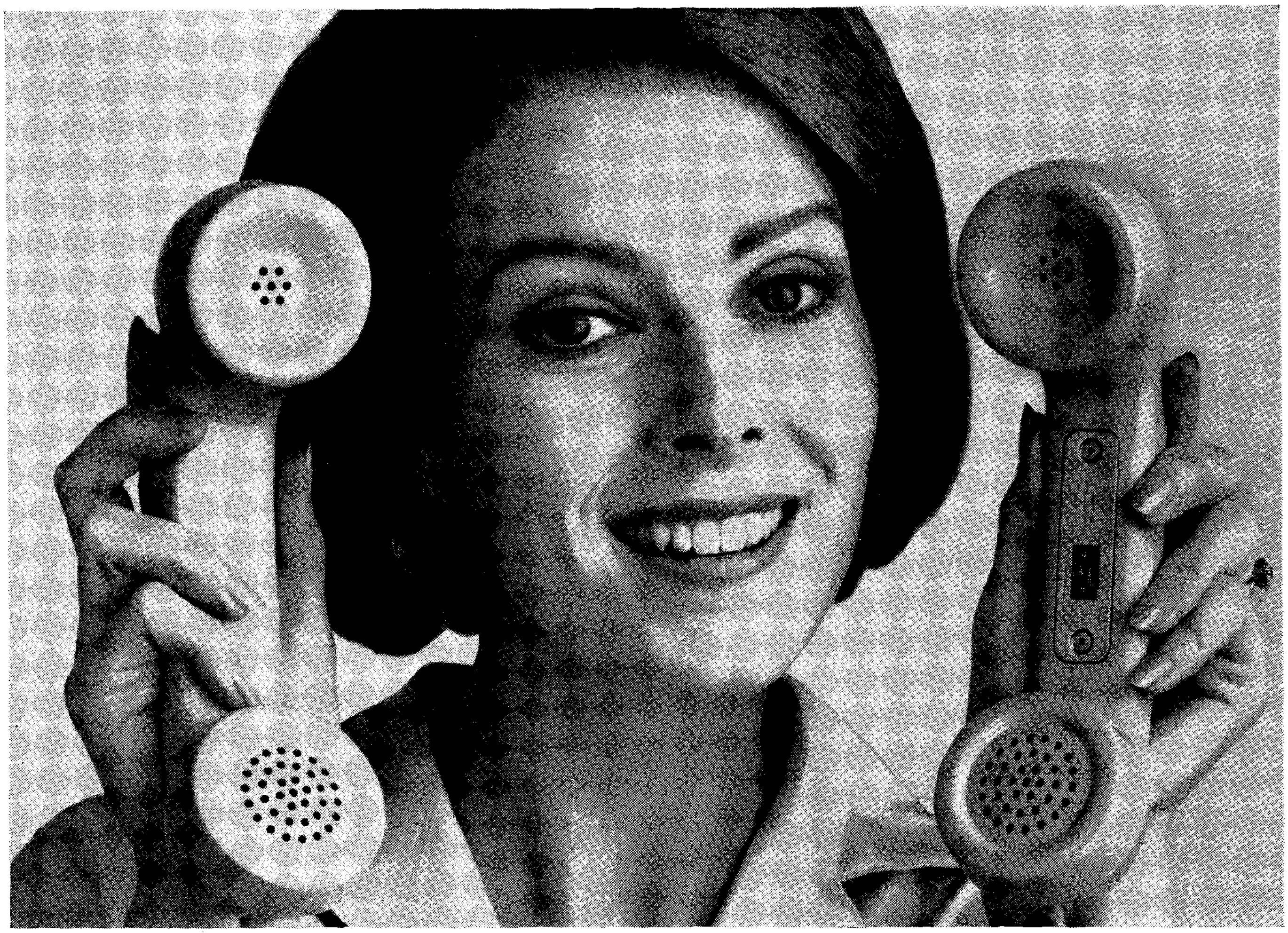

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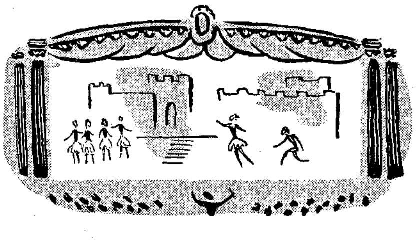
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore, among others, gambolling about in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. Mr. Burrows has doubled in brass as the director of his play. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Generation—The performance of Henry Fonda as a civilized man trying to cope with the mores of a beatnik son-in-law is one of the good things in this play by William Goodhart. There aren't many others. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Impossible Years—A standard-brand sort of comedy, in which Alan King appears as a psychiatrist surrounded by a noisy pack of adolescents who baffle him. The play is by Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx, who have written a lot for television. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Inadmissible Evidence—A marathon monologue makes up the bulk of this drama by John Osborne, which describes the disintegration of a solicitor who has no respect for his law or for himself. Hard going, but occasionally relieved by the performances of Nicol Williamson, as the lawyer, and Madeleine Sherwood and Ted van Griethuysen, who portray assorted other characters. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Marat/Sade—The Royal Shakespeare Company representing the inmates of an early-nineteenth-century insane asylum, which is, as depicted here, a nightmarish place indeed. Peter Brook, who directed the depressing drama, plainly aims to shock, and from time to time he succeeds. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Right Honourable Gentleman—A low-keyed but reasonably satisfying drama about some carnal carryings-on in Victorian London. Michael Dyne has written a well-tailored play, and the acting of the company, in which Charles D. Gray, Coral Browne, and Sarah Badel figure prominently, is serviceable. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 29.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—Peter Shaffer's colorful and dramatic account of Pizarro's conquest of Peru, in which Christopher Plummer and David Carradine lead a first-rate cast. John Dexter directed the play, and Michael Annals created the costumes. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 23.)

You Can't Take It with You—The APA Repertory Company's expert revival of the thirty-year-old comedy by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. Ellis Rabb is the director, and he has made it seem as fresh and funny as it was in the first place. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Zulu and the Zayda—Menasha Skulnik having a fine time in South Africa as a Jewish grandfather who likes to go adventuring with a native pal (Louis Gossett) in Johannesburg and its environs. An insubstantial bit of business, put together by Howard Da Silva and Felix Leon. The piece is enlivened by Harold Rome's incidental music. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**any wednesday:** Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and George Gaynes in a play by Muriel Resnik about a girl being kept by an industrial big shot. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **luv:** A triangular trifle that has in its cast Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, and Gabriel Dell. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the odd couple:** A comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Jack Klugman and Eddie Bracken head up the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the subject was roses:** About a clutch of middleclass Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Wayward Stork—Bob Cummings in a comedy written by Harry Tugend and directed by Dan Levin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Half a Sixpence—Solid songs and lively dances in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps," with Tommy Steele figuring to fine advantage in the leading role. David Heneker is responsible for the tunes and lyrics, and Onna White, for the choreography. Gene Saks directed the happy affair. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Alan Jay Lerner has invented a rather clumsy book for this musical, which is concerned with extrasensory perception and reincarnation. However, Barbara Harris, as a reincarnated lass, is high-spirited and funny, and the music, by Burton Lane, is soothing. Handsome sets by Oliver Smith, and elegant costumes by Freddy Wittop. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skyscraper—Julie Harris is appealing as a young lady trying to save a Manhattan brownstone from some high-rise builders bent on destroying it, but this musical hasn't much else to recommend it. Adapted from Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl" by Peter Stone, the play has music and lyrics by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fiddler on the roof:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . ***funny girl:*** *Mimi* Hines as Nancy Drew. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **golden boy:** Sammy Davis in an adaptation of an Odets play about a fighter who doesn't like his work. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **hello, dolly!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Clara Peggotty. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Sweet Charity—Gwen Verdon in a musical based on Federico Fellini's film "Nights of Cabiria." Neil Simon wrote the book, Cy Coleman the music, and Dorothy Fields the lyrics. Staged by Bob Fosse. Previews through Friday, Jan. 28. Opens officially on Saturday, Jan. 29. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**hungarian national ballet and folk ensemble:** A company of a hundred and ten dancers and singers, plus an orchestra, appearing here for the first time, in a two-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Monday,

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P F Fleischmann, executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, Robert S. Ogden, Marvin Rosenthal, and E. R. Spaulding, vice-presidents; J Kennard Bosee 3rd, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLI, No. 49, January 22, 1966. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

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Crane's
FINE PAPERS

DRESS BY CHRISTIAN DIOR, NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 30.)

Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center—The company's second offering is William Wycherley's Restoration comedy **THE COUNTRY WIFE.** (Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Thursday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 23.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **LA BOHÈME.** (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

Bugs and **Veronica**—Two one-act plays by John White, directed by Anna Sokolow. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

An Evening's Frost—Will Geer is delightful as Robert Frost, but there are some arid stretches in this four-actor recital from Frost's poems and from his letters and conversations. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Friends and **Enemies**—Eli Mintz in two one-act plays by Arkady Leokum. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5:30.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of comical one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward that are rich in authentic American Negro dialect and humor. They are performed enthusiastically by a fine company headed by Mr. Ward himself. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Hogan's Goat—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. The candidates are the tough old incumbent and a much younger saloonkeeper with a disreputable secret or two in his past. The results are tragic, but there is plenty of comedy along the way. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

The Mad Show—Lightweight satire is the main ingredient of this musical revue, which boasts a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Richard Kiley is superb in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman, and the music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Medea—A revival of the Robinson Jeffers version, starring Gloria Foster. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432, Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The White Devil—John Webster's seventeenth-century melodrama, directed by Jack Landau. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

American Ballet Theatre—Thursday evening, Jan. 20: "Theme and Variations," "Pillar of Fire," and "Fancy Free."...¶ Friday evening, Jan. 21: "La Sylphide" and "Interplay."...¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 22: "Interplay" and "La Sylphide."...¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 22, and Sunday matinée, Jan. 23: Act II of "Swan Lake," "The Wind in the Mountains," and "Etudes."...¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 23: "Interplay," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Pillar of Fire," and "Fancy Free."...¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 25: "Les Sylphides," "Ricercare" (American première), "Miss Julie," and "Theme and Variations."...¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 26: "Grand Pas—Glazunov," "Fall River Legend," "Esmeralda Pas de Deux," and "Les Noces."...¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 27: Act II of "Swan Lake," "Kontraste" (American première), "Ricercare," and "Les Noces."...¶ Friday evening, Jan. 28: "Giselle" and "Fancy Free."...¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 29: "Peter and the Wolf" and "Giselle."...¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 29: "The Combat" and "La Sylphide." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. Through Sunday, Feb. 13.)

Bertram Ross—With his company, in the second of two programs of modern dance. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

Les Grands Ballets Canadiens—Appearing for a single performance in a program that consists of "Suite Canadienne," "Swan of Tuonela," "Medea," and "The Firebird." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

Alwin Nikolais—With his company. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 737-3570. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 28-29, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Follies of 1966." (Madison Square Garden, PL 7-8870. Thursday at 7:30; Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sunday at 1:30 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 23.)

George Gershwin's Theater—Songs, with a chorus and orchestra, presented by the Music Theater of Lincoln Center, with Jack Cassidy, Barbara Cook, Stan Freeman, Eileen Rodgers, and others. Narrated by Garry Moore. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

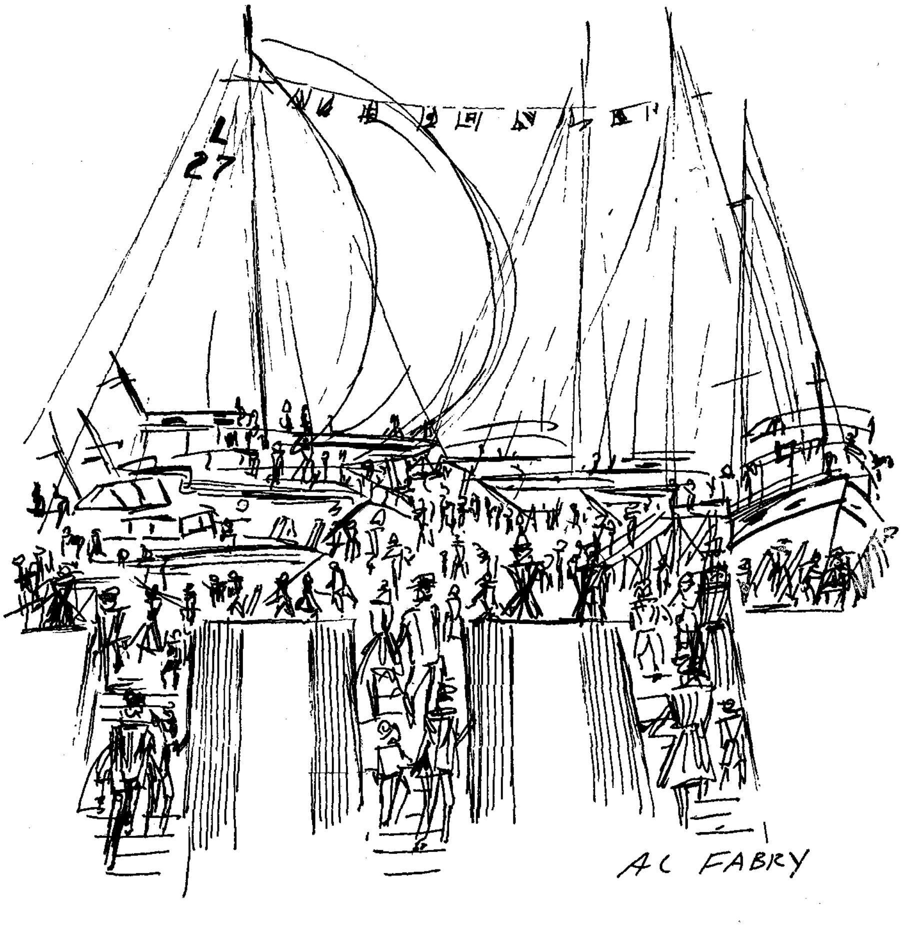
(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—At dinner and supper, the Royal Box affords Woody Allen, through whose wild and yet wistful conversation the horns of Elfland more than faintly blow. With this educational experience go the Bitter End Singers, one of the true hopes of folk music. The orchestra of Lee Evans spends the evening sampling its ample collection of grace notes. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The indoor sport of dancing (in its mildest form) can be pursued in the restaurant, which is sort of stately. George Anaya's small group of musicians parades the room from eight until nine, then breaks into dance tunes. No music Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—



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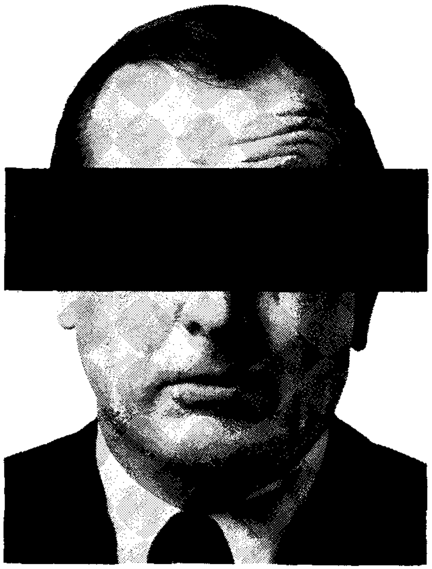

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

The first of the important brokerage houses to establish itself in midtown. A brace of *bands do the music in the main hall; in the* Champagne Room, the music (by Ernest Schoen's Viennese trio) is solely for dreaming. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, the senior class of Ben Cutler University is on the bandstand with the real New York beat every night of the week. Yvette Souviron, who fills in the interludes with ballad and piano, takes Mondays off.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Polly Bergen, who ornaments the Persian Room at dinner and supper, gives a dramatic (sometimes a cliff-hanging) reading to her favorite arias, of which she has a lot, while Luther Henderson, that old pro, incites a fluent orchestral background. Plenty of dance music is decanted during the evening, the best of it by Mark Monte's light-as-a-feather revellers. On Wednesday, Jan. 26, Miss Bergen will be succeeded by Dinah Shore. That evening, just one recital, at ten. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and "Merry Widow" music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. . . . ¶ On the stroke of eight, the Palm Court becomes a tale of two cities—Vienna and whatever the capital of Ruritania is—with the assistance of Gunnar Hansen's gallant violin and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte,* water ices, and spirits. The dream ends at one. Sunday nights are stilly.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Bobby Hackett's horn, not only articulate but clarion and happy, dominates a scene whose sky-high windows dominate New York. His valiant accomplices are Ross Tompkins on piano, Russell George on bass, and Oliver Jackson on timpani. The music goes on from eight-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

THE RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The town's leading Big Band stand, and the town's leading night boat back to the days of unbridled décor. On the quarterdeck, Lionel Hampton's crew, a fairly jocose one, *lets go from seven-thirty to one-thirty during* the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. No sound on Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Urban renewal has set the Maisonette aflame with imported scenery that is tempered by row upon row of bookshelves—Thackeray, Carlyle, and the Walpoles. American life goes on as before, though, to the tune, or tunes, of Charles Turecamo's orchestra and Quintero's Latin band. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): Ray Hartley's *champagne-brut* piano—which happens from cocktail time until eight or nine during the week (except Mondays), and from five to eleven on Sundays—is right up Peacock's Alley. The little dance band that bowls in the Alley from nine to one takes Sundays off.

NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—New York's only astrodome, which houses a playing field that is all hardwood and a mile wide. All sports but the Twist and its offspring are permissible. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Additionally, there are Thursday and Saturday *matinées, one-thirty to six,* and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A gaggle of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): You're only young once a night, or *so it seems on these premises.* The old folks—people way up in the thirties and forties—are allowed by the young ones to join in. Through this merry crossfire, music can be heard from cocktails on, beginning with Sam Hamilton and ending with Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who settle down to four-handed piano after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Domestic life in Firenze. The family retainers who are not required in the kitchen now and again display their knowledge of Italian, operatic and *otherwise, to the diners. Thursdays through* Saturdays, there is also at-your-leisure dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **FREY'S,** 160 E. 64th St. (TE 8-1524): Ralph Strain and piano are wintering this season in a pub that houses a fair quota of *jeunesse dorée* in a *jeunesse* (or even *je-ne-sais-quoi*) state of bliss. He is a late starter, a late finisher. No music Sundays. . . . **MIKE MALKAN'S,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-3000): The Kingdom of Lilliput in a garrulous mood, full of young-'uns on their best behavior. While they gabble, Mr. Malkan, *padrone,* plays rumbling piano. Seven until almost daybreak is the scheme. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner, has, after ten years at one piano, unassailable squatters' rights in the Western Hemisphere. He begins at nine-thirty in the neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island hoppers who put into this port will discover reasonably accurate reproductions of the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is amusement in its own right, is there all the time. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An exercise hall for young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A robust jazz trio performs every day of the week but Sunday, when a solitary pianist handles the whole thing. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The awful truth about love, put in *the kindliest and frequently the wittiest fash*ion by the songs of Mabel Mercer, who speaks (or sings) out of two generations of experience. Sam Hamilton is, as he should be, her pianist. Never-before-ten-thirty is their way of life. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The salon of Rita Dimitri, she of the saucer eyes, the flaunting eyelashes, and the soubrette hairdo. She chirrups from or on the piano, at nine-thirty through the week, and also at midnight Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio reports for duty at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Scenes of a happy Budapest childhood. The background music, which never stands still, is zimbalon, violin, tenor, soprano, and (for dancing in the streets) Béla Babai's band. The tenor is grand old Tibor Rakossy. Closed Mondays. . . . **TOWER EAST,** 1240 Third Ave., at 72nd St. (UN 1-1400): One of the places Where The Action Is. Unperturbed, Charles De Forest, wafted along by his own piano and a couple of sidemen, chirps his boys-and-girls-together songs and his *boulevardier* ballads from nine until four night after night. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The employees are forever on the brink of a soliloquy: to be or not to be waiters, to be or not to be Metropolitan tenors. Closed Mondays.

NOTE—The discothèque, a moth that has not yet danced too near the flame, will be best represented during its span of life by these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): The most formal of the enterprises devoted to the odd art form, a fact that does not prevent the older generation of dancers, too, from leaping to sometimes awkward conclusions. A full-fledged menu prevails from dinner through supper. The music, which begins at seven-thirty, comes out of pressure cookers. Weekdays, taps sounds at three or four; Sundays, it sounds at one. . . . **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Little children, often in what amounts to *bal-masqué* costumery, can be seen but not heard, so prodigious is the music of the electronic age. Ten until four Tuesdays through Thursdays and nine-thirty to four Fridays through Sundays is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is recited from memory by a machine, the hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who floats with the greatest of ease. The garb runs from theatre working clothes to underground mov-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ies.... **DOWNTOWN,** 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Both human beings and automation take part in the music making for a plain-spoken but pleasant pavilion. The house dancers (chief among them Linda Benter) spend their evenings (nine-thirty until three or four, except Mondays) inventing the most pleasurable of unsquare dances. Saturday and Sunday matinées from one to six. There is a menu, to an extent.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The lord of this grand manor is Cy Walter, from whom nearly all good ideas about drawing-room piano flow. His piano operates from six to one, except Sundays.... **SHERATON-EAST,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the august Café Ambassador, Steve Iles plays concert piano that rings not only welkins but some tricky changes. The music runs from seven to one every night but Sunday.... ¶ Le Palais, which deals only in dinner, from seven to ten, is an excellent way of keeping in touch with Vienna, and so is Hans Hansberg's zither. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Quaint conceit is the essence of this children's-hour castle keep. His Majesty's revels are accompanied by the dream-sequence violin of Norbert Faconi, a ruler himself among the circumnavigating fiddlers. No sound on Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays.... **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Doing as the Romans do, and with the same viands, libations, and scenery. Among the citizenry is a brand-new round of dulcet minstrels (mandolin, violin, and accordion) who operate from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): The new face of Spain, but even so the architecture makes the twentieth century a great deal less stark. The guitarist, Rogelio Reguera, sets forth a panorama of Spain in the subtlest of hues. He starts up at eight in the third room back of this jubilant display. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): One more affirmation of delight in everything Spanish. The music—guitar again, by Harold Morris—is, though, as much New World as Iberian. No sound effects Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Busy, busy nights on the Via Veneto. Some of the traffic jam is itinerant musicians plying their fiddles with great determination. Closed Sundays.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The vistas in this landed estate make us all sorry that we ever moved out of the American past. In the bar, there's piano from five to eight and nine-thirty to two, except for Saturdays and Sundays.... **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Dignity is what the Regency Room cocktail lounge stands on, but that does not prevent Rack Godwin's piano from indulging itself in occasional subtle bouts of byplay. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. ... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Reasonably subdued grandeur presides over the bar-restaurant, where Enzio Lembo vocally accompanies his guitar from nine-thirty until one every night but Sunday.... **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): Dreams of Empire, all right, but of the one that once lay along the Neva and the Volga. Marina Fedorovskaya, the doyenne and chanteuse of this enterprise, who has a very Russian chef under her arm and thumb, can sound both hearty and heartfelt; she is spelled by a pair of musicians, likewise very Russian. Closed Mondays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The social significance is tremendous, the music (George Feyer's piano, from eight-thirty until two) is tenuous. Closed Sundays.... **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): This portion of the Hotel Westbury is given over to dining and to the casual piano of Conrad Monjoy, who is on duty from nine-thirty until one every evening but Monday. ... **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): From six-thirty until midnight every night but Sunday in the Casino-on-the-Park, that dispenser of peace on earth, Steven Weltner (pausing for the winter on his way around the world) plays piano to really listen to.... **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): More than a touch of Moorish architecture, and quite a few touches of globe-trotter piano by George Rudolph, who is on point duty from six until midnight, except on Sundays. ... **NEW YORK HILTON,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): In the Seven Hills, whose René Bouché murals do a reprise of Rome at sundown, Mario Peralta wields with ease an absolutely unwieldy and age-old bandonion, whose seven-until-nine music is all balm. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Tony Bennett, hail-fellow-well-met, is brimful of great big notes of cheer for his lyrics; Ronnie Martin overflows with mother-in-law, he-and-she, and Pat-and-Mike-Quill jokes. The six-girl corps de ballet is out for very early spring practice. Dancing.... ¶ In the Lounge, from ten until who knows when, there is boom and zoom on the bandstand.... **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "French Dressing," a brand-new Never-Never Land, in which girls outnumber boys six to one and (in a special sense) outstrip them, too, is a leisurely parade that lasts nearly two hours. In the middle of it all stands Jayne Mansfield, the celebrated den mother; not far in the background is Betty Jo Alvies, a tawny creature who will certainly be Miss Amazon of 1966. Dancing.... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): In America, land of opportunity, even the leading men of a very recent World Series can become folk singers, dancers, and raconteurs, so Maury Wills and Jim (Mudcat) Grant are foot-and-tongue-loose at the moment—rather innocent, it is true, in their avocation, but entertaining indeed, even though their aides are distinctly not. Also present: Gene Baylos, a stand-up comedian in the tertiary stage of dyspepsia, who has his moments, too. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Pick a Number XV," Julius Monk's annual report on the state of the nation, not to mention you and me, is—as ever—in revue form and rare form. Rex Robbins and Bill Hinnant, players who have worn Monk's-cloth in other years, are again keeping up their spirits of mockery, and John Keatts is their new male companion; the ladies of the house—Elizabeth Wilson, Liz Sheridan, and Lee Beery—are all new and all noblewomen. The pianos of Robert Colston, Frederick Silver, and Otis Clements act as orchestra. Curtains at nine and eleven-thirty. No frolics on Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): It's boots-and-saddles time in the back room when the feet of Joaquin Robles take off on their flamencan cavalcade; Pedrito Rico, a just-arrived Madrileño, does the singing. Señor Rico's last night is Wednesday, Jan. 26. Dinner and supper during the week is the schedule, but the dancing by the customers makes the performance continuous. On Sundays there is tea dancing in the afternoon (Tito Puente's band is the catalyst) and just one show, at ten.... ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpático* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays.... **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Cole Porter as the poet laureate would surely have wanted it—in a revue replete with vigor, velocity, and virtuosity. Ben Bagley is the inventor of this potpourri of the lesser-known arias of the Master; Dody Goodman, Bobby Short, and Danny Meehan are the just-right principals; Carol Arthur, Jane Manning, and Virginia Vestoff are the excellent acolytes; William Roy, piano, and Dick Sheridan, timpani, are the orchestra; fetching and fun-loving are the costumings. Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays an extra show at eleven—that's the ticket.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Just for Openers," the pocket-edition revue here, is a slow starter, but it soon picks up

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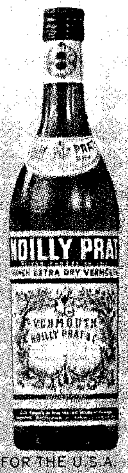
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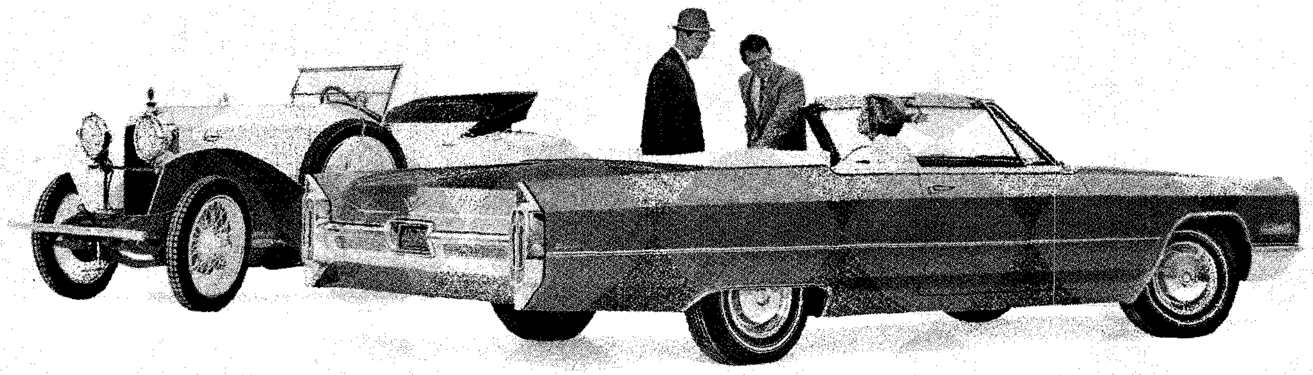

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

momentum. R. G. Brown, Fannie Flagg, Kelly Wood, and Richard Blair, the leaders of the pack, are the important fun-lovers. Nine-thirty and midnight, except Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Miles Davis, whose instrument so often sounds subterranean when it is not being surrealist, occurs Friday, Saturday, and Sunday every week, and so does his quintet; what, and whether, anything happens on other nights is a matter of conjecture. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): This emporium, a two-layer cake, combines a street-level restaurant with a belowstairs cave. Up top, Jaki Byard does his best with an overage piano every night but Monday; down under, he repeats himself Fridays and Saturdays, in the company of Cannonball Adderley's explosive quintet and Carmen McRae's ululating ballads. Sunday, Jan. 23, down under will offer Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee (songs and colloquy) in a benefit performance, from five to eight. On Mondays, down under is occupied by clumps of Latin musicians, to say nothing of Symphony Sid, a commentator on the jazz scene for whom time has stood still. Other nights, total darkness. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The most reliable of the Village's coffee mills, and the most discerning in the choosing of new faces, new voices. The Wigggs of 1666 (a peruke-and-roll quadrille), Jake Holmes (on the range), and the Uncalled-For 3 (jesters) are currently in residence. On Friday, Jan. 21, all but the U-F 3 will be replaced by more folk musicians, native and Israeli. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting graduates and undergraduates. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The little old Village smithy. No chestnuts at all are presented by the quintet of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn. The fivesome of Thad Jones and Pepper Adams helps out Fridays and Saturdays; Fridays through Sundays, Jimmy Rushing cuts loose with his two-ton voice. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The Jazz Workshop of Charles Mingus is in its standard state of productive ferment. Toshiko Mariano, nowadays going it alone on piano, provides fetching interludes. On Mondays, visiting jazz bands stand in. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Eddie Condon, ever the boy minstrel, is using a powerful battery—Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Dill Jones, and Morey Feld—to produce the old-school music he loves best. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the bar is the threesome of Billy Taylor. Its mood jazz is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, the solo operator. Nine-fifteen is starting time. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): In case there is ever another 52nd Street, a crew usually comprising Zutty Singleton, Cliff Jackson, Herman Autrey, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, and Red Allen is lying in wait here. Sundays, Don Frye plays piano all by his lonesome, beginning at nine. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A congeries of banjoists called the String Stretchers is hitting this sawdust trail. Peanuts and beer are part of the scene. The plunking runs from nine to three or four every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). Sundays bring on, at four-thirty in the afternoon, a few stanzas by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT,** 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): Fry, small but agile, spend the evening in a setting that could be Boothbay Harbor or Mount Desert Island. Practitioners of the rock and the roll, the rant and the rave, find the local band exactly to their liking. The schedule: nine-thirty until four through the week, eight to one-thirty Sundays. . . . **CHARLIE BATES,** 1487 First Ave., at 78th St. (734-9777): Slightly self-conscious is the barrelhouse interior decorating, robust is the prepared piano (period-piece) of Bob Emma, young is the choral work of the Ned Odum Boys' folk airs, plentiful is the sawdust on the floor and the beer in the pitchers. From seven o'clock every night but Sunday, when the Smith Street Jazz Society Band checks in at four. Closing time is always long after midnight.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

HAROLD ALTMAN—Etchings done in Paris; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM BARNETT—Expressionistic figure paintings and still-lifes; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Galerie Internationale, 1095 Madison Ave., at 83rd St. Closed Mondays.)

GIANFRANCO BARUCHELLO—Non-objective paintings; through Feb. 5. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

VICTOR CANDELL—Abstract paintings; through Thursday, Jan. 27. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

WILLIAM COPLEY—Paintings done in 1965; through Feb. 12. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

GENE DAVIS—Hard-edge paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—Paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

LUDVIK DURCHANEK—Life-size figures in sheet bronze, nickel silver, and copper; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

EMLEN ETTING—Paintings from the Greek islands; through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

JOHN FERREN—Abstract oils; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL GEORGES—Self-portraits, nudes, and landscapes; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

DOUGLAS GORSLINE—Paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

JASPER JOHNS—Four large paintings; through Feb. 2. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL KLEE—Paintings, drawings, and collages (1909-40); through Saturday, Jan. 29. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—Bronze reliefs for the door of St. Peter's, together with sculptures, paintings, and drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

CARLOS MERIDA—Paintings by this Mexican artist; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

WALTER MURCH—Still-life oils and drawings; through Feb. 12. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDUARDO PAOLOZZI—Sculptures in chrome-plated steel and polished aluminum by this British artist; through Feb. 2. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HUGO ROBUS—A memorial exhibition of his figure sculptures; through Feb. 12. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

BERNARD ROSENTHAL—Abstract bronzes; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGES SCHREIBER—Watercolors; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

LADISLAS SEGY—Boxes; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN SLOAN—Paintings of places and people relating to his diaries of 1906 to 1913; through Feb. 5. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

THEODOROS STAMOS—Paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

TANIA—Abstract construction-paintings; through

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday, Jan. 29. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Victor Vasarely—Fifty-three new Op paintings; through Feb. 5. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Three Hundred Years of New York City Families—A benefit exhibition of fifty-eight group portraits depicting leading New York City families, among them the Astors, Vanderbilts, and Rockefellers, by such artists as Eastman Johnson, John Singer Sargent, and George Bellows; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Audubon Artists—Their twenty-fourth annual, containing oils, prints, watercolors, and sculptures; through Feb. 6. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Sculptures—Pieces by Arp, Calder, César, and other American and European artists; through Jan. 31. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

African Art—Masks, statues, and utensils (in *wood, bronze, and ivory), from Mali, Liberia,* Nigeria, and so on; through Feb. 28. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **alan**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Sculptures by George Baker, Joe Brainard, and Jack Squier, plus pictures by William Brice and James Gill; through Saturday, Jan. 22. . . . **lewison**, 35 E. 64th St.: Albert Bierstadt, Leonard Ochtman, and Theodore Robinson are three of the artists represented in a showing of nineteenth- and twentieth-century landscapes, figure subjects, seascapes, and still-lifes; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **terrain**, 39 Grove St.: Prints by (for instance) Anuszkiewicz, Oldenburg, and Dine; through Jan. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6; Friday and Saturday evenings, 9 to 11.) . . . **valente**, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings and drawings by Henri, Luks, Shinn, Sloan, and Glackens; through Feb. 17. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **bianchini**, 50 W. 57th St.: Master drawings, Pissarro to Lichtenstein; through Feb. 5. . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Drawings, paintings, and sculptures by such artists as Archipenko, Raoul Dufy, and Miró; through Feb. 5. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.: A benefit exhibition of about forty paintings by Impressionist masters, including Cézanne, Monet, and Renoir, on loan from private New York City collections; through Saturday, Jan. 29. . . . **marlborough-gerson**, 41 E. 57th St.: Degas, Matisse, and Picasso are among the exhibitors in a showing of French drawings and watercolors of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; through Feb. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **odyssia**, 41 E. 57th St.: Small sculptures and drawings by (to name a few) Manzù, Max Ernst, and Pietro Consagra; through Feb. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **viviano**, 42 E. 57th St.: Etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts by Afro, Max Beckmann, and Jan Cox; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Early American Cities," a showing of aquatints of cities along the Eastern seaboard by early-nineteenth-century landscapists, from the collection of Harry W. Havemeyer; through Jan. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of oils by the Belgian Surrealist René Magritte; through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Robert Rauschenberg's thirty-four abstract illustrations for Dante's "Inferno;" through March 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints, by Edvard Munch; through Feb. 20. . . . ¶ "The Photographic Image," an exhibition of paintings by Richard Artschwager, Robert Rauschenberg, Andy Warhol, and four other artists, whose work involves elements or themes suggested by photographs; through Feb. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1965 Annual of Contemporary American Painting, an invitation show, consisting of a painting apiece by a hundred and thirty-eight artists, among them Hans Hofmann, I. Rice Pereira, and Edward Hopper; through Jan. 30. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Greek Gold: Jewelry from the Age of Alexander," a display of some two hundred items, the majority of them unearthed during the past fifteen years in Greece, Italy, Syria, and Turkey; through March 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Ancient Art from Afghanistan: Treasures of the Kabul Museum;" through March 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5, Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"Salvador Dali: The Years 1910-65," a retrospective of paintings, drawings, prints, collages, sculptures, and jewels; through Feb. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Eighty-one paintings and drawings by Abstract Expressionist Philip Guston; through Feb. 13. . . . ¶ Large paintings-constructions by Jim Dine, Jasper Johns, Larry Rivers, and others; through Feb. 13. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Autograph manuscripts, letters, and books by Rudyard Kipling; through Feb. 5. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Folk Artist in the City—Erastus Field in New York," an exhibit of portraits and subject pieces by this nineteenth-century artist; through March 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Graphic Art—"Five Centuries of Graphic Art," the initial showing of this new Museum, at present without a home of its own, is being held in temporary quarters at the Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St. On view are woodcuts, etchings, engravings, and lithographs, ranging from Schongauer to Picasso. Through March 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Clark and Frances Stillman Collection of Congolese Sculptures;" through Feb. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Jan. 20: "Manon Lescaut," with Licia Albanese, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 21: "Samson et Dalila," with Mignon Dunn, Jess Thomas, Gabriel Bacquier, John Macurdy, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 22: "Fidelio," with Birgit Nilsson, James King, Geraint Evans, Otto Edelmann, and Sherrill Milnes. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 22: "Aïda," with Martina Arroyo, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Sherrill Milnes, Nicola Ghiuselev, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 24: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Heidi Krall, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, Robert Goodloe, and Nicola Ghiuselev. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 25: "Tosca," with Birgit Nilsson, Franco Corelli, and Anselmo Colzani. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 26: "Aïda," with Martina Arroyo, Nell Rankin, Jess Thomas, Robert Merrill, Raymond Michalski, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 27: "Fidelio," with Ludmila Dvorakova, James King, William Dooley, Ezio Flagello, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 28: "Salome," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Nedda Casei, Karl Liebl, Walter Cassel, and George Shirley. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 29: "Don Giovanni," with Teresa Stich-Randall, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Rosalind Elias, Jan Peerce, Cesare Siepi, Geraint Evans, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 29: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, Richard Tucker, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 30: "Andrea Chénier," with Renata Tebaldi, Mignon Dunn, Gladys Kriese, Franco Corelli, and Tito Gobbi. A benefit performance; for tickets, call OX 5-4100. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—William Steinberg conducting on Thursday, Jan. 20, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 21, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8:30; and Monday, Jan. 24, at 7:30 (all with John Corigliano, violin). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting an all-Brahms program on Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 8:30, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Rudolf Serkin, piano). Mr. Bernstein will also conduct a varied program on Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 28, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8:30; and Monday, Jan. 31, at 7:30 (all with Julius Baker, flute).

Boston Symphony—Jean Martinon conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 8:30, and Friday, Jan. 28, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf conducting an all-Brahms program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin, and Jules Eskin, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Charles Castleman, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

Festival Orchestra of New York—Thomas Dunn conducting Bach's St. John the Baptist Cantatas, with Catherine Linville, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; Charles Bressler, tenor; and David Clatworthy, bass-baritone. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 23, at 3.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 24, at 8:40.)

American Opera Society—Lamberto Gardelli directing a benefit performance of Boito's "Mefistofele" in concert form, with Renata Tebaldi, soprano; Barnabé Martí, tenor; and Nicolai Ghiaurov, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting the second in a series of three programs of twentieth-century music, this one with commentary by Milton Babbitt. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 737-3570. Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 8:40.)

Krakow Choir and Orchestra—Andrzej Markowski directing this group in its first appearance here. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 21, at 8:30.)

Oratorio Society of New York—T. Charles Lee directing a performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio "Elijah," with Donna Jeffrey, soprano; Jean Sanders, mezzo-soprano; Joseph Sopher, tenor; and William Warfield, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

Dessoff Choirs—Paul Boepple directing a program of choral music by Luca Marenzio. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Ruth Laredo—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Jan. 21, at 8. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 21, at 8:30.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—The Lenox Quartet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Jan. 21, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618.)

Michel Block—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Joseph Fuchs—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano, in the last in a series of concerto concerts, with a symphony orchestra conducted by Alfred Wallenstein, this one an all-Brahms program. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

Gérard Souzay—Baritone, in a program of

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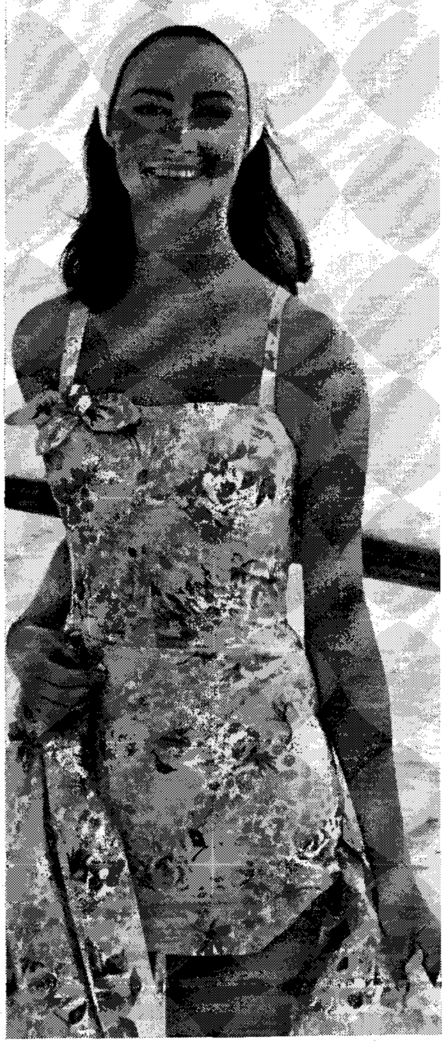

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French songs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Sunday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

Andres Segovia—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 23, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

Raymond Lewenthal—Piano, in the last in a series of three all-Liszt programs. (Town Hall. Monday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Die Kammermusiker Zurich—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Ralph Kirkpatrick—Harpsichord, playing Book II of "The Well-Tempered Clavier." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Ruggiero Ricci—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 737-3570. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

Note—The Juilliard String Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 30, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 24, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—"Great Jazz Composers," with Frank Foster's orchestra, Roland Kirk, Howard McGhee, Billy Strayhorn, Billy Taylor (who will also be narrator), Bob Wilber, Jim Hall, Bob Brookmeyer, and others. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 737-3570. Friday, Jan. 21, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 6:30: Philadelphia vs. Los Angeles and Knicks vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Boston.

Boxing—Harold Johnson vs. Amos Lincoln, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 28. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 7:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Feb. 12.

Track Meet—Millrose Athletic Association. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Jan. 27, at 7.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Thursday, March 3. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "The Barber of Seville," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By **NANCY COLE'S PUPPETS:** "An Adventure of Edmund Mouse." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel." (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 2:30.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Robin Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Rapunzel and the Wicked Wizard." (East 74th Street

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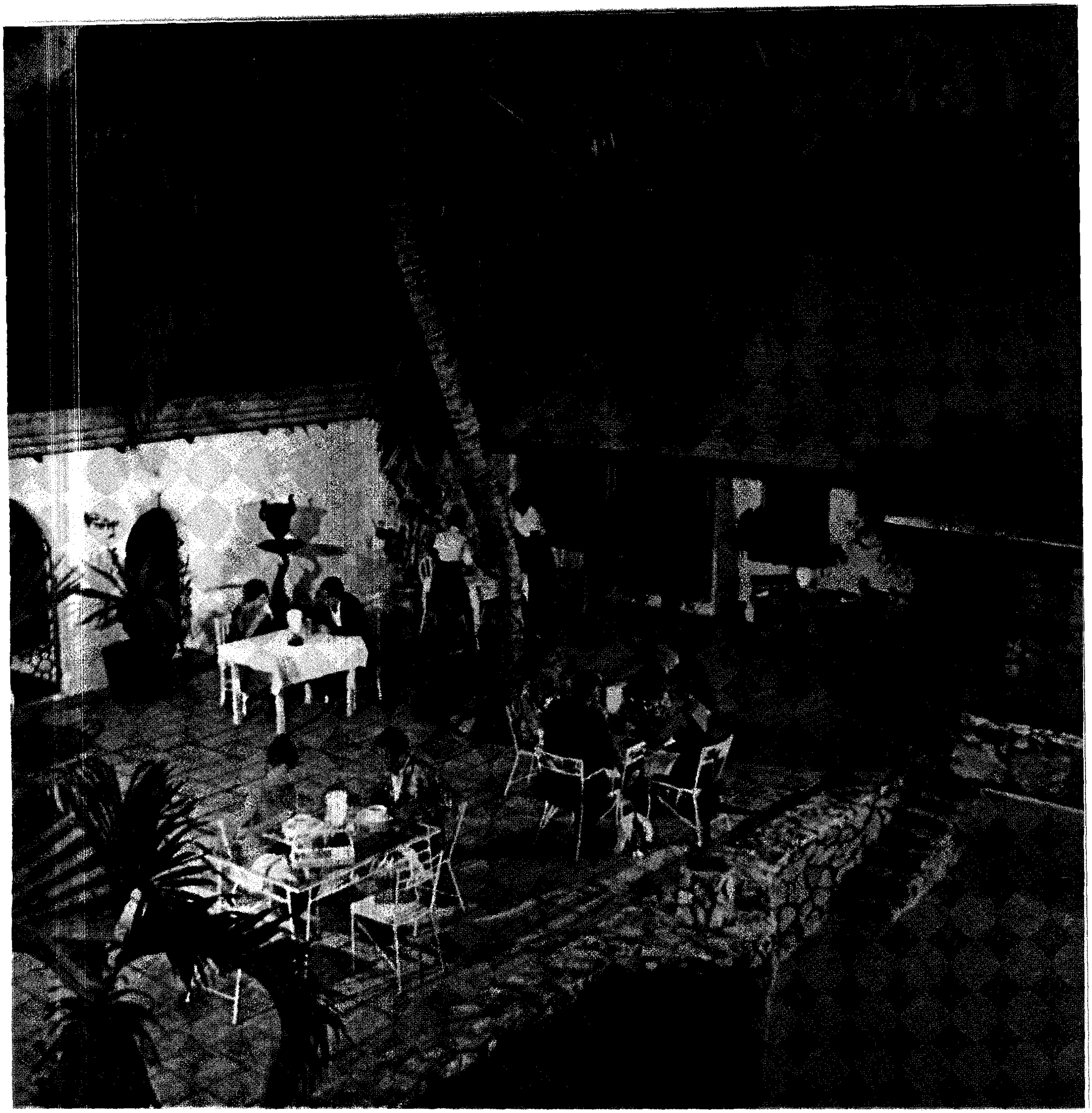

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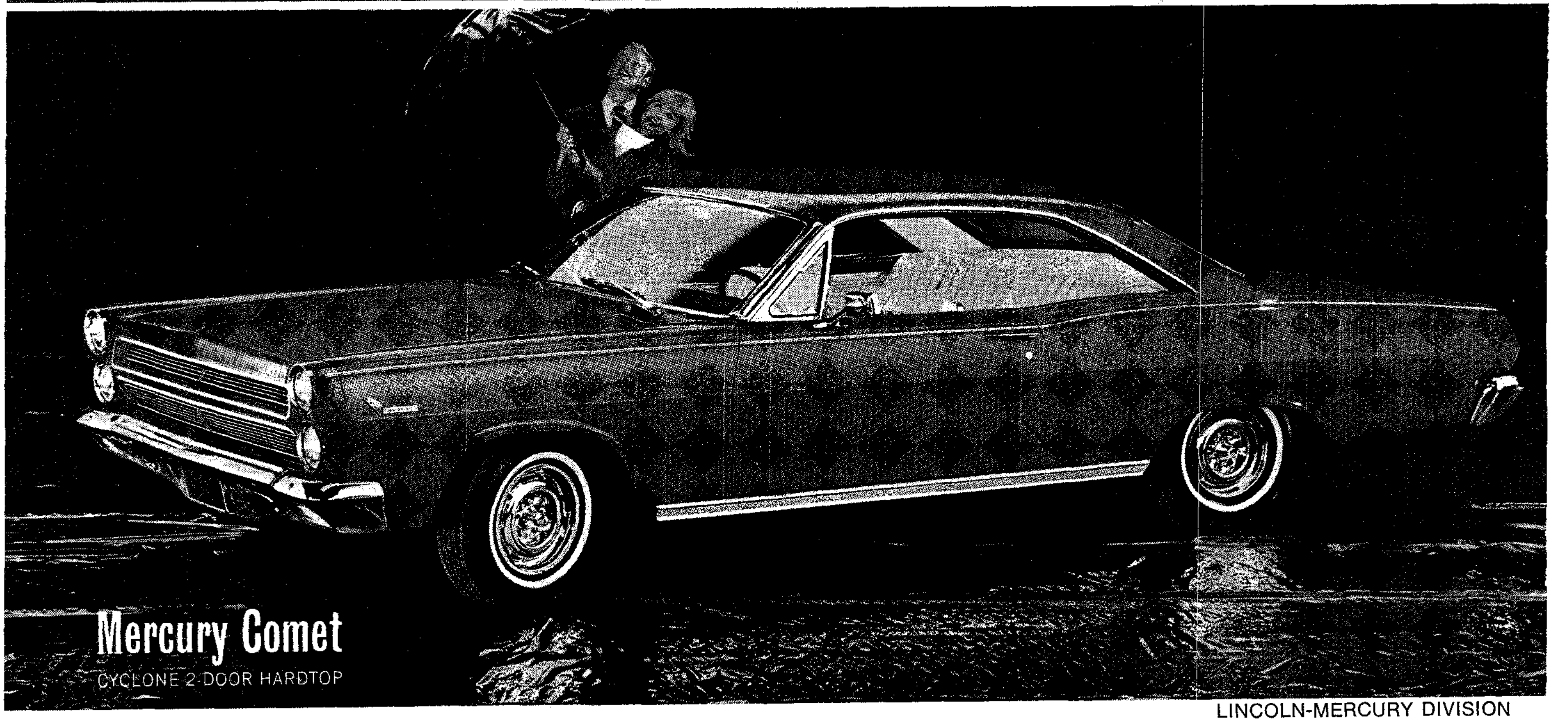

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Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "The Brightest Moon of All." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

MOVIES—"The Gold Rush," with Charlie Chaplin. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:30 on the day of the performance.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday, except Jan. 22, from 10 to 12. On Jan. 22 at 10:30, there will be an ice carnival, made up of skating races, a costume parade, and all the rest that goes with an ice carnival.

OTHER EVENTS

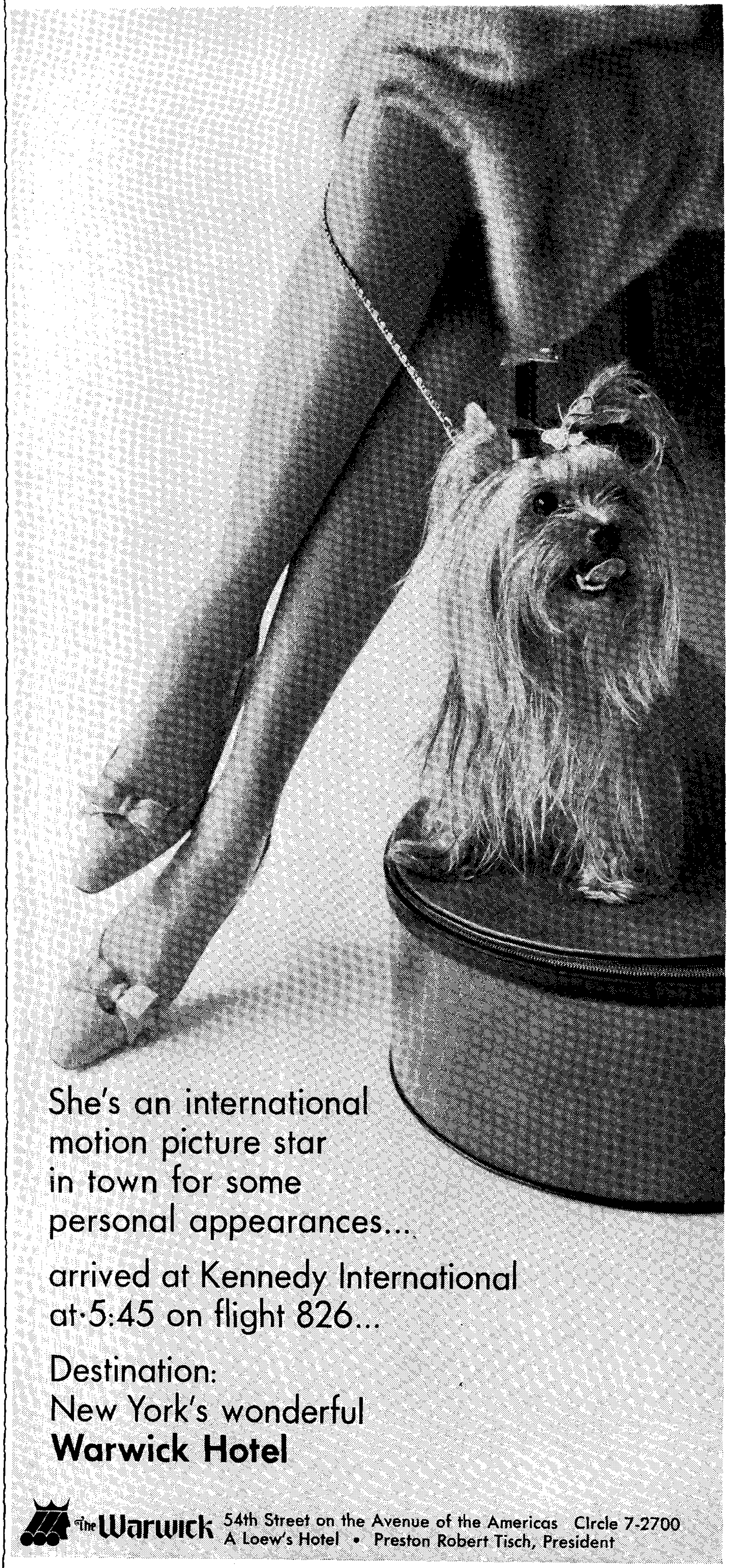
UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY AND DRAMA READINGS—Denise Levertov reading a cycle of poems she has put into English verse from the Bengali. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Jan. 20, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)... ¶ Hurd Hatfield, Cornelia Otis Skinner, and Paul Sparer in "The White Rose and the Red," a program of excerpts from Shakespeare's "Henry VI" and "Richard III." (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)... ¶ W. H. Auden reading his new poems. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

NATIONAL BOAT SHOW—The fifty-sixth midwinter regatta, featuring inboards, outboards, sailboats, dinghies, cruisers, and assorted nautical trappings. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 20-21, from noon to 10:30; Saturday, Jan. 22, from 10:30 to 10:30; and Sunday, Jan. 23, from 1 to 7.)

WINTER ANTIQUES SHOW—American, European, and Oriental furniture and decorations, displayed by some eighty dealers, plus several complete room settings, including an American country sitting room; an eighteenth-century French drawing room; and an English drawing room, with furniture ranging from Queen Anne to George III. A benefit exhibition. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 21-22, from 1 to 11; Sunday, Jan. 23, from 2 to 7; Monday through Wednesday, Jan. 24-26, from 1 to 11; and Thursday, Jan. 27, from 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Jan. 21, at 1:45: English, Continental, and American silver, belonging to several collectors.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 22, at 1:45: Early American furniture and decorations, from the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Varick Stout and from other sources.... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 27, at 7: Contemporary American paintings, drawings, and sculpture by such artists as Alexander Calder, Willem de Kooning, Jackson Pollock, and Larry Rivers; from various owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 22.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Bunny Lake Is Missing—A thriller from the cunning hand of Otto Preminger. With Carol Lynley, Keir Dullea, Laurence Olivier, and Noël Coward. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Jan. 21-25. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Jan. 26, tentative.)

Casanova '70—An Italian comedy in which little else matters except that Marcello Mastroianni plays the title role and that all his victims are beautiful. Directed by Mario Monicelli. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Jan. 22-25.)

Darling—The ravishing Julie Christie stars in a picture that, though it stumbles and loses its way, is nearly always interesting. The cast includes Dirk Bogarde and Laurence Harvey and the director was John Schlesinger. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through Jan. 23. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Jan. 25. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Jan. 21-25. No evening performances on Tuesday, Jan. 25.)

Doctor Zhivago—A lot of things have gone wrong with this expensive-looking version of the Pasternak novel. The notable, largely wasted cast includes Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness, Geraldine Chaplin, Rod Steiger, and Rita Tushingham. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Help!—The Beatles are shown, travelling roughly as fast as sound, on skis, in tropical waters, in a London wine cellar, and, at irregular intervals, on stages and in studios, belting out songs. A joyous mess, directed by Richard Lester. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Ipcress File—Double-crossing and maybe even triple-crossing in British Intelligence, with Michael Caine playing the not very heroic hero. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through Jan. 24. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Jan. 26. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Jan. 26, tentative.)

Juliet of the Spirits—A Roman housewife, played by Giulietta Masina, seeks to save herself from the horror of being middle-aged and unloved, and such is the genius of Federico Fellini that the picture is comic and beautiful and almost never sad. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050.)

The Knack—This comedy of sex in London seems at first somewhat smothered by technical pranks, but the minute that Rita Tushingham sets foot in it, it becomes a delight. Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks are more than satisfactory as three carefree bachelors. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Jan. 25.)

Life at the Top— . . . is hard cheese, says this wry, tough, well-written and well-acted English comedy. Starring Laurence Harvey, Jean Simmons, Donald Wolfit, and Honor Blackman. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

The Loved One—An unfunny bungling of the Evelyn Waugh original, ill-directed by Tony Richardson. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Moment of Truth—The celebrated Spanish matador Miguel Mateo Miguelin plays the role of a celebrated Spanish matador in a shocking but beautiful picture by the Italian director Francesco Rosi. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, of course, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Pawnbroker—Rod Steiger is *magnificent* in the title role of this grim and, at bottom, not very plausible movie. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Jan. 25.)

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

The Eleanor Roosevelt Story—A candid, affecting study of a remarkable American. Narration written by Archibald MacLeish. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Jan. 26.)

Ship of Fools—A great plum pudding of a picture, ably directed by Stanley Kramer and with an exceptionally good cast, including Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Michael Dunn, George Segal, Elizabeth Ashley, and Lee Marvin. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Jan. 22-25.)

The Spy Who Came in from the Cold—An entirely successful adaptation of the famous best-seller. With Richard Burton, Oskar Werner, and Claire Bloom. The director is Martin Ritt. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

The 10th Victim—Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress are the stars of this witty Italian extravaganza about licensed sudden death in the twenty-first century. Ably directed by Elio Petri. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—A loosely historical, very comic account of an air race across the English Channel in 1910. Among the contestants are James Fox, Terry-Thomas, Alberto Sordi, and Gert Frobe. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

A Thousand Clowns—A funny Broadway show has been turned into an even funnier movie. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Thunderball—A silly, thrilling, and occasionally beautiful melange of sex and sudden death, starring Sean Connery as James Bond. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, 563-4350; Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; and Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

To Die in Madrid—A documentary account, taken mostly from newsreels, of the Spanish Civil War. Heartbreaking and unforgettable. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

REVIVALS

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Jan. 22.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 20.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Jan. 26.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1960)—A Russian picture dealing with a family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Jan. 25.)

Day of Wrath (1948)—Witchcraft in the early seventeenth century. A Danish production, directed by Carl Dreyer. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Jan. 25.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 20.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Four members of the Order of the British Empire. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in a French interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Jan. 25.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields again, this time with Mae West, gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Jan. 22.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—Still more W. C. Fields, here doing his best as a kindly uncle. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 21-24.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers cutting up in the musical world. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Jan. 26.)

Paths of Glory (1957)—Humphrey Cobb's novel about the madness generated by war. Kirk Douglas, Adolphe Menjou, and George Macready. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Jan. 23-25.)

Sabrina (1954)—Audrey Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart in a comedy about a chauffeur's daughter who manages to make her way from garage to mansion. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Jan. 26.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon (1964)—A British thriller, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough as a half-mad medium and her timorous husband. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 21-24.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 20.)

This Gun for Hire (1942)—Activity in the underworld, with Veronica Lake and Alan Ladd. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Jan. 25.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. The hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 25.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Jan. 25.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—W. C. Fields *again*, now involved with Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, and the circus. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 21-24.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—Jan. 20 at 2, 5:30, and 8, and Jan. 21 at 2 and 5:30: "Secret Agent" (1936), with Madeleine Carroll and John Gielgud. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, and Jan. 23 at 2 and 5:30: "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge" (1962) and "A Time Out of War" (1954). . . . ¶ Jan. 24-26, continuous showings from noon, last showings at 5:30: "Animation—Films from Many Nations.". . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Three programs in a series called "A Tribute to Busby Berkeley." Jan. 20 at 2:30 and 5:30: "Gold Diggers of Paris" (1938), with Rudy Vallée. . . . ¶ Jan. 21-22 at 2:30 and 5:30, and Jan. 23 at 2:30: "42nd Street" (1939), with Bebe Daniels and Ruby Keeler. . . . ¶ Jan. 25-26 at 3 and 5:30: "She Had to Say Yes" (1933), with Loretta Young and Lyle Talbot. . . . **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Jan. 24: "Boeing Boeing," Jerry Lewis, Tony Curtis.
From Jan. 25: "Our Man Flint," James Coburn, Lee J. Cobb.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Judith," Sophia Loren, Peter Finch.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (563-4350)
THUNDERBALL.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Battle of the Bulge," Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Hill," Sean Connery.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
HELP!; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 21: **DARLING.**
Jan. 22-25: **SHIP OF FOOLS**; and **CASANOVA '70** (in Italian).
From Jan. 26: **THE IPCRESS FILE.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Jan. 25: "Never Too Late," Paul Ford, Connie Stevens; and "A Rage to Live," Suzanne Pleshette, Bradford Dillman.
From Jan. 26 (tentative): **BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING**; and "Boeing Boeing," Jerry Lewis, Tony Curtis.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Jan. 23: **DARLING.**
From Jan. 24: "The Shop on Main Street," a Czechoslovakian film.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THUNDERBALL.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
A THOUSAND CLOWNS.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Sandra" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, Michael Craig.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Jan. 24: **THE IPCRESS FILE.**
From Jan. 25: "Our Man Flint," James Coburn, Lee J. Cobb.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THUNDERBALL.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE LOVED ONE.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Jan. 25: **THE KNACK**; and "Red Desert" (in Italian), revival, Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.
From Jan. 26: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Jan. 25: **DARLING.**
From Jan. 26: "Where the Spies Are," David Niven, Françoise Dorleac.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE 10TH VICTIM (in Italian).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Jan. 20 at 2, 4, and 8:30: "An Evening with the Royal Ballet," Margot Fonteyn, Rudolph Nureyev.
Jan. 21-25: **BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING**; and "King Rat," George Segal, Tom Courtenay.
From Jan. 26 (tentative): **THE IPCRESS FILE**; and "Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Jan. 20 at 2:30, 4:30, and 8:30: "An Evening with the Royal Ballet," Margot Fonteyn, Rudolph Nureyev.
Jan. 21-25: **DARLING.** (On Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M., "The Thief of Bagdad," a silent film, with Douglas Fairbanks, will be shown instead.)
From Jan. 26: **THE IPCRESS FILE.**

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Boeing Boeing," Jerry Lewis, Tony Curtis; and "Apache Uprising," Rory Calhoun.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Jan. 20: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and "Hallelujah the Hills," revival, Peter H. Beard.
Jan. 21-24: **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON**, revival; and "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
From Jan. 25: **THE IDIOT** (in French), revival; and **DAY OF WRATH** (in Danish), revival.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through Jan. 22: **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, revival; and **THE BANK DICK**, revival.
Jan. 23-25: **PATHS OF GLORY**, revival; and "The Fugitive Kind," revival, Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani.
From Jan. 26: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; and "Arsenic and Old Lace," revival, Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Jan. 25: **THE PAWNBROKER**; and **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival.
From Jan. 26: **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival; and **SABRINA**, revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 25: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** and "And Quiet Flows the Don" (both in Russian and both revivals).
From Jan. 26: **THE IPCRESS FILE.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE MOMENT OF TRUTH (in Italian).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Jan. 20 at 2:30, 4:30, and 8:30: "An Evening with the Royal Ballet," Margot Fonteyn, Rudolph Nureyev.
Jan. 21-25: "When the Boys Meet the Girls," Connie Francis, Harve Presnell; and "Zebra in the Kitchen," Jay North, Martin Milner.
From Jan. 26: "The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson; and "Murder Most Foul," revival, Margaret Rutherford.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
"Repulsion," Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Jan. 20: "Love Without End" (with Mandarin dialogue), revival.
From Jan. 21: "The Mermaid" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Jan. 26: **THE ELEANOR ROOSEVELT STORY.**

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Sallah" (in Hebrew).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE 10TH VICTIM (in Italian).

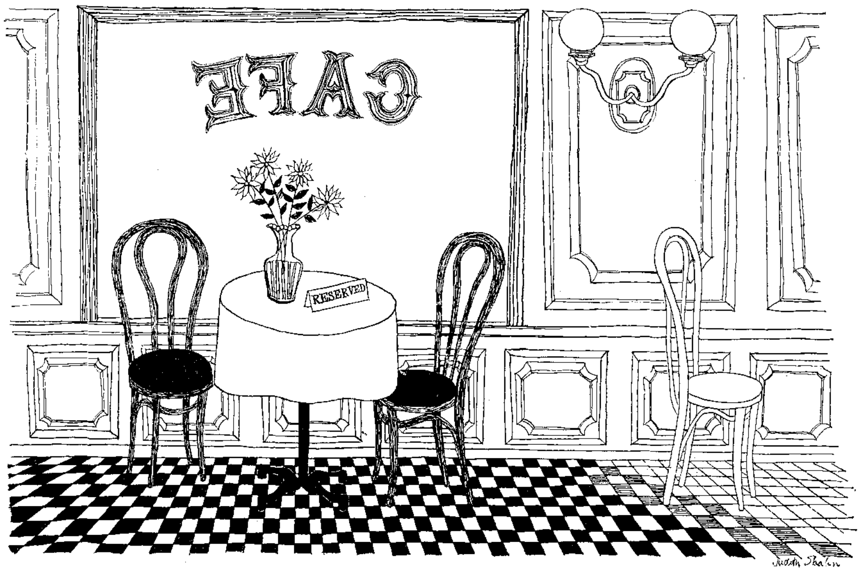
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
LIFE AT THE TOP.

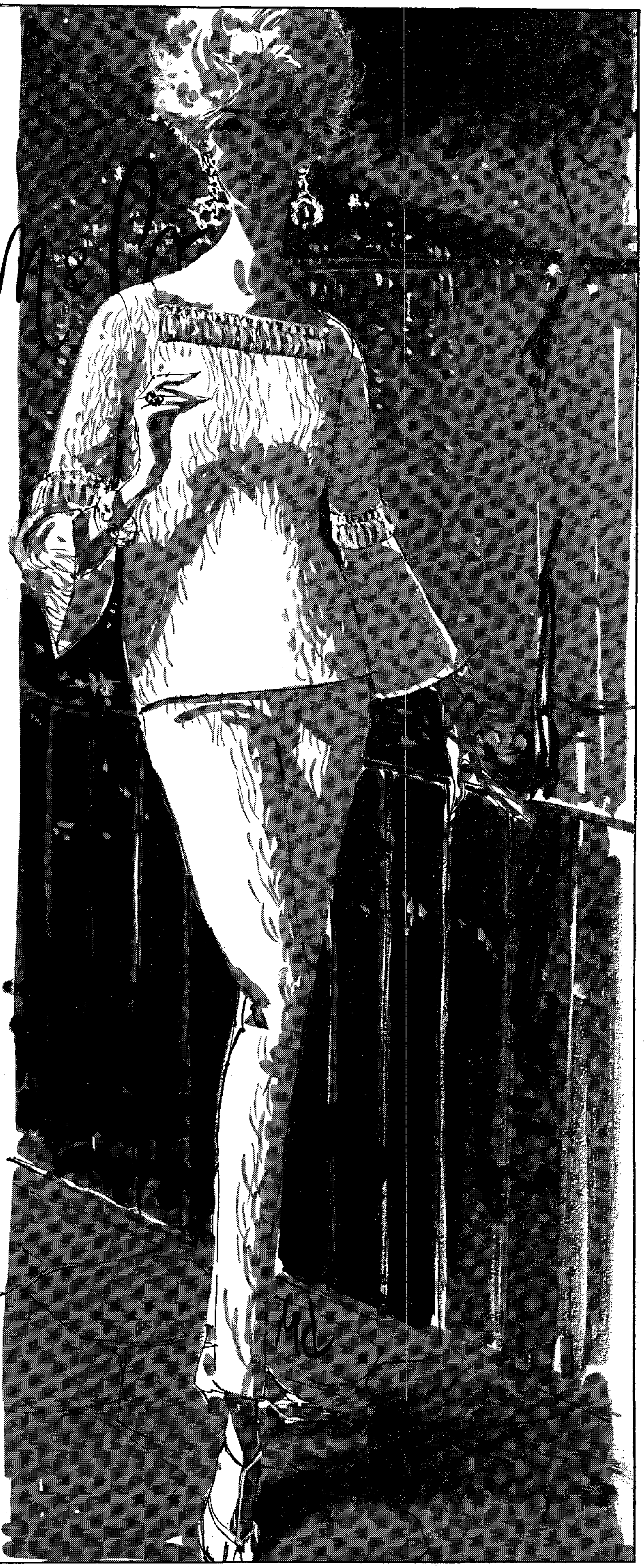
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Jan. 20: **THE BIG SLEEP**, revival; and **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**, revival.
Jan. 21-24: **NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK**, revival; and **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN**, revival.
From Jan. 25: **THIS GUN FOR HIRE**, revival; and "Murder, My Sweet," revival, Claire Trevor, Dick Powell.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
DARLING; and "Only One New York," revival, a documentary film.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 20: "The Cool World," revival, Hampton Clanton; and "The Connection," revival, Warren Finnerty.
Jan. 21-24: "Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers; and "High Infidelity" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Ugo Tognazzi.
From Jan. 25: **THE TRIAL**, revival; and "Dirty Hands" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"Repulsion," Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry.





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THE NEW YORKER

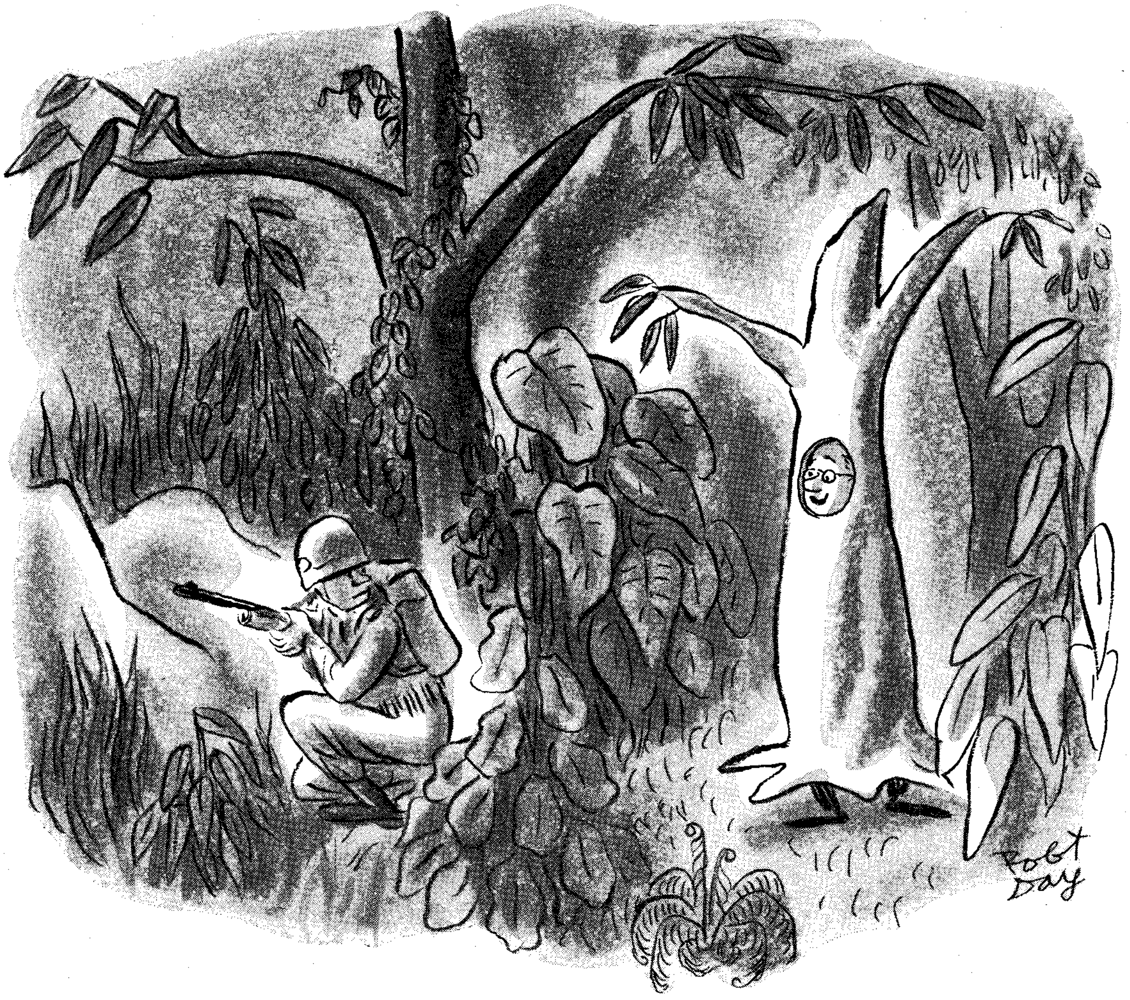
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A GROUP of young men and women, some of them college graduates, have settled near Trinidad, Colorado, and are attempting to get in touch with dwarfs and trolls. "We lost contact with dwarfs, wizards, and the tree people thousands of years ago," their spokesman, a psychology and philosophy major from the University of Kansas, has explained, and he has also expressed the conviction that the dwarfs are "concerned" over the threat of nuclear destruction. The Red Chinese, meanwhile, will no longer accept payment in rubles of the transportation fees for war matériel that is being shipped by railroad across China to North Vietnam, and have demanded payment in dollars instead. From South Africa comes word that a vast massacre took place a million years ago on the plains of the Transvaal; here *Homo erectus*, a predecessor of *Homo sapiens*, wielding weapons fashioned from the jawbones of leopards, defeated an army of ape-men (*Paranthropus*), who could only throw stones. On the other hand, in Armenia a lady named Asmar Mansymkzu claims to be a hundred and fifty-three years old, and one Armenian district, Nagorno-Karabakh, is reported to contain two hundred and fourteen centenarians, including a couple who say they have been married for a hundred and three years. The inhabitants drink sour milk mixed with garlic. A Frenchwoman, Mme. Geneviève Trozensynski, who fulfilled a vow to walk from Le Havre to Bethlehem alone, was fed by strangers along the way, and liked all the food except a Middle Eastern paste of beans and olive oil. A venom ten times as powerful as any venom previously known has been extracted from the skin of the kokoi frog, which is found only in the rain forests of the Choco Mountains, in Colombia. The sex drive among the lower animals, including birds, is apparently triggered by light, a Michigan scientist has revealed, whereas among the mammals warmth, rather than light, activates the hypothalamus, the portion of the brain involved. At Anne Ford's wedding-eve party, the champagne cost thirty-two dollars a bottle. An Atlanta biologist has reported that chimpanzees, although they have a considerable capacity for vodka, don't really like it, and will take orange juice if they are given a choice. The Siamese fighting fish (there's been a lot of biological news lately) is so aggressive it will attack even a mirror image of itself. Mao Tse-tung celebrated his seventy-second birthday the day after Christmas. Two American soldiers who were held captive by the Vietcong for two years have been charged by the United States military command with aiding the enemy. Four Vietnam aborigines have been sentenced to death for leading a tribal uprising. Four Cuban merchant-marine officers have defected in Japan because their captain was instructed to carry a military cargo from Shanghai to North Vietnam. A Nobel Prize-winning physicist, Professor Eugene P. Wigner, has proposed that each American city build beneath itself a "protectopolis"—a grid system of large concrete pipes secure against nuclear blasts and fire storms. A group of American writers have petitioned the Soviet government to drop charges of being "anti-Soviet" against two Russian writers, arguing that American writers are not really "anti-American." The killer whale, the Stanford Research Institute has disclosed, is very garrulous, and can be heard underwater for two miles. The group in Colorado, however, has not yet heard from the trolls.

Mediator

THE day after the transit strike was settled, we had a talk with Professor Nathan P. Feinsinger, chairman of the three-man mediation panel that had been appointed jointly by Mayor Wagner and Mayor-elect Lindsay. We found him in the sitting room of a suite of connecting rooms on the thirty-ninth floor of the Americana, which he had been occupying for the past two weeks (he said it felt like eighteen months) with his colleagues, Sylvester Garrett, of Pittsburgh, and Theodore Kheel, of New York. He was sitting in an Americana-modern armchair, his back to a broad and glassy view of a sparkling, sunlit swath of midtown Manhattan, the Hudson River, and the banks of New Jersey. Scattered over the room were telegrams of congratulations, stacks of folders and cardboard envelopes, Americana memo pads bearing scribbled notes, and what looked like thousands of telephone messages to call up everybody. Dr. Feinsinger was wearing the same tweedy getup and homey pullover sweater we'd become familiar with as we watched him appear on our television screen around the clock in the now ended drama, whose plot we'd had as much trouble following as if it had been "The Man from U.N.C.L.E." A pair of crutches lay on the floor at his feet. (They, too, had appeared on our television screen; Dr. Feinsinger has been using them since he underwent a recent operation for a hip injury he suffered in an automobile accident in 1950.) He looked tired, relaxed, and friendly, and he informed us cheerfully that he and his colleagues were happy to be free



"*Private Willis? I'm your congressman.*"

of their police guard (they had been threatened four times with bombings), that he didn't know whether the suite was still bugged with listening and recording devices (during the strike the mediators became so accustomed to being listened in on that whenever they were about to hold an important top-secret conversation, the chairman insisted on due process for the eavesdroppers, telling them, "Now hear this! Go to your stations, men, and start bugging!"), and that they were returning borrowed typewriters and rented dictating machines, packing, and trying to leave for home, which in his case is in Aspen, Colorado. And, he said—and he urged us to be sure to make a note of it—he was feeling definitely *un*chastened by criticism that the settlement terms went beyond the Presidential guidelines.

"I was a public member of the tripartite National War Labor Board during the Second World War, and I was chairman of the National Wage Stabilization Board during the Korean crisis, and Kheel and Garrett likewise had a lot of experience with both boards, so if anyone should know what the wage-stabilization program means, we should," Dr. Feinsinger said, in a mild, patient, and unboastful manner. "But I just had a telephone call from Ted Kheel that left me aghast. Ted informed me that a very informal, rough, and incomplete memo that I had prepared for the internal use of the panel—and possibly as background for the Mayor, if he should choose to go into that subject—and that indicated the strike settlement was within the spirit and intent of the guidelines, was referred to yesterday by the Mayor in a broadcast in rebutting attacks from various sources. I'm embarrassed professionally. I've now learned that Mayor Lindsay can be tough, but that's politics. He's a politician, after all, and this I understand and forgive. But how do you like that Mayor broadcasting my confidential memo?"

"Well, are you going to bawl him out?" we asked.

"Not at all," Dr. Feinsinger said, in a tone of impressive good will. "He'll just grin over the phone and say, 'I'm sorry.' He's a *politician*—get it? Besides, he realizes that if he has to talk to me before he does it, it's a baddie. He's a first-*rate* politician. He makes mistakes. His judgment in picking his advisers is not always good—for example, he chose me. But he's a man of great courage. He's got charm, and he's a man who attracts people in a very emotional way. Like 'Let's get out from under,' and 'Let's pull together,' and all that junk. But he's not a demagogue. He's impulsive, with a great deal of derring-do. He laughs and shows his resiliency. You know how he likes to be treated? He likes to be *told*. And if you stick to it, he'll recognize the soundness of what you're saying. He'll grin and say, 'O.K., I've got it.' Get it?"

"Got it," we said.

"I've been through some pretty rough cases," Dr. Feinsinger went on, without changing his tone of objectivity. "I've had experience as a mediator in coal, steel, shipping, Hawaiian pineapple, Hawaiian sugar, et cetera, and, of course, I have participated in several cases in New York City, of which I hope this is the last. On the basis of *this* experience, I can say, without qualification, that collective bargaining as it is practiced in New York City does not bear the slightest resemblance to collective bargaining in the Middle West and the Far West. *It is different.* I might also say that we had a great panel, each member of which had different weaknesses and different strengths, and that I don't know of any other panel made up of three strong personalities which could have worked as well in this case. Sylvester Garrett is chairman of the Arbitration Board for United States Steel and the Steel Workers Union, and a top expert in the wage-stabilization field, and Theodore Kheel, of course, has as much experience as any mediator in the history of this country. I might say, further, that I have two friends whom I deeply love; namely, Sylvester Garrett and Theodore Kheel. And I sit here and look at one man with a hundred-per-cent demonstration of integrity and the other with a hundred-per-cent demonstration of brilliance, and I know that they can't exist." Dr. Feinsinger laughed.

"How about the mediation part of the case?" we asked. "Anything different about *that*?"

"What we've just been through is typical of the framework of the ordinary labor case," he said, speaking fast but with a soothing sort of blandness. "It's what I call the turkey dance. Courting procedure. The way the male bird goes after the female. Want to know the way it goes? Then get this! First, there's the joint session with the mediator. At this point, nothing is expected, nothing happens. Except the posing for photographers and the interviews. The press stops the first man on his way to the conference room—representing the union—and asks, 'Is this a dispute, *sir*, with any possibility of settlement by compromise?' The answer is always no. Then a representative of the other side comes along, and *he* says, with heat, 'That's typical. We're supposed to do all the *giving*. They're supposed to do all the *taking*.' Then along comes the mediator, saying, 'Our only concern is with the public interest. We do not take sides, *sir*, with where the right lies. Furthermore, we have not heard the parties.' And the press says 'Oh, excuse me!' because the press does not want to be charged with holding up the mediation. You get the posture?"

"Got it," we said.

"'We don't deny the graveness of the situation,' the mediators say," Mediator Feinsinger went on. "'We do not have any preference as to which side we meet with first.' And at this point there is always some photographer who gets into the joint-session room. And it always looks to the press sticking their heads in at the door as though this photographer had sneaked in and was taking shots. And word comes back to me: How come? Despite warning signals and tugs at my sleeve from my colleagues, I speak loudly to this photographer, and it then turns out that he's just a photographer for the union, who is *supposed* to be in there. There's always some hassle like that at the outset, particularly in New York City, and everybody's nerves are always on edge. I then apologize for speaking loudly to this photographer. Finally, we are assembled. The joint session. The gambit. I say, 'Gentlemen, we don't know anything about this dispute'—in a nice, disarming voice—'and therefore let us start from scratch.' Even though Ted Kheel knows *everything*, and Syl Garrett and I have been studying the issues for days. Then we get some talk from the union: 'No, Mr. Mediator, you are not correct in stating that we are asking a twenty-five-cent increase; we are asking a *sixty*-cent increase.' That's par for the course. Some remote goal is fixed. We flutter around a few times, and then we start talking to the parties separately. You get back to the joint session only when in your judgment you think it would be productive to do so."

At this point in our education, Dr. Feinsinger's telephone rang. He answered it and said yes, he *would* speak to the Mayor. We got up to let him speak to the Mayor alone, but he ordered us to halt. "Stick around. You might learn something," he told us hospitably. "This is what I was trying to say," he then said into the telephone, still not changing either his bland tone or his fast talking pace. "What has complicated this case more than any other single factor is the economists are trying to act like labor-relations experts, and vice versa. Got it?" We could hear the Mayor give a resilient laugh. "Use it if you wish," Dr. Feinsinger told him, and hung up, with what sounded like a genuine chuckle. "Charming, tough, and a first-rate politician," Dr. Feinsinger said. "Now he's saying, 'God Almighty, I'm being besieged! They're asking me "Is it three-point-two or eleven-point-six?" and what shall I tell them?' I told him, and he likes to be told. Did you hear that laugh?"

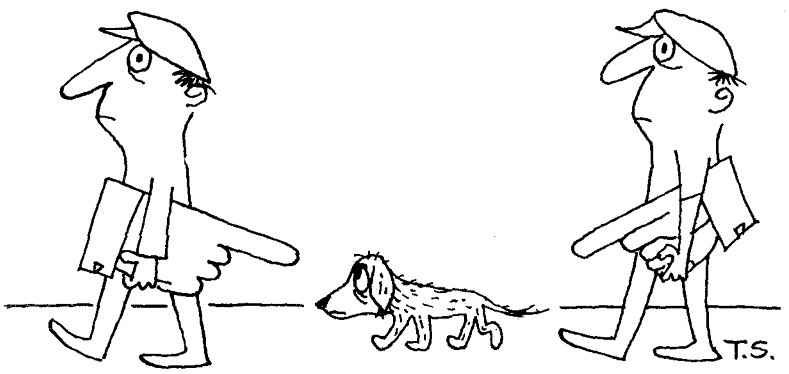
"Yes," we said.

"I never had a case like this, involving a real jailing of a live union leader," Dr. Feinsinger went on. "In 1948, John L. Lewis and his men were fined, but nobody was jailed. In my judgment as a lawyer—differing from the opinion of some of my brethren who are old pros in this field—the judge had no alternative under the circumstances but to order the jailing of Mr. Quill and the other union officials. But when Mr. Quill and the others were jailed, for the first time in my life—and I'm pretty hardboiled—I wept. I felt that this was the beginning of a Greek tragedy. I was up all night. It gave me a jolt. I couldn't sleep. I had a sense of impending tragedy. A real man was going to a real jail. I was sick about it. I didn't see a Mike Quill gobbling up people, especially news reporters trying to debate an issue with him. I saw a nineteen-year-old Irish rebel raising hell. And it turned out to be a near tragedy."

We asked Dr. Feinsinger where he'd be going from here, and he said he was going back to the University of Wisconsin, where he is a member of the law faculty, but first he was going to Denver, to visit his elder son, Greg, twenty-four, who is a second-year student at the University of Colorado Medical School (his other children are Ellen, twenty-two, who is a graduate student at the University of California in Berkeley, and Peter, nineteen, who is a sophomore at Colorado College, in Colorado Springs), and then on to Aspen, where he and his wife, Bettie, have both a summer home (a ranch in the hills) and a winter home (a house in town). "Normally, I teach labor law," Dr. Feinsinger said. "That involves collective bargaining and labor relations. But you catch me at a transition point that is really very dramatic. I have embarked on a seminar that uses the resources of the university and that has the title 'A Study of Peaceful Methods of Settlement of Disputes of All Kinds,' with the subtitle 'Teachability of Mediation Techniques and Transferability of Successful Mediation Techniques from One Dispute Area Such as Labor-Management Disputes to Some Other Areas, Such as International Disputes, Civil Rights Disputes, etc.' A damn good title for 1966, I think. In the modern world, compulsion of any sort is no longer of paramount consideration in disputes, not only in labor but in civil rights and in international affairs. The parties can no longer get anywhere by force. The problem, then, if you're not going to use time-tested methods—or time-failed methods—is how *are* you going to get disputes settled? By some kind of voluntarism. By some approach that the parties agree to. And you have to have a catalytic agent—mediation. Right?"

"Right," we said.

"Mediation in the broadest sense," Dr. Feinsinger went on. "Mediation as a substitute for guns, economic boycotts, and the like. We had a discussion in my seminar recently to which I invited a graduate student from India and a graduate student from Paki-



stan and a political-science professor who is a specialist on the subject of Kashmir. The discussion got as heated as hell, and then I laid a trap for the professor. I asked, 'Is the situation mediable?' 'Absolutely not!' he replied. 'It's a *political* dispute.' I turned to one of the disputants, and I asked him if he agreed with the professor, and he said yes. Then I turned to the other one and asked, 'How about you?' And *he* said, 'Some middle ground must be found.' So in five minutes we had the first nominating speech, which is our jargon for the opening gambit. The middle guy was scratched as a mediator, since one of the essentials of becoming a mediator is optimism, but one of the disputants had shown a willingness to compromise. No matter how tiny the loophole, you're off to the races. Of course, the class roared, and the professor had to laugh. Every mediator has got to keep hoping that some kind of settlement is around the corner."

"Would it work with Vietnam?" we asked.

"Yes. Maybe a change in techniques, but the basics would be the same," Dr. Feinsinger said.

We asked Dr. Feinsinger to give us a brief account of how he had become a mediator. He said he was born in Brooklyn and at the age of one had moved with his family to Buffalo, where he grew up and went to high school. After that, he went to the University of Michigan, where he was a quarter-miler, he told us, giving his crutches a look that was, very briefly, belligerent. He graduated in 1926, and went on to law school there. "Before 1937, I was not the most enthusiastic supporter of unionism," he said. "That summer, I was teaching commercial law at Wisconsin and was asked to pinchhit for a professor of labor law who was suddenly called to Geneva for a meeting of the I.L.O. Phil LaFollette was governor, and he called me up and said, 'My legislature just passed the State Labor Relations Act, and I've got to explain it to the farmers of the state and to the employers.' I said, 'Wait a minute. I don't know a damn thing about the subject.' He said, 'You're *teaching* it, aren't you?' So I advised Phil that writing a primer about it was the best idea, and I found myself writing it. Mayor Lindsay is a lot like Phil. The kind that can charm a snake out of its skin."

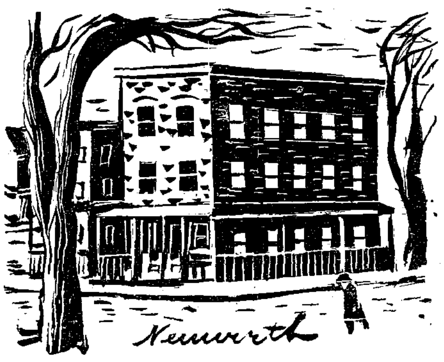
"How would you describe yourself as a mediator?" we asked.

"The good Lord in His wisdom decided to make us frail, some more so than others," Dr. Feinsinger said. "I know that I have weaknesses in my character, and I'm not afraid to admit it, so I can take in my stride the weaknesses of others, especially in the cruel world in which we live. I am actually the Eleanor Roosevelt type. I object to the notion that the age of the do-gooder is past."

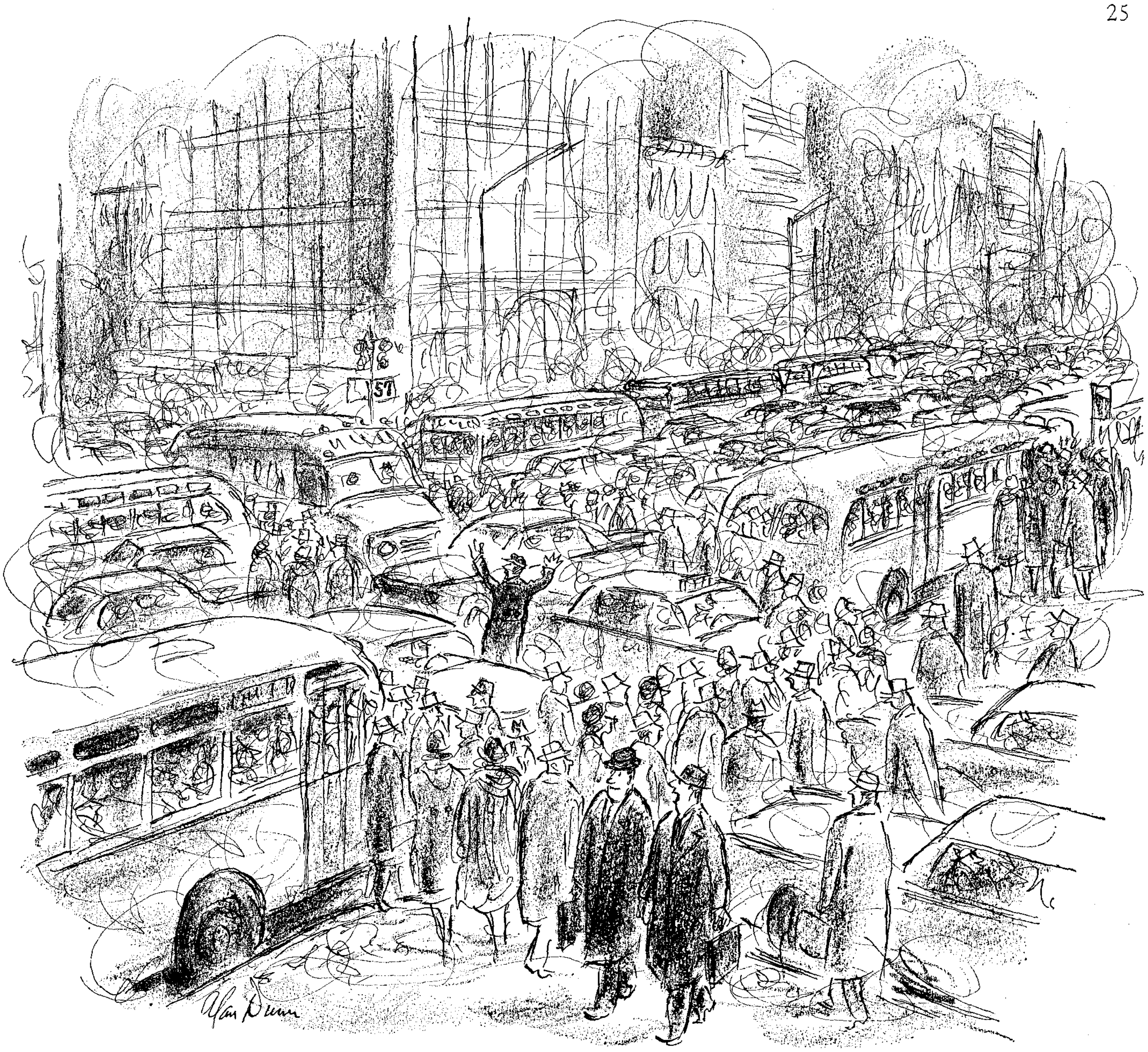
Tribute

THE day after Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri died, in Tashkent, we went up to New India House, on East Sixty-fourth Street, to pay our respects. We arrived a few minutes past noon, and found a great many Indians and their wives gathering for a memorial service. For the most part, they were representatives or employees of the Indian government in New York. Almost all the men were dressed in dark business suits; one or two were wearing the high-necked jacket called a *jodhpuri*. The women wore saris of plain white—the color of mourning in India. The book of condolence, for the signatures of visitors, had been put on a table in the reading room. Next to it stood an Indian flag—orange, green, and white. The room had been cleared of its chairs, of the rest of its tables, and of all its newspapers and magazines. It crossed our mind that it was after midnight in India, and the morning papers, carrying accounts of how Mr. Shastri's body had been brought back from Uzbekistan, would be going to press. Beside the book of condolence there was a vase of white roses and a large photograph of the Prime Minister. At one end of the table were two long white scarves—one of coarse linen, the other of silk. They had been laid there by the New York representative of the Dalai Lama, who is now living in India. We studied the photograph of Mr. Shastri. His large, serious, serene eyes looked out at us with the trusting gaze of a child, but his face was lined and seemed a little tired.

The memorial service was about to begin, so we climbed a red-carpeted staircase and passed through double doors into a large, high-ceilinged room, where balls had been held in the days when New India House was a private residence. About a hundred and fifty chairs had been set out in rows. The chairs faced a low platform, on which stood a table with another photograph of Mr. Shastri. Mehru Jesia, a young Parsi woman from Bombay, who had large glasses perched on her small face, carefully hung a garland of white carnations over the picture. We looked about us. There weren't many Americans there. We saw Charles Ellsworth, a bald, friendly-looking man, standing near the rear wall. Mr. Ellsworth has worked as the chauffeur for the Indian Mission to the United Nations for seventeen years—almost as long as India has been an independent nation. We saw Marilyn Gonsalves, the New India House switchboard operator, and sitting behind us were Yvonne Doig and Marjorie Jervis, secretaries at the Consulate, both of whom are from the island of Jamaica. The room was filling up quickly. His Excellency G. Parthasarathi, the Indian Ambassador to the United Nations, came in and took a seat in the first row, near Dr. S. Gupta, the Consul-General. Dr. Gupta motioned for the doors to be closed. A few late arrivals squeezed their way into the back of the room, and when everyone was quiet, Ambassador Parthasarathi stood up. The Ambassador is a tall, distinguished-looking man with a youthful face. He began to speak to us about Mr. Shastri, and as he spoke he kept shifting his weight from one foot to the other. He commented on the late Prime Minister's modesty, on the affection that the people of India felt for him, and on the fact that he had died at his post, exhausted by the responsibilities of governing India. In closing, Ambassador Parthasarathi pointed out that, ironically, this service was taking place in a room in which it had been planned to welcome Mr. Shastri in a few weeks' time, and in which it would have been possible for all those present that day to show him their affection. We all stood in silence for several moments, and then Dr. Gupta added a few words to the Ambassador's; afterward he turned toward the photograph of Mr. Shastri and reverently joined his hands, and invited Lakhan Mehrotra, the consul in charge of passports and visas, to recite from the Bhagavad-Gita.



Mr. Mehrotra, a good-looking young man with a small mustache, who was wearing a brown *jodhpuri* and matching trousers, got up and, facing us, began to chant in a clear, strong voice.



"It's good to get back to normal!"

• •

The Sanskrit phrases rose and fell in a melancholy cadence:

> As a man sheds old clothes and puts on new, so does the soul leave the old body and enter a new abode. The soul cannot be destroyed, either by the elements or by the sword. It is imperishable.

When Mr. Mehrotra had finished and sat down, Mr. S. H. Naim, administrative attaché of the Indian Permanent Delegation to the United Nations, stood up and began reading from the Koran, in Arabic: "Praise be to God, the Lord of the Universe, kind and merciful, the Judge of Judgment Day, help us to take the path the Prophets have taken and not the paths of the unvirtuous."

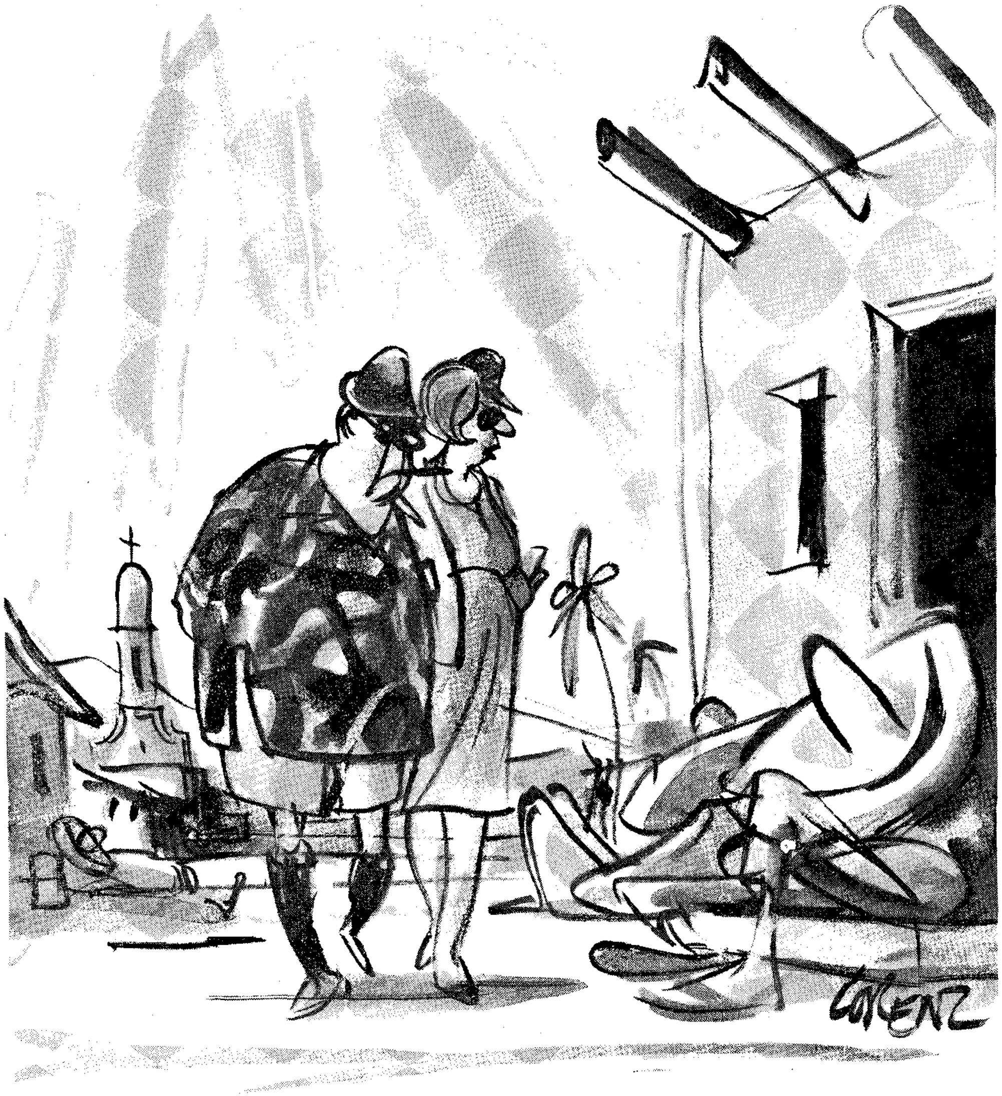
Then Mr. S. M. Master, a Gujerati Christian working in the library of Columbia University, opened his Bible and recited the Lord's Prayer: "Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. . . ." When he had finished, Mr. G. S. Bhasin, a Sikh who is a member of the Indian Permanent Delegation to the United Nations, began to read from the Sikh holy book, the Guru Granth Sahib. Mr. Bhasin was wearing a turban of pale orange, and he read quietly, in a low voice: "God is one, He is the Truth. . . ." After he had sat down, there was a pause. Dr. Gupta nodded to two members of his staff sitting across the aisle from him—Gautam Kapur and Ved Gera—and they stood up facing us and began to sing "Raghupati Raghav Raja Ram," a rousing song loved by Mahatma Gandhi and known to every schoolchild in India, and to every schoolchild's parents as well, even if they never went to school themselves. "We all are children of the same God, though He may be called by different names," the song proclaims. Ambassador Parthasarathi turned and led the singing from his seat. At first, only a few of the people present joined in, but as the Ambassador continued to wave one hand in time, others started to sing; by the beginning of the second verse almost everyone was singing, and by the beginning of the fourth, and last, verse those who were not singing were tapping their feet to the tune, which is strongly rhythmical. We all then stood up for the Indian national anthem, "Jana Gana Mana Adhinayaka Jaya Heh Bharata Bhagya Vidhata," whose beautiful and powerful music was written by the famous Bengali poet Rabindranath Tagore. For a moment or so after the music came to an end, no one moved. The whole service had taken perhaps fifteen minutes. Throats were cleared, and here and there people dabbed at their eyes with handkerchiefs. We began to move slowly toward the double doors, through which the Ambassador and his wife and his staff were passing.

THE GOSSAGE–VARDEBEDIAN PAPERS

My Dear Vardebedian:

I WAS more than a bit chagrined today, on going through the morning's mail, to find that my letter of September 16, containing my twenty-second move (knight to the king's fourth square), was returned unopened due to a small error in addressing—precisely, the omission of your name and residence (how Freudian can one get?), coupled with a failure to append postage. That I have been disconcerted of late due to equivocation in the stock market is no secret, and though on the above-mentioned September 16 the culmination of a long-standing downward spiral dropped Amalgamated Anti-Matter off the Big Board once and for all, reducing my broker suddenly to the legume family, I do not offer this as an excuse for my negligence and monumental ineptitude. I goofed. Forgive me. That you failed to notice the missing letter indicates a certain disconcertion on your part, which I put down to zeal, but heaven knows we all make mistakes. That's life—and chess.

Well, then, the error laid bare, simple rectification follows. If you would be so good as to transfer my knight to your king's fourth square I think we may proceed with our little game more accurately. The announcement of checkmate which you made in this morning's mail is, I fear, in all fairness, a false alarm, and if you will reëxamine the positions in light of today's discovery, you will find that it is *your* king that lies close to mate, exposed and undefended, an immobile target for my predatory bishops. Ironic, the vicissitudes of miniature war! Fate, in the guise of the dead-letter office, waxes omnipotent and—*voilà!*—the worm turns. Once again, I beg you accept sincerest apologies for the unfortunate carelessness, and I await anxiously your next move.



"Well, it may be a nation in ferment, but it doesn't look like a nation in ferment to me."

Enclosed is my forty-fifth move: My knight captures your queen.

Sincerely,
Gossage

Gossage:

RECEIVED the letter this morning containing your forty-fifth move (your knight captures my queen?), and also your lengthy explanation regarding the mid-September ellipsis in our correspondence. Let me see if I understand you correctly. Your knight, which I removed from the board weeks ago, you now claim should be resting on the king's fourth square, owing to a letter lost in the mail twenty-three moves ago. I was not aware that any such mishap had occurred, and remember distinctly your making a twenty-second move, which I think was your rook to the queen's sixth square, where it was subsequently butchered in a gambit of yours that misfired tragically.

Currently, the king's fourth square is occupied by *my* rook, and as you are knightless, the dead-letter office notwithstanding, I cannot quite understand what piece you are using to capture my queen with. What I think you mean, as most of your pieces are blockaded, is that you request your king be moved to my bishop's fourth square (your only possibility)—an adjustment I have taken the liberty of making and then countering with today's move, my forty-sixth, wherein I capture your queen and put your king in check. Now your letter becomes clearer.

I think now the last remaining moves of the game can be played out with smoothness and alacrity.

Faithfully,
Vardebedian

Vardebedian:

I HAVE just finished perusing your latest note, the one containing a bizarre forty-sixth move dealing with the removal of my queen from a square on which it has not rested for eleven days. Through patient calculation, I think I have hit upon the cause of your confusion and misunderstanding of the existing facts. That your rook rests on the king's fourth square is an impossibility commensurate with two like snowflakes; if you will refer back to the ninth move of the game, you will see clearly that your rook has long been captured. Indeed, it was that same daring sacrificial combination that ripped your center and cost you *both* your rooks. What are they doing on the board now?

I offer for your consideration that what happened is as follows: The intensity of foray and whirlwind exchanges on and about the twenty-second move left you in a state of slight dissociation, and in your anxiety to hold your own at that point you failed to notice that my usual letter was not forthcoming but instead moved your own pieces twice, giving you a somewhat unfair advantage, wouldn't you say? This is over and done with, and to retrace our steps tediously would be difficult, if not impossible. Therefore, I feel the best way to rectify this entire matter is to allow me the opportunity of two consecutive moves at this time. Fair is fair.

First, then, I take your bishop with my pawn. Then, as this leaves your queen unprotected, I capture her also. I think we can now proceed with the last stages unhampered.

Sincerely,
Gossage

P.S.: I am enclosing a diagram showing exactly how the board now looks, for your edification in your closing play. As you can see, your king is trapped, unguarded and alone in the center. Best to you.

G.

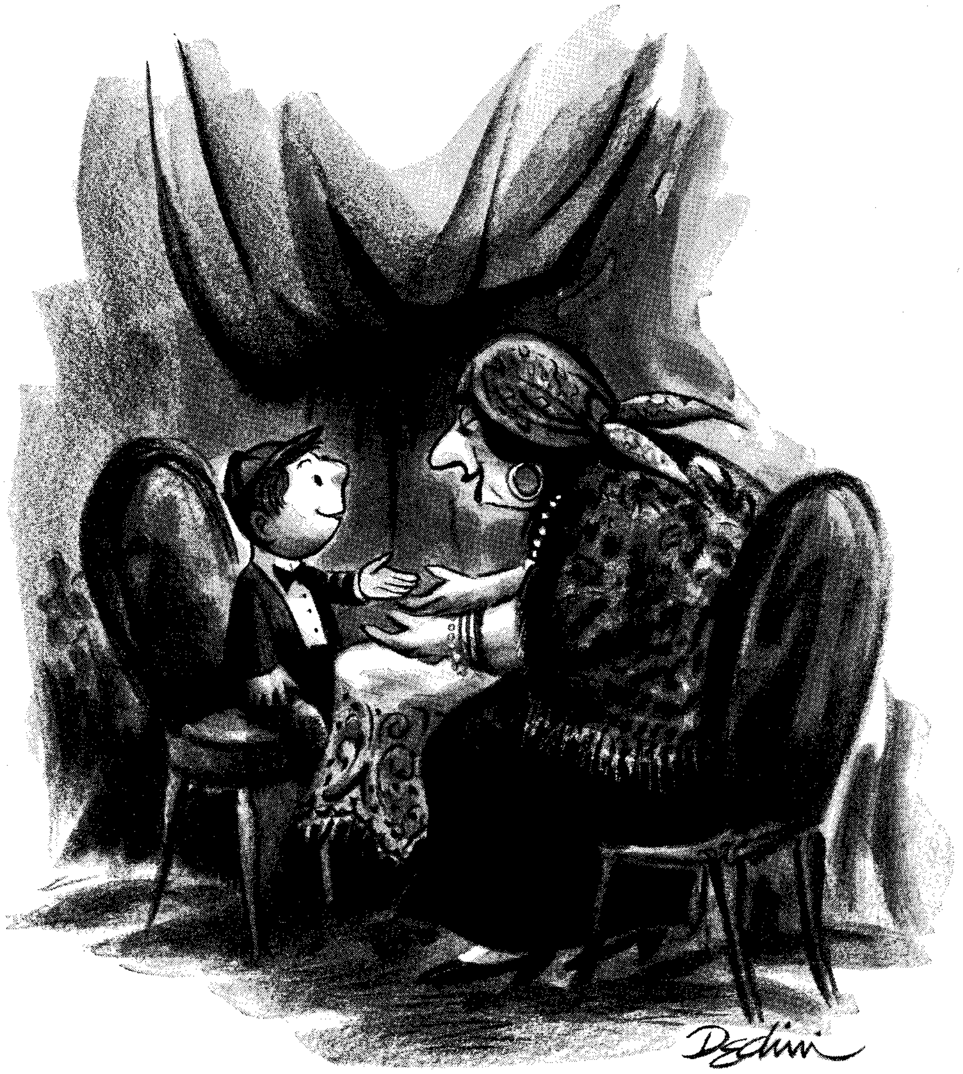
Gossage:

RECEIVED your latest letter today, and while it was just shy of coherence, I think I can see where your bewilderment lies. From your enclosed diagram, it has become apparent to me that for the past six weeks we have been playing two completely different chess games—myself according to our correspondence, you more in keeping with the world as you would have it, rather than with any rational system of order. The knight move which allegedly got lost in the mail would have been impossible on the twenty-second move, as the piece was then standing on the edge of the last file, and the move you describe would have brought it to rest on the coffee table, next to the board.

As for granting you two consecutive moves to make up for one allegedly lost in the mail—surely you jest, Pops. I will honor your first move (you take my bishop), but I cannot allow the second, and as it is now my turn, I retaliate by removing your queen with my rook. The fact that you tell me I have no rooks means little in actuality, as I need only glance downward at the board to see them darting about with cunning and vigor.

Finally, that diagram of what you fantasize the board to look like indicates a freewheeling, Marx Brothers approach to the game, and, while amusing, this hardly speaks well for your assimilation of "Nimzowitsch on Chess," which you hustled from the library under your alpaca sweater last winter, because I saw you. I suggest you study the diagram I enclose and rearrange your board accordingly, that we might finish up with some degree of precision.

Hopefully,
Vardebedian



"You have the hands of a great finger painter."

• •

Vardebedian:

NOT wanting to protract an already disoriented business (I know your recent illness has left your usually hardy constitution somewhat fragmented and disorganized, causing a mild breach with the real world as we know it), I must take this opportunity to undo our sordid tangle of circumstances before it progresses irrevocably to a Kafkaesque conclusion.

Had I realized you were not gentleman enough to allow me an equalizing second move, I would not, on my forty-sixth move, have permitted my pawn to capture your bishop. According to your own diagram, in fact, these two pieces were so placed as to render that impossible, bound as we are to rules established by the World Chess Federation and not the New York State Boxing Commission. Without doubting that your intent was constructive in removing my queen, I interject that only disaster can ensue when you arrogate to yourself this arbitrary power of decision and begin to play dictator, masking tactical blunders with duplicity and aggression—a habit you decried in our world leaders several months ago in your paper on de Sade and Non-Violence.

Unfortunately, the game having gone on non-stop, I have not been able to calculate exactly on which square you ought to replace the purloined knight, and I suggest we leave it to the gods by having me close my eyes and toss it back on the board, agreeing to accept whatever spot it may land on. It should add an element of spice to our little encounter. My forty-seventh move: My rook captures your knight.

Sincerely,
GOSSAGE

GOSSAGE:

HOW curious your last letter was! Well-intended, concise, containing all the elements that would appear to make up what passes among certain reference groups as a communicative effect, yet tinged throughout by what Jean-Paul Sartre is so fond of referring to as "nothingness." One is immediately struck by a profound sense of despair, and reminded vividly of the diaries sometimes left by doomed explorers lost at the Pole, or the letters of German soldiers at Stalingrad. Fascinating how the senses disintegrate when faced with an occasional black truth, and scamper amuck, substantiating mirage and constructing a precarious buffer against the onslaught of all too terrifying existence!

Be that as it may, my friend, I have just spent the better part of a week sorting out the miasma of lunatic alibis known as your correspondence in an effort to adjust matters, that our game may be finished simply once and for all. Your queen is gone. Kiss it off. So are both your rooks. Forget about one bishop altogether, because I took it. The other is so impotently placed away from the main action of the game that don't count on it or it'll break your heart.

As regards the knight you lost squarely but refuse to give up, I have replaced it at the only conceivable position it could appear, thus granting you the most incredible brace of unorthodoxies since the Persians whipped up this little diversion way back when. It lies at my bishop's seventh square, and if you can pull your ebbing faculties together long enough to appraise the board you will notice this same coveted piece now blocks your king's only means of escape from my suffocating pincer. How fitting that your greedy plot be turned to my advantage! The knight, grovelling its way back into play, torpedoes your end game!

My move is queen to knight five, and I predict mate in one move.

Cordially,
VARDEBEDIAN

VARDEBEDIAN:

OBVIOUSLY the constant tension incurred defending a series of numbingly hopeless chess positions has rendered the delicate machinery of your psychic apparatus sluggish, leaving its grasp of external phenomena a jot flimsy. You give me no alternative but to end the contest swiftly and mercifully, removing the pressure before it leaves you permanently damaged.

Knight—yes, knight!—to queen six. Check.

GOSSAGE

GOSSAGE:

BISHOP to queen five. Checkmate.

Sorry the competition proved too much for you, but if it's any consolation, several local chess masters have, upon observing my technique, flipped out. Should you want a rematch, I suggest we try Scrabble, a relatively new interest of mine, and one that I might conceivably not run away with so easily.

VARDEBEDIAN

VARDEBEDIAN:

ROOK to knight eight. Checkmate.

Rather than torment you with the further details of my mate, as I believe you are basically a decent man (one day, some form of therapy will bear me out), I accept your invitation to Scrabble in good spirits. Get out your set. Since you played white in chess and thereby enjoyed the advantage of the first move (had I known your limitations, I would have spotted you more), I shall make the first play. The seven letters I have just turned up are O, A, E, J, N, R, and Z—an unpromising jumble that should guarantee, even to the most suspicious, the integrity of my draw. Fortunately, however, an extensive vocabulary, coupled with a penchant for esoterica, has enabled me to bring etymological order out of what, to one less literate, might seem a mishmash. My first word is "ZANJERO." Look it up. Now lay it out, horizontally, the E resting on the center square. Count carefully, not overlooking the double word score for an opening move and the fifty-point bonus for my use of all seven letters. The score is now 116–0.

Your move.

GOSSAGE

—WOODY ALLEN

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PATRIOTIC TOUR AND POSTULATE OF JOY

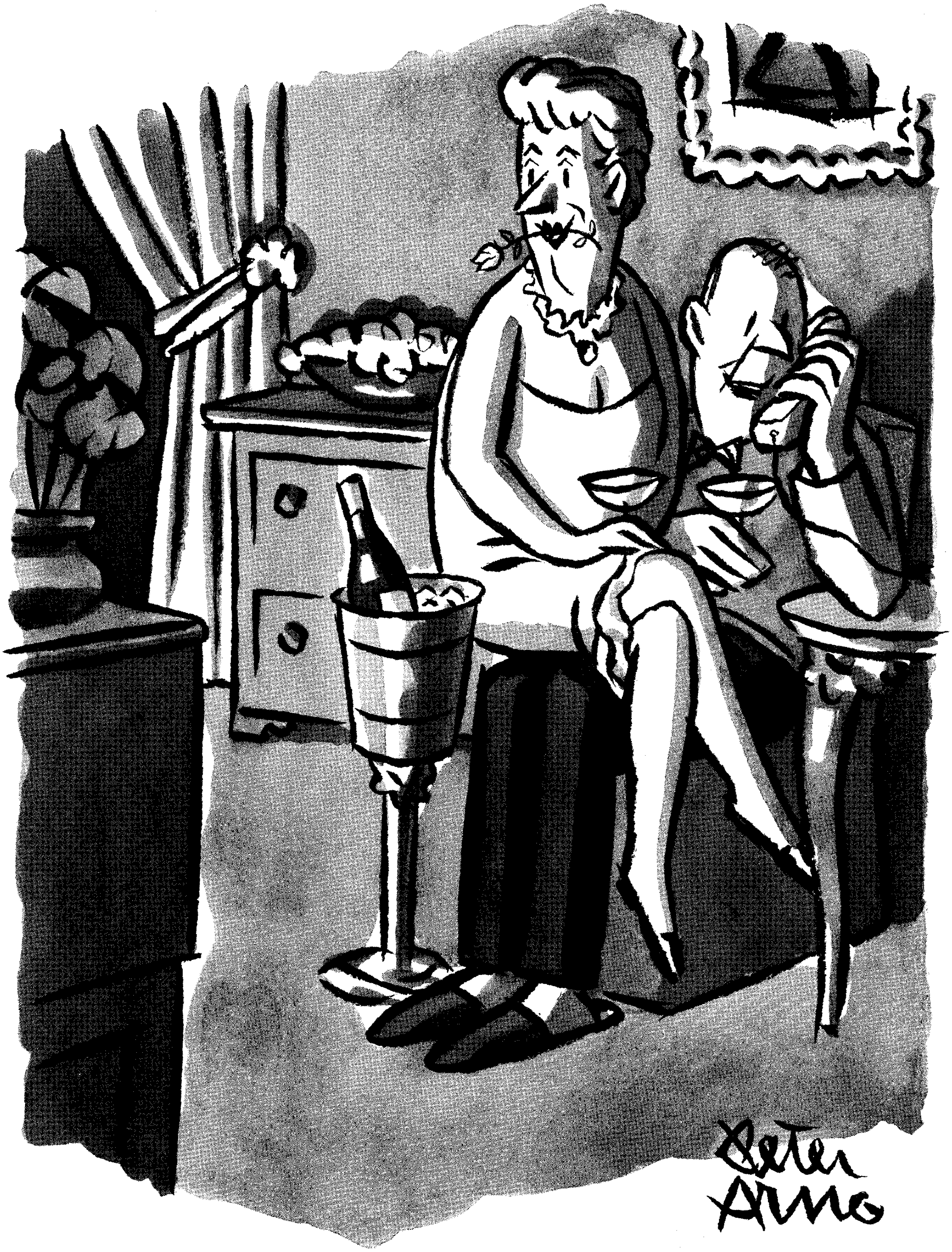
Once, once, in Washington,
D.C., in June,
All night—I swear it—a single mockingbird
Sang,
Sang to the Presidential ear,
Wherein it poured
Such criticism and advice as that ear
Had rarely had the privilege to hear.

And sang to every senator
Available,
And some, as sources best informed affirm,
Rose,
Rose with a taste in the throat like bile,
To the bathroom fled
And spat, and faced the mirror there, and while
The bicarb fizzed, stared, feet cold on tile.

And sang to Edgar Hoover, too,
And as it preached
Subversion and all bright disaster, he
Woke,
Woke and then kissed Mom's photo, so heard
No more. But far,
Far off in Arlington, the heroes stirred
And meditated on the message of that bird.

And sang—oh, merciless!—to me,
Who to that place
And to that massive hour had moved, and now
Rose,
Rose naked, and shivered in moonlight, and cried
Out in my need
To know what postulate of joy men have tried
To live by, in sunlight and moonlight, until they died.

—ROBERT PENN WARREN



"We're watching an old Pola Negri picture."

THE BRONTËS AS TEACHERS

THE general feeling about the incursion into teaching of Charlotte, Branwell, Emily, and Anne Brontë is that it was little short of martyrdom. The letters of Charlotte and the diaries of Anne (reflected in the novels of both) abound with evidence that the experience of being teachers was an agony to all four. Nothing, we are given to understand, could be worse than to be a private governess, a tutor, or a schoolteacher to such pupils as came the Brontës' way, nothing worse than to be employed by such people as engaged the Brontës.

I am in sympathy with the view that their enforced choice of careers was a pity (except that it provided marvellous material for fiction), and rejoice with everyone else that at least three of them discovered their true vocation in time to write their unique, unconformable books. But were the Brontës mere lambs among wolves when they set forth to teach? I suggest that if anything could equal the misfortune of their lot as teachers it was the lot of the respective pupils and employers of Charlotte, Branwell, Emily, and Anne.

Charlotte was the first to teach. Having practiced for a while on her sisters, she left Haworth Parsonage in 1835 to become a resident mistress at Roe Head School, where previously she had been a pupil. Her formal education had covered little more than two years' schooling supplemented by home tuition from her maiden aunt. When, just turned nineteen, she became a mistress at Roe Head, her main qualification as an instructor of the young was a protected upbringing; this was, after all, judged to be the highest qualification a girl could produce. The headmistress (that Miss Wooler, who remained a lifelong friend to Charlotte) began by treating her as a friend. Charlotte stayed with Miss Wooler for over two years, but, according to her letters and diaries, she was miserable most of the time, as she well might have been. Here is one of her diary entries:

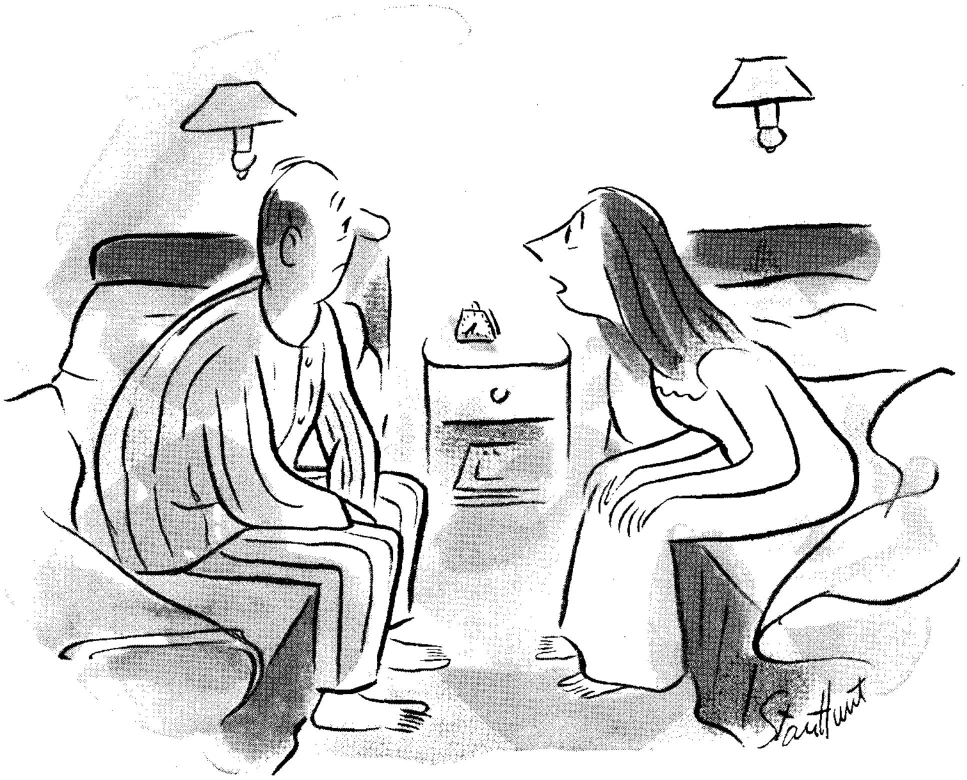
> All this day I have been in a dream, half miserable, half ecstatic.... I had been toiling for nearly an hour with Miss Lister, Miss Marriot, and Ellen Cook, striving to teach them the distinction between an article and a substantive. The parsing lesson was completed; a dead silence had succeeded it in the schoolroom, and I sat sinking from irritation and weariness into a kind of lethargy. The thought came over me: Am I to spend all the best part of my life in this wretched bondage, forcibly suppressing my rage at the idleness, the apathy, and the hyperbolical and most asinine stupidity of these fat-headed oafs, and of compulsion assuming an air of kindness, patience and assiduity? Must I from day to day sit chained to this chair, prisoned within these four bare walls, while these glorious summer suns are burning in heaven and the year is revolving in its richest glow? Stung to the heart with this reflection, I started up and mechanically walked to the window. A sweet August morning was smiling without.... I felt as if I could have written gloriously.... If I had had time to indulge it I felt that the vague suggestion of that moment would have settled down into some narrative better at least than anything I ever produced before. But just then a dolt came up with a lesson.

Now, all this did violence to Charlotte, who wanted to write, not teach. But what we are concerned with here is the effect of her frustration on the Misses Lister, Marriot, and Cook, not to mention the unfortunate "dolt" who interrupted Charlotte's reverie. Were they all so unlike normal children, were they all such "fat-headed oafs" that they failed to sense Miss Brontë's contempt and fury? One cannot help feeling that they gained less from Charlotte's instruction than she expended upon it by way of "suppressing my rage."

"No! Not even one penny!"

But poor Charlotte was to fare worse. She presented herself in 1839 as governess to the children of a Mrs. Sidgwick, who, poor soul, did not dream she was about to harbor an eminent Victorian. Charlotte immediately transferred her dislike of the job to Mrs. Sidgwick and her children, though she was not averse to Mr. Sidgwick. Charlotte's complaints were many and bitter: Mrs. Sidgwick never left her a free moment to enjoy the spacious grounds and neighboring countryside; Mrs. Sidgwick would not allow the children—"riotous, perverse, unmanageable cubs"—to be corrected (a charge that Charlotte was to bring against her next employer and Anne against hers, somewhat challenging our notions of middle-class rearing of children in the nineteenth century); Mrs. Sidgwick took Charlotte to task for sulking, whereupon Charlotte wept; Mrs. Sidgwick expected Charlotte to love the children; and, final indignity, Mrs. Sidgwick "overwhelms me with oceans of needlework, yards of cambric to hem, muslin nightcaps to make, and, above all things, dolls to dress."

It sounds quite drastic. Certainly the patent misery of the new governess must have seemed so to Mrs. Sidgwick, who, from other accounts, is said to have been an amiable woman. No doubt she loaded on the needlework with a view to keeping Charlotte from brooding, to give her something to occupy her mind, for it is remarkable how often in those days melancholy was equated with vacancy of purpose and cheerfulness with a full life. Still, we cannot blame Mrs. Sidgwick for being an average mediocre nonentity; she never claimed to be other. If anything was to blame, it was the system that included needlework among other semi-domestic tasks in the normal duties of a governess. Unless we



“*Happy birthday.*”

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look upon Charlotte as a famous author, which we are not doing at the moment, the sewing was no real outrage. And whether it was any more degrading, any greater a bore, than is the supervision of conducted tours and school lunches to the present-day teaching profession is a question.

This record of Charlotte’s brief sojourn with the Sidgwicks would be incomplete without the testimony of one of the Sidgwick pupils in later years, after Charlotte’s distaste for his family had been made public by Mrs. Gaskell. He declared that “if Miss Brontë was desired to accompany them to Church—‘Oh, Miss Brontë, do run up and put on your things, we want to start’—she was plunged in dudgeon because she was being treated like a hireling. If, in consequence, she was not invited to accompany them, she was infinitely depressed because she was treated as an outcast and a friendless dependent.” Since most of the Brontë victims were inarticulate, locked forever in the pillories of the Brontë letters and novels, I find this brief protest rather touching, coming from one of the otherwise mute and admittedly inglorious Sidgwick children.

As this was a temporary post, Charlotte had to endure it for less than three months. Before she left, one of the little Sidgwicks threw a Bible at her. He later became a clergyman.

Next comes Mrs. White. Charlotte soon discovered that “she does not scruple to give way to anger in a very coarse, unladylike manner.” Charlotte preferred Mr. White, in spite of her conviction that his “extraction is very low.” Meanwhile, she said, she was trying hard to like Mrs. White. This effort was fruitful, notwithstanding Mrs. White’s bad grammar, of which Charlotte was critical, and the fact that Charlotte feared her to be an exciseman’s daughter. In the end, Mrs. White won over the parson’s daughter, who came to admit that she was intrigued by the “fat baby,” and called her pupils “well-disposed,” though, of course, “over-indulged.”

Behold, now, Charlotte in her last teaching post. The Pensionnat Héger in Brussels is the scene, and Charlotte, having gone there to study French and German, has now become an English mistress in this school for young ladies. Her employer, Mme. Héger, has grown rather suspicious of the English teacher and spies upon her; Charlotte apparently cannot think why. She prefers M. Héger. The schoolgirls are “selfish, animal and inferior.” And we are further delightfully informed that “their principles are rotten to the core.” Charlotte’s colleagues hate each other, and she them. So her letters go on. One of her fellow-mistresses, worse than the rest, acts as a spy for Mme. Héger, is false, is contemptible, is Catholic. In fact, they are all Catholic, and, in fact, as Charlotte writes to Branwell, “the people here are no go whatsoever.”

As the months proceed, Charlotte is giving English lessons to M. Héger, who seems well satisfied with her work and gives her presents of books occasionally. Charlotte declares that his goodness toward her compensates for the “privations and humiliations” which are her lot, but on which she is not explicit.

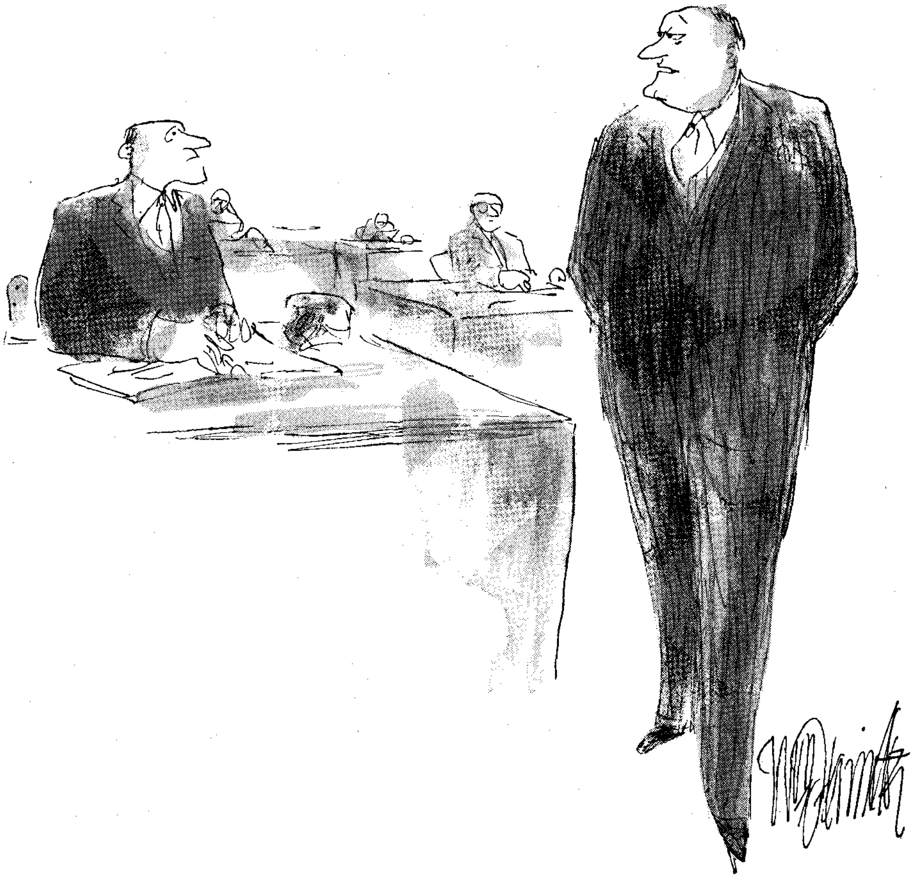
But presently M. Héger takes to avoiding Charlotte, having first lectured her on the subject of “universal *bienveillance*.” She, however, is no universalist; her *bienveillance* is focussed on her master, who, she observes, is “wondrously influenced” by his wife. With curious logic, Charlotte now finds she can “no longer trust” Mme. Héger, and, driven back to Haworth by that lady’s own suspicions, proceeds to confirm them by writing a series of passionate letters to M. Héger until he implores her to stop.

LET us now look at the teaching career of Branwell Brontë. At the age of twenty, he went to teach at a local school, from which he retreated within six months. The small boys made fun of his red hair and small stature. After fortifying his dignity with a long interval of writing, painting, hard drinking, and opium eating, he became tutor, in 1840, to the children of a Mr. and Mrs. Postlethwaite. Branwell’s view of his job can best be savored from his own account of it written to one of his former drinking cronies:

> If you saw me now you would not know me, and you would laugh to hear the character the people give me.... Well, what am I? That is, what do they think I am? A most calm, sedate, sober, abstemious, patient, mild-hearted, virtuous, gentlemanly philosopher—the picture of good works, the treasure-house of righteous thoughts. Cards are shuffled under the tablecloth, glasses are thrust into the cupboard if I enter the room. I take neither spirits, wine, nor malt liquors. I dress in black, and smile like a saint or martyr. Everybody says, “What a good young gentleman is Mr. Postlethwaite’s tutor!” This is a fact, as I am a living soul, and right comfortably do I laugh at them. I mean to continue in their good opinion.

Branwell goes on by saying that, as he writes, one of the Postlethwaite daughters is sitting close by. “She little thinks the Devil is so near her!”

Branwell’s attitude to these folk, whatever else it amounts to, does make a welcome contrast with that expressed by his sisters in similar circumstances. The sons of the family he describes as



"Don't bother to cringe, Ripley. I'm just passing by."

• •

"fine spirited lads"—these being, no doubt, merely Charlotte's "riotous, perverse, unmanageable cubs" in a lighter aspect. And Branwell depicts Mr. Postlethwaite as "of a right hearty and generous disposition" and his wife as "a quiet, silent, and amiable woman." But within a few months Branwell's restless ambitions tore him from the Postlethwaites to visit Hartley Coleridge, and thence back to Haworth.

His next and last post as tutor came three years later. Anne introduced him into the household where she was employed as a governess. He was to teach the son of the house. His employer, Mr. Robinson, was an aging invalid; Mrs. Robinson was much younger. Branwell preferred Mrs. Robinson. "This lady," he wrote later, "(though her husband detested me) showed me a degree of kindness which, when I was deeply grieved one day at her husband's conduct, ripened into declarations of more than ordinary feeling." It took Mr. Robinson two and a half years to confirm his suspicions, whereupon he wrote to Branwell, then on holiday, "intimating," as Charlotte reported, "that he had discovered his proceedings . . . and charging him on pain of exposure to break off instantly and forever all communication with every member of his family." Branwell insisted that Mrs. Robinson returned his passion. Years afterward, when Brontë biography began its voluminous course, she took occasion to deny it.

Anne's post with the Robinsons was her second. The youngest Brontë proved the most patient of the four and, though by no means devoid of talent and the will to write, endured her teaching career for a longer period than the others. However, in proportion as she exercised restraint, so did her novels reveal exactly what she had restrained in the way of spleen. At the age of nineteen, Anne took charge of the two eldest children of a Mrs. Ingham. Before long Charlotte was passing on Anne's news. Her pupils were "desperate little dunces," "excessively indulged," "violent," and "modern." Anne left this family after eighteen months' attempt to cope with them; she was somewhat the worse for the experience.

Anne was twenty-one when she went to the Robinsons. Charlotte, who exaggerated most things, gave out that Anne was "a patient, persecuted stranger" amongst "grossly insolent, proud and tyrannical" people. Direct evidence from Anne has not survived beyond two diary fragments, the first of which commits her no further than "I dislike the situation and wish to change it for another." (Her novels provide the usual Brontë terrible children.) She remained four years, during which time her pupils became very fond of her. In fact, the Robinson girls continued to visit and write to Anne long after she had left the family and her brother had been dismissed in disgrace from it. Anne's only other direct comment on the job refers to her earlier dislike of it: "I was wishing to leave it then, and if I had known that I had four years longer to stay, how wretched I should have been; but during my stay I have had some very unpleasant and undreamt-of experience of human nature." This last lament is taken to refer to Branwell's intrigue with Mrs. Robinson, and can be found precisely stated in "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall."

Emily, like her sisters, was nineteen when she set off to be a teacher at Law Hill School, and it seems fairly certain that Emily was still nineteen when she did the sensible thing and returned. All we know of her stay at Law Hill is that she wrote a letter which, according to Charlotte, "gives an appalling account of her duties—hard labour from six in the morning until near eleven at night, with only one half-hour exercise between. This is slavery." "I fear," Charlotte adds, "she will never stand it." Emily did not stand it. But the curious thing is that during this period Emily's poetic output was higher than at any other time, which seems to indicate that she was not entirely starved of leisure.

At the Héger establishment Emily was put to teaching music. She didn't endure the job for long. When she was called back to Haworth with Charlotte on the death of her aunt, Emily showed no desire to return with her sister to Brussels. Much has been made of the fact that M. Héger expressed approval of Emily (after she was dead and famous), declaring, somewhat ambiguously, I have always thought, that she should have been a navigator. He also gave the opinions that she might have been a great historian and she should have been a man. Nowhere does he say that she should have been a music teacher. And, at the time, M. Héger felt moved only to inform Emily's father, "She was losing whatever remained of ignorance, and also of what was worse—timidity."

For the three sisters, it was torture while it lasted. For Branwell, fun while it lasted. Their frail constitutions were damaged and much of their creative energy dissipated in the uncongenial schoolroom. They did their best to earn a living in the only way open to them. But from the point of view that it has been my purpose to adopt, it might also be thought that genius, if thwarted, resolves itself in an infinite capacity for inflicting trouble, or at least for finding fault. It is asking too much of genius to ask it to keep its personality out of anything; even the lesser talent can seldom do so.

Branwell's conduct was unprofessional, to say the least. Charlotte was not, to say the least, proof against those states of mind that the most protected upbringing will not protect. Anne's reaction was to hoard her resentment. Emily's way, by far the most successful, was to get out of the predicament with all speed (and note: she shows no obsession in her work with the governess theme). The Brontës, however, gained ample revenge for all injustices, real or imagined.

So one might, therefore, without compunction inquire whether their employers—the Sidgwicks and Inghams and Whites—did in fact fail in their duty to their employees, or were they merely unfortunate in crossing the Brontës' path? I should say that if their sense of duty were wanting, it was to their children. And along with this thought comes the realization, supported from other sources besides the Brontës, that the wealthy middle class of England during the last century were willing to hand over their children to any young woman who came out of a clergyman's home, neurotic or ailing as she might be.

The Brontës once planned to start a school of their own. The project, as mercifully for others as for themselves, came to nothing. Branwell's wasted life gave a warning signal to his sisters, and miraculously they asserted their creative powers.

I have not quoted from their novels to support these remarks, since I believe that fiction should generally be considered a suspect witness (and if it is not stranger than truth, it ought to be). But, of course, unmistakable versions of Brontë pupils and employers are to be found in the novels of Charlotte and Anne.

Perhaps the lesson to be drawn, for any writer with the necessary will of iron who lacks only the opportunity to write, is that he should prove himself no good at anything else.

—MURIEL SPARK

THREE POEMS

PARADISE

There is a walled garden where the flowers never pale or turn dark,
A fiery dream couched in sunlight where the rose
Burns redly over her seeds and the water lily breaks
A surface of deep lake without strain;
Her fire is white and many-petalled with a golden spark
(Caught from the sun?) in its well-guarded core; only one floating
root shows

Red—crimson of the clear sort. There is nothing opaque
In her, not even that singular most curious vein
Which must once have leaped in a long arc
To the sun!   Enclose
Your self and seek the inmost gold,
The rose, the lily—

Put your arms around me. Our winter is real.

THE BREAK

As in a dream of flood from which we rose intact but alone

Or in worse days held a child high overhead (let me see his face
one more time) as we went down

Or in that other life spoke golden words and sang and floated
and wished we had not died insane

Or further still wept finding no body to receive our drowning rays
as yet unborn,

Now burn, lungs, in the fierce flood, breathe
the strange element in this living time;
breathe;   burn;   and change.

CHILD

Child of the season of adventure, child of the heart
Running forever in the landscape of happiness,
That long autumn strangely free of frost,
where stars hang low
like the ripe fruits they are
and the wild geese gather slowly
(one waits over the house still, with rich wings)
In the fires of the late sun,

There is no child like you in that country where the third
litters of wild animals start
To show small golden faces: chipmunk-mask no larger than a fingertip,
rabbit small enough to spend the whole
winter of youth in the earth, a press
Of tiny snakes guarded by something lying like a stick across the path
(except for the markings).
In all that country you are the only one

Laughing and calling with human voice along the roads,
you are the only one with intricate hands to tear old vines apart
And fearless feet to tread them, the only one with a small caress
To bring smiles, to bring milk into an abandoned breast, and
into the cave of the breast a bright thing
Far away won

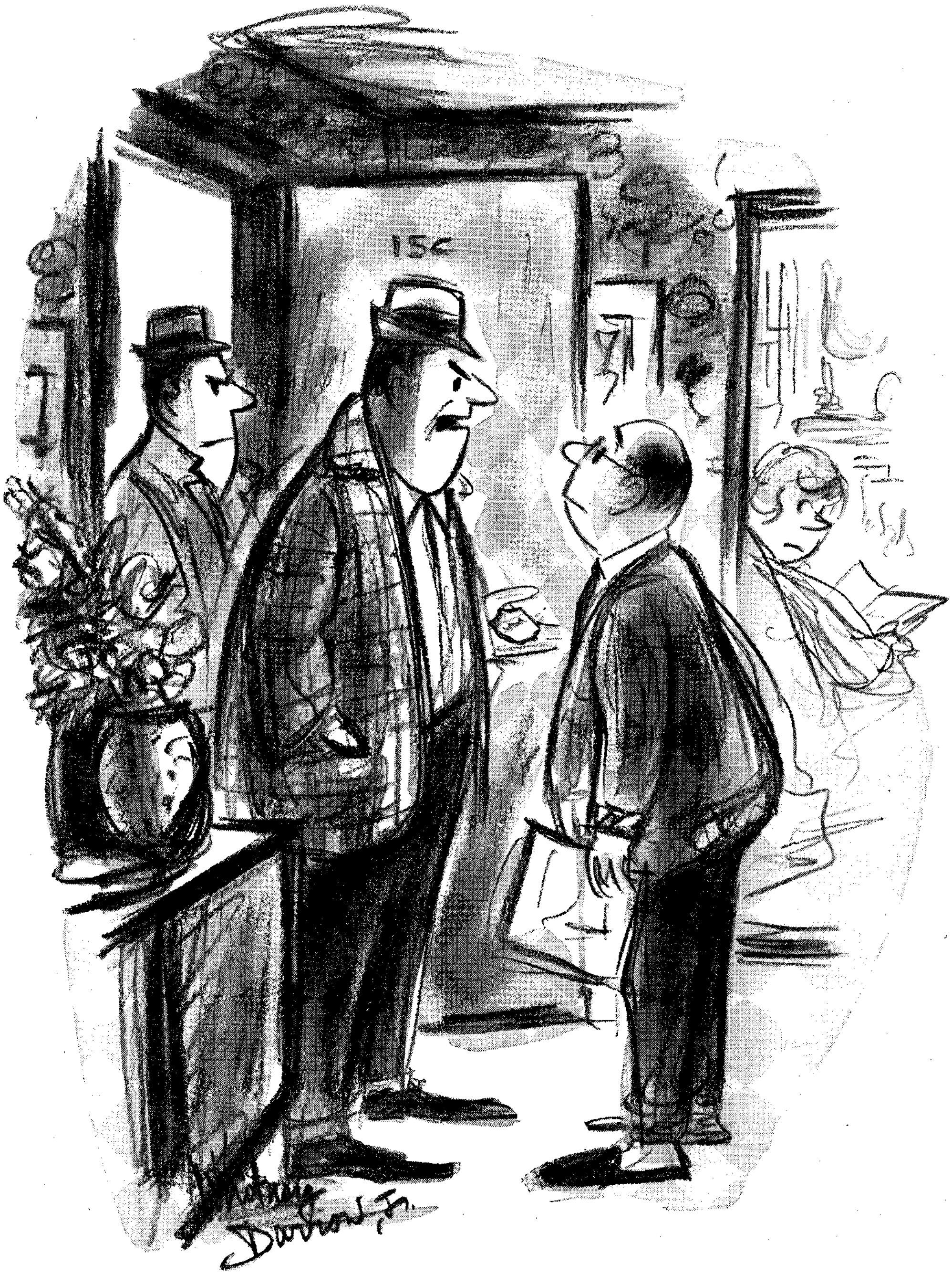
That grows and grows like the wildbird over the house or low stars
or the earth-warmed litter in its hole.
Child, poem and poet, you are most golden
you are the most golden of all.

—E. N. SARGENT

MARCHING THROUGH BOSTON

THE civil-rights movement had a salubrious effect on Joan Maple. A suburban mother of four, she would return late at night from a non-violence class in Roxbury with rosy cheeks and shining eyes. Her voice, as she phoned evasive local realtors in the campaign for fair housing, grew curiously firm and rather obstinately melodious—a note her husband had never heard her produce before. It seemed to Richard that her posture was improving, her figure filling out, her skin growing lustrous, her very hair gaining body and sheen. Though he had resigned himself, through twelve years of marriage, to a rhythm of apathy and renewal, this raw burst of beauty took him unawares.

He would never forget the night she returned from Alabama. It was three o'clock in the morning. He woke and heard the front door close behind her. He had been dreaming of a parallelogram in the sky that was also somehow a meteor, and the darkened house seemed quadrisected by the four sleeping children he had, with more than paternal tenderness, put to bed. He had caught himself speaking to them of Mommy as of a distant departed spirit, gone to live, invisible, in the newspapers and the television set. The little girl, Bean, had burst into tears. Now the ghost closed the door and walked up the stairs, and came into his bedroom, and fell on the bed.



"I'm afraid you'll have to come with us. That special offer you took advantage of was open to new readers only."

He switched on the light and saw her sunburned face, her blistered feet. Her ballet slippers were caked with orange mud. She had lived for three days on Coke and dried apricots; she had not gone to the bathroom for sixteen hours. The Montgomery airport had been a madhouse—nuns, social workers, divinity students fighting for space on the northbound planes. They had been in the air when they heard about Mrs. Liuzzo.

He accused her: "It could have been you."

She said, "I was always in a group." But she added guiltily, "How were the children?"

"Fine. Bean cried because she thought you were inside the television set."

"Did you see me?"

"Your parents called long distance to say they thought they did. I didn't. All I saw was Abernathy and King and their henchmen saying, 'Thass right. Say it, man. Thass sayin' it.' "

"Aren't you mean? It was very moving, except that we were all so tired. These teen-age Negro girls kept fainting; a psychiatrist explained to me that they were having psychotic breaks."

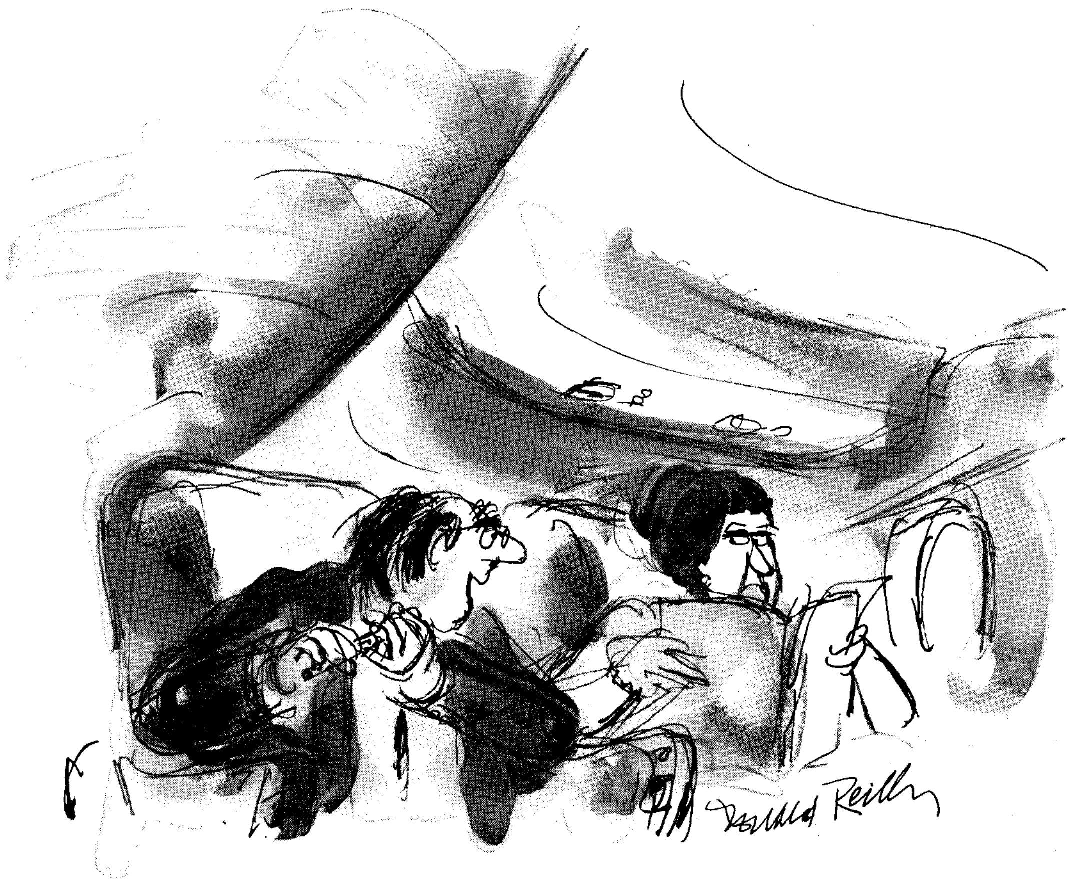
"What psychiatrist?"

"Actually, there were three of them, and they were studying to be psychiatrists in Philadelphia. They kind of took me in tow."

"I bet they did. Please come to bed. I'm very tired from being a mother."

She visited the four corners of the upstairs to inspect each sleeping child and, returning, undressed in the dark. She removed underwear she had worn for seventy hours and stood there shining. To the sleepy man in the bed it seemed a visitation, quite wonderful and quite beyond his control.

She spoke on the radio; she addressed local groups. In garages and supermarkets he heard himself being pointed out as her husband. She helped organize meetings at which dapper young Negroes ridiculed and abused the applauding suburban audience. Richard marvelled at Joan's public composure. Her shyness stayed with her, but it had become a kind of weapon, as if the doctrine of non-violence had given it point. He grew jealous and irritable. He found himself insisting, at parties, on the Constitutional case for states' rights, on the misfortunes of African independence, on the tangled history of the Reconstruction. Yet she



"In the absence of in-flight entertainment, Madam, would you object to a brief rendition on the piccolo?"

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had little trouble persuading him to march with her in Boston.

He promised, though he could not quite grasp the object of the march. Indeed, his brain, as if surgically deprived, quite lacked the faculty of believing in people considered generically. All movements, of masses or of ideas supposedly embodied in masses, he secretly felt to be phantasmal. Whereas his wife, a minister's daughter, lived by abstractions; her blood returned to her heart enriched and vivified by the passage through some capillarious figment. He was struck, and subtly wounded, by the ardor with which she rewarded his promise; under his hands her body felt baroque and her skin smooth as night.

THE march was in April. Richard awoke that morning with a fever. He had taken something foreign into himself and his body was making resistance. Joan offered to go alone; as if something fundamental to his dignity, to their marriage, were at stake, he refused the offer. The day, dawning cloudy, had been forecast as sunny, and he wore a summer suit that enclosed his hot skin in a slipping, weightless unreality. At a highway drugstore they bought some pills designed to detonate inside him through a twelve-hour period. They parked near her aunt's house in Louisburg Square and took a taxi toward the headwaters of the march, a playground in Roxbury. The cab was turned aside by a sullen policeman; the Maples got out and walked down a broad boulevard lined with barbershops, shoe-repair nooks, pizzerias, and friendliness associations. On stoops and stairways male Negroes loitered, blinking and muttering toward one another as if a vast, decrepit conspiracy had assigned them their positions and then collapsed.

"Lovely architecture," Joan said, pointing toward a curving side street, a neo-Georgian arc suspended in the large urban sadness.

Though she pretended to know where she was, Richard doubted that they were going the right way. But then he saw ahead of them, scattered like the anomalous objects with which Dali punctuates his perspectives, receding black groups of white clergymen. In the distance, red lights of police cars wheeled within a twinkling mob. As they drew nearer, colored girls adorned with bouffant hairdos and bangle earrings multiplied beside them. The most queenly wore cerise stretch pants and the golden sandals of a heavenly cupbearer, and held pressed against her ear a transistor radio tuned to WMEX. On this thin stream of music they all together poured into a playground surrounded by a link fence.

A loose crowd of thousands swarmed on the crushed grass. Bobbing placards advertised churches, brotherhoods, schools, towns. Popsicle venders lent an unexpected touch of carnival. Suddenly at home, Richard bought a bag of peanuts and looked around—as if this were the playground of his childhood—for friends.

But it was Joan who found some. "My God," she said. "There's my old analyst." At the fringe of some Unitarians stood a plump, doughy man with the troubled squint of a baker who has looked into too many ovens. Joan turned to go the other way.

"Don't suppress," Richard told her. "Let's go and be friendly and normal."

"It's too embarrassing."

"But it's been years since you went. You're cured."

"You don't understand. You're never cured. You just stop going."

"O.K., come this way. I think I see my Harvard section man in Plato to Dante."

But, even while arguing against it, she had been drifting them toward her psychiatrist, and now they were caught in the pull of his gaze. He scowled and came toward them, flat-footedly. Richard had never met him and, shaking hands, felt himself as a putrid heap of anecdotes, of detailed lusts and abuses. "I think I need a doctor," he madly blurted.

The other man produced, like a stiletto from his sleeve, a nimble smile. "How so?" Each word seemed precious.

"I have a fever."

"Ah." The psychiatrist turned sympathetically to Joan, and his face issued a clear commiseration: *So he is still punishing you.*

Joan said loyally, "He really does. I saw the thermometer."

"Would you like a peanut?" Richard asked. The offer felt so symbolic, so transparent, that he was shocked when the other man took one, cracked it harshly, and substantially chewed.

Joan asked, "Are you with anybody? I feel a need for group security."

"Come meet my sister." The command sounded strange to Richard; "sister" seemed a piece of psychological slang, a euphemism for "mistress."

But again things were simpler than they seemed. His sister was plainly from the same batter. Ruddy and yeasty, she seemed to have been enlarged by the exercise of good will and wore a saucer-sized S.C.L.C. button in the lapel of a coarse green suit. Richard coveted the suit; it looked warm. The day was continuing overcast and chilly. Something odd, perhaps the successive explosions of the antihistamine pill, was happening inside him, making him feel elegantly elongated; the illusion crossed his mind that he was destined to seduce this woman. She beamed and said, "My daughter Trudy and her *best* friend, Carol."

They were girls of sixteen or so, one size smaller in their bones than women. Trudy had the family pastry texture and a darting frown. Carol was homely, fragile, and touching; her upper teeth were a gray blur of braces and her arms were protectively folded across her skimpy bosom. Over a white blouse she wore only a thin blue sweater, unbuttoned. Richard told her, "You're freezing."

"I'm freezing," she said, and a small love was established between them on the basis of this demure repetition. She added, "I came along because I'm writing a term paper."

Trudy said, "She's doing a history of the labor unions," and laughed.

The girl shivered. "I thought they might be the same. Didn't the unions use to march?" Her voice, moistened by the obtrusion of her braces, had a sprayey faintness in the raw gray air.

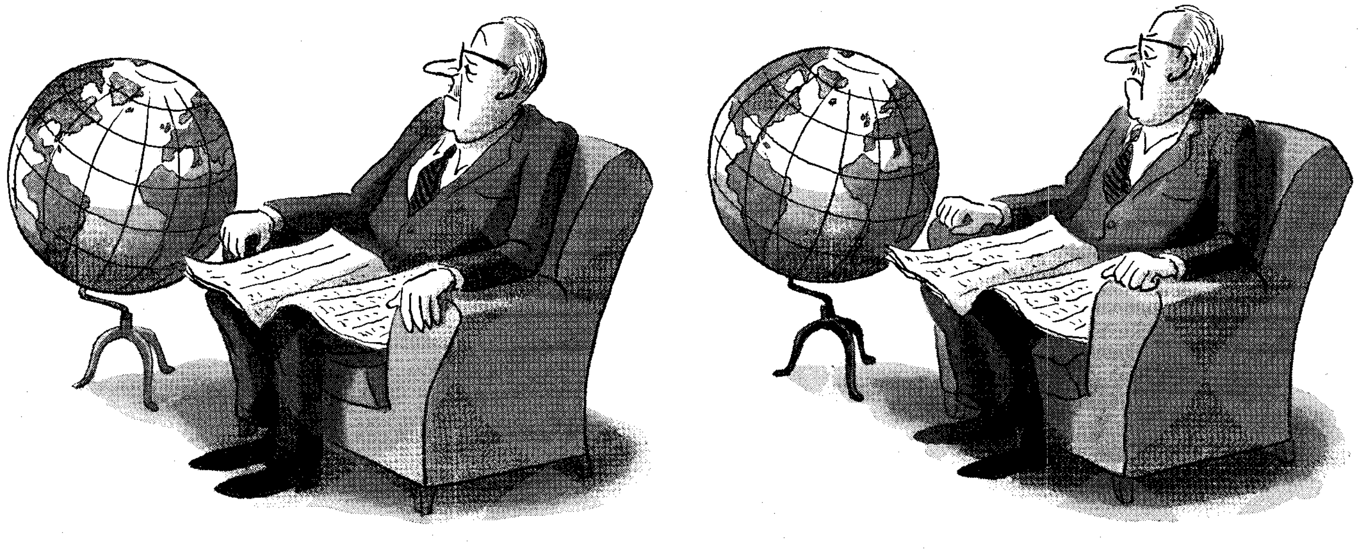
The psychiatrist's sister said, "The *way* they *make* these poor children *study* nowadays! The *books* they have them *read!* Their *English* teacher *assigned* them 'Tropic of *Can*cer'! I picked it *up* and read *one page*, and Trudy reassured me, 'It's all *right*, Mother, the teacher says he's a Transcen*dent*alist!' "

It felt to Richard less likely that he would seduce her. His sense of reality was expanding in the nest of warmth these people provided. He offered to buy them all popsicles. His consciousness ventured outward and experienced the joy of so many Negro presences, the luxury of immersion in a race so buoyantly courteous and free of rancor. He drifted happily through the crosshatch of their oblique sardonic hooting and blurred voices, searching for the popsicle vender. The girls and Trudy's mother had said they would take one; the psychiatrist and Joan had refused. The crowd was formed of jiggling fragments. Richard waved at the rector of a church whose nursery school his children had attended; winked at a folk singer he had seen on television and who looked lost and wan in depth; assumed a stony face in passing a long-haired youth guarded by police and draped in a signboard proclaiming "MARTIN LUTHER KING A TOOL OF THE COMMUNISTS;" and tapped a tall sandy-haired man on the shoulder. "Remember me? Dick Maple, Plato to Dante, B-plus."

The section man turned, bespectacled and pale. It was shocking; he had aged.

THE march was slow to start. Trucks and police cars appeared and disappeared at the playground gate. Officious young seminarians tried to organize the crowd into lines. Unintelligible announcements crackled within the loudspeakers. Martin Luther King was a dim religious rumor on the playground plain—now here, now there, now dead, now alive. The sun showed as a kind of sore spot burning through the clouds. Carol nibbled her popsicle and shivered. He and Joan argued whether to march under the Lexington banner with the psychiatrist or with the Unitarians because her father was one. In the end it did not matter; King invisibly established himself at their head, a distant truck loaded with singing women lurched forward, a far corner of the crowd began to croon, "Which side are you on, boy?," and they were marching.

On Columbus Avenue they were shuffled into lines ten abreast. The Maples were separated. Joan turned up between her psychiatrist and a massive, doleful African wearing tribal scars, sneakers, and a Harvard Athletic Association sweatshirt. Richard found himself at the end of the line ahead, with Carol beside him. The man behind him, a forward-looking liberal, stepped on his heel, giving the knit of his loafer such a wrench that he had to walk the three miles through Boston with a floppy shoe and a dragging limp. He had been born in West Virginia, near the Pennsylvania line, and did not understand Boston. In ten years he had grown familiar with some of its districts, but was still surprised by the quick curving manner in which these districts interlocked. For a few blocks they marched between cheering tenements from whose topmost windows hung banners that proclaimed "END DE FACTO SEGREGATION" and "RETIRE MRS. HICKS." Then the march turned left, and Richard was passing Symphony Hall, within whose rectangular vault he had often dreamed his way along the deep-grassed meadows of Brahms and up the agate cliffs of Strauss. At this corner, from the Styg-



ian subway kiosk, he had emerged with Joan, Orpheus and Eurydice, when both were students; in this restaurant, a decade later, he and she, on four drinks apiece, had decided not to get a divorce. The new Prudential Tower, taller and somehow dimmer than any other building, haunted each twist of their march, before their faces like a mirage, at their backs like a memory. A leggy nervous colored girl wearing the orange fireman's jacket of the Security Unit shepherded their section of the line, clapping her hands, shouting freedom-song lyrics for a few bars. These songs struggled through the miles of the march, overlapping and eclipsing one another in a kind of embarrassment. “Which side are you on, boy, which side are you on . . . like a tree-ee planted by the wah-ha-ter, we shall not be moved . . . this little light of mine, gonna shine on Boston, Mass., this little light of mine . . .” The day continued cool and without shadows. Newspapers that he had folded inside his coat for warmth slipped and slid. Carol beside him plucked at her little sweater, gathering it at her breast but unable, as if under a spell, to button it. Behind him, Joan, serenely framed between her id and superego, stepped along masterfully, swinging her arms, throwing her ballet slippers alternately outward in a confident splaying stride. “. . . let 'er shine, let 'er shine . . .”

Incredibly, they were traversing a cloverleaf, an elevated concrete arabesque devoid of cars. Their massed footsteps whispered; the city yawned beneath them. The march had no beginning and no end that he could see. Within him, the fever had become a small glassy scratching on the walls of the pit hollowed by the detonating pills. A piece of newspaper spilled down his legs and blew into the air. Impalpably medicated, ideally motivated, he felt, strolling along the curve of the cloverleaf, gathered within an infinitely populated ascent. He asked Carol, “Where are we going?”

“The newspapers said the Common.”

“Do you feel faint?”

Her gray braces shyly modified her smile. “Hungry.”

“Have a peanut.” A few still remained in his pocket.

“Thank you.” She took one. “You don't have to be paternal.”

“I want to be.” He felt strangely exalted and excited, as if destined to give birth. He wanted to share this sensation with Carol, but instead he asked her, “In your study of the labor movement, have you learned much about the Molly Maguires?”

“No. Were they goons or finks?”

“I think they were either coal miners or gangsters.”

“Oh. I haven't studied about anything earlier than Gompers.”

“I think you're wise.” Suppressing the urge to tell her he loved her, he turned to look at Joan. She was beautiful, like a poster, with far-seeing blue eyes and red lips parted in song.

Now they walked beneath office buildings where like mounted butterflies secretaries and dental technicians were pressed against the glass. In Copley Square, stony shoppers waited forever to cross the street. Along Boylston, there was Irish muttering; he shielded Carol with his body. The desultory singing grew defiant. The Public Garden was beginning to bloom. Worthy statues—Channing, Kosciusko, Cass, Phillips—were trundled by beneath the blurring trees; Richard's dry heart cracked like a book being opened. The march turned left down Charles and began to press against itself, to link arms, to fumble for love. He lost sight of Joan in the crush. Then they were walking on grass, on the Common, and the first drops of rain, sharp as needles, touched their faces.

“DID we have to stay to hear every damn speech?” Richard asked. They were at last heading home; he felt too sick to drive and huddled, in his soaked slippery suit, toward the heater. The windshield wiper seemed to be squeaking *free-dom, free-dom.*

“I wanted to hear King.”

“You heard him in Alabama.”

“I was too tired to listen.”

“Did you listen this time? Didn't it seem corny and forced?”

“Somewhat. But does it matter?” Her white profile was serene; she passed a trailer truck on the right, and her window was spattered as if with applause.

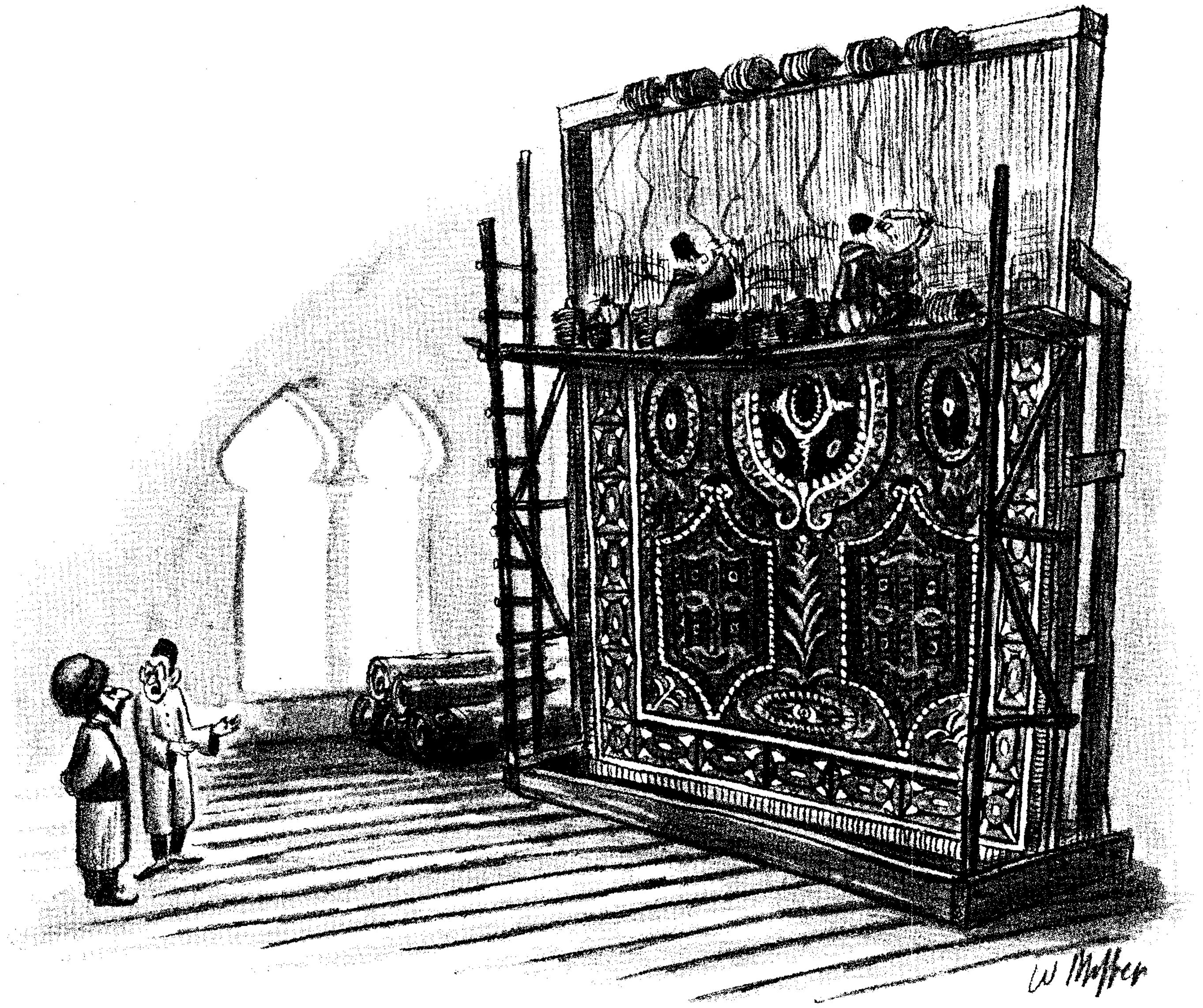
“And that Abernathy. God, if he's John the Baptist, I'm Herod the Great. ‘Onteel de Frenchman go back t'France, onteel de Ahrishman go back t'Ahrland, onteel de Mexican he go back tuh—’ ”

“Stop it.”

“Don't get me wrong. I didn't mind them sounding like demagogues; what I minded was that god-awful boring phony imitation of a revival meeting. ‘Thass right, yossuh. Yoh-*suh!*’ ”

“Your throat sounds sore. Shouldn't you stop using it?”

“*How* could you crucify me that way? *How* could you make this miserable sick husband stand in the icy rain



"What do you mean, 'What does it mean?'"

• •

for hours listening to boring stupid speeches that you'd heard before anyway?"

"I didn't think the speeches were that great. But I think it was important that they were given and that people listened. You were there as a witness, Richard."

"Ah witnessed. Ah believes. Yossuh."

"You're a very sick man."

"I know, I *know* I am. That's why I wanted to *leave*. Even your pasty psychiatrist left. He looked like a dunked doughnut."

"He left because of the girls."

"I loved Carol. She respected me, despite the color of my skin."

"You didn't have to go."

"Yes I did. You somehow turned it into a point of honor. It was a sexual vindication."

"How you go on."

"'Onteel de East German goes on back t'East Germany, onteel de Luxembourgian hies hisself back to Luxembourg—'"

"Please stop it."

But he found he could not stop, and even after they reached home and she put him to bed, the children watching in alarm, his voice continued its slurred plaint. "Ah'ze all riaight, Missy, jes' a tech o' double pneu*mon*ia, don't you fret none, we'll get the cotton in."

"You're embarrassing the children."

"Shecks, doan min' me, chilluns. Ef Ah could jes' res' hyah foh a spell in de shade o' dis watuhmelon patch, res' dese ol' bones . . . Lawzy, dat do feel good!"

"Daddy has a tiny cold," Joan explained.

"Will he die?" Bean asked, and burst into tears.

"Now, effen," he said, "bah some un*foh*-choonut chayance, mah spirrut should pass owen, bureh me bah de levee, so mebbe Ah kin heeah de singin' an' de banjos an' de cotton bolls a-bustin' . . . an' mebbe even de white folks up in de Big House kin shed a homely tear . . ." He was almost crying; a weird tenderness had come over him in bed, as if he had indeed given birth, birth to this voice, a voice crying from the depths of oppression for attention. High in the window, the late afternoon sky blanched as the storm lifted. In the warmth of the bed, he crooned to himself, and once started up, crying out, "Missy! Missy! Doan you worreh none, ol' Tom'll see anotheh sun-up!"

But Joan was downstairs, talking firmly on the telephone.

—JOHN UPDIKE

•

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PROFILES

AMONG THE WILD THINGS

MY son Nicholas, three and a half, was jumping up and down on his bed.

"I want to wash your hands," my wife said.

"I don't care," Nicholas replied.

"Lunch is ready."

"I don't care."

"It will get cold."

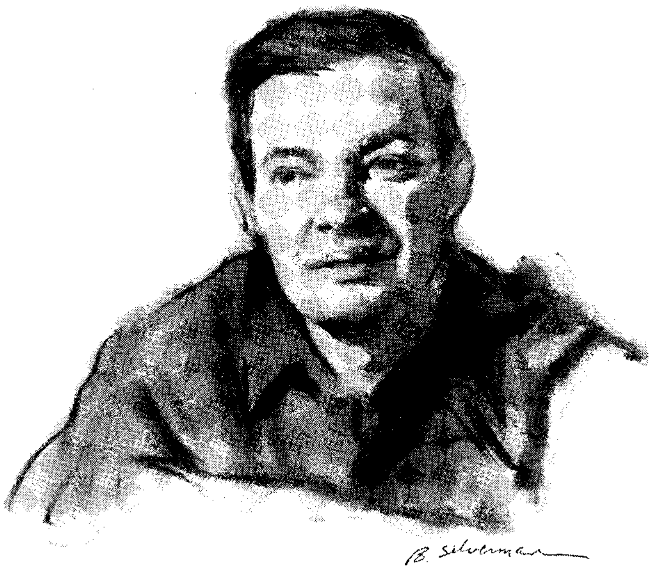
"I don't care."

The leaping continued. Then my wife asked, "Who *are* you?"

"Pierre!" Nicholas announced.

The next jump was the most ambitious yet, and Nicholas fell off the bed. As he rubbed his knee, my wife asked, "Are you hurt?"

In a much softer voice, he replied, "Yes, Mother Bear."



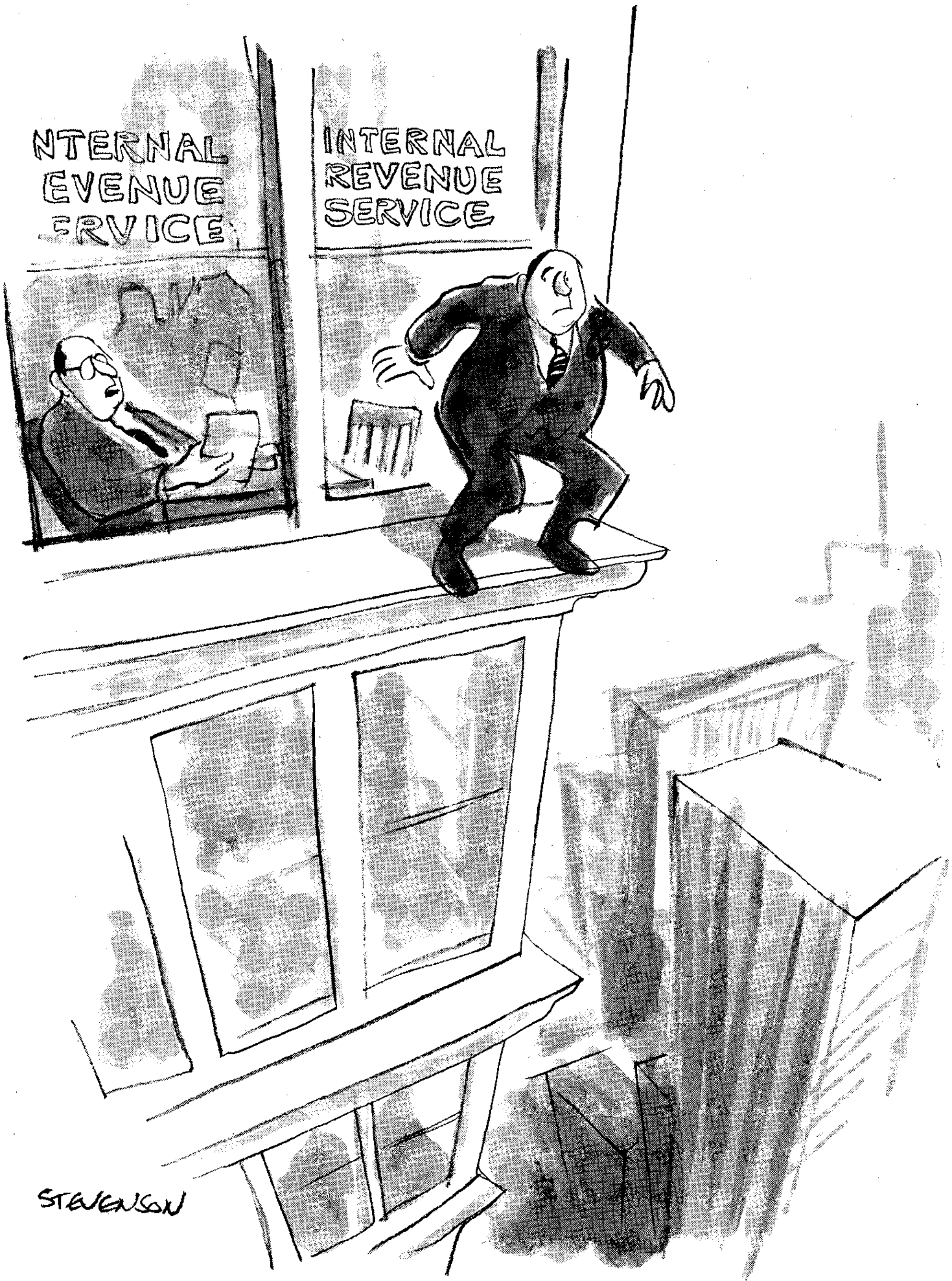
Maurice Sendak

Mother Bear is a large, comfortable source of reassurance in "Little Bear," a series of four books written by Else Holmelund Minarik and illustrated by Maurice Sendak. The Pierre whom Nicholas had been emulating is the hero of a book called "Pierre," which is part of the four-volume "Nutshell Library," written and illustrated by Maurice Sendak; Pierre, even after he is swallowed by a famished lion, will say only "I don't care." On top of a chest of drawers next to Nicholas's bed is a large picture of a dancing creature with horns, sharp teeth, yellow eyes, and a scaly body. He is a wild thing—an inhabitant of "Where the Wild Things Are," a book written and illustrated by Maurice Sendak. Some reviewers of children's books have asserted that the wild things are frightening, but Nicholas finds them quite funny.

My son's familiarity with Maurice Sendak's creations is shared by a sizable and constantly growing number of American children under eight. As a writer, as an illustrator, and as both, Sendak has been associated with a number of successful children's books of the past decade. In addition to the "Little Bear" series, the "Nutshell Library," and "Where the Wild Things Are," there have been "A Hole Is to Dig," written by Ruth Krauss, "The Bat-Poet" and "The Animal Family," both written by the late Randall Jarrell, "Lullabies and Night Songs," with music by Alec Wilder, and "Hector Protector." More than fifty other children's books contain illustrations by Sendak, and more than half a dozen have texts by him; many of them sell well enough to keep Sendak surprised by his affluence.

Sendak has trouble believing in his commercial success largely because his creations are so much at variance with the sort of thing that usually sells well in his field. Far too many contemporary picture books for the young are still populated by children who eat everything on their plates, go dutifully to bed at the proper hour, and learn all sorts of useful facts or moral lessons by the time the book comes to an end. The illustrations are usually decorative rather than imaginative, and any fantasy that may be encountered either corresponds to the fulfillment of adult wishes or is carefully curbed lest it frighten the child. Many of these books, homogenized and characterless, look and read as if they had been put together by a computer. Sendak's work, on the other hand, is unmistakably identifiable as his. He will not illustrate to order, increasingly depending on himself as the writer, and, when he illustrates the texts of others, choosing only those that seem real to him. "Maurice is not an artist who just does an occasional book for children because there's money in it or because he thinks it will give him an easy change of pace," Sendak's editor, Ursula Nordstrom, who is director of the children's book department of Harper & Row, has said. "Children's books are *all* he does and all he wants to do. His books are full of emotion, of vitality. When one of his lines for a drawing is blown up, you find that it's not a precise straight line. It's rough with ridges, because so much emotion has gone into it. Too many of us—and I mean editors along with illustrators and writers of children's books—are afraid of emotion. We keep forgetting that children are new and we are not. But somehow Maurice has retained a direct line to his own childhood." Sendak, moreover, does not subscribe to the credo that childhood is a time of innocence—a point of view that, as it is usually interpreted, results in tales and pictures soothing to parents but unreal to the children. The young in Sendak's books—particularly the books he writes himself—are sometimes troubled and lonely, they slip easily into and out of fantasies, and occasionally they are unruly and stubborn. Nor are they the bright, handsome boys and softly pretty little girls who are so numerous in so many picture books for children. The Sendak boys and girls tend to appear truncated, having oversized heads, short arms, and quite short legs.

In the past few years, I have become increasingly interested in Sendak's work, reading his books for my own pleasure as well as for the amusement of my children. His drawings, I have found, are oddly compelling. Intensely, almost palpably alive, they seem to move on the page and, later, in memory. This quality is pervasive in "Where the Wild Things Are," the story of a boy named Max who assumes a demonic face and puts on a wolf suit one night and makes mischief. His mother calls him a "WILD THING!" and Max answers, "I'LL EAT YOU UP!" He is sent to bed without his supper. Standing in his room, Max watches a forest grow until it becomes the world. An ocean tumbles by with a boat in it for Max, and he sails to where the wild things are. The wild things—a colony of monsters—try to frighten Max, but, frowning fiercely, he commands them to be still. Cowed, they make Max King of the Wild Things. Then, at Max's order, a



"Histrionics cut no ice with us, Mr. Carlin."

• •

rumpus begins—six wordless pages of howling, dancing, tree-climbing, and parading by Max and the wild things. Max presently stops the revels, though, and sends the wild things to bed without *their* supper, and then, feeling lonely, gives up his crown. The wild things so hate to see Max leave that they try to scare him into staying, but he is not intimidated, and he sails back to his room, where he finds his supper waiting for him.

As I studied the pictures of Max and his companions, it seemed to me that I had never seen fantasy depicted in American children's books in illustrations that were so powerfully in motion. Brian O'Doherty, the former art critic of the *Times*, has written that Sendak is "a fantasist in the great tradition of Sir John Tenniel and Edward Lear," and I agree. O'Doherty has also described Sendak as "one of the most powerful men in the United States," in that he "has given shape to the fantasies of millions of children—an awful responsibility." I had known a few men who possessed power, but never this kind of power, so I made arrangements to meet the creator of the wild things.

SENDAK, a bachelor, lives in a duplex on Ninth Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. On the street level he has a bedroom and a large living room with a piano and a profusion of bookcases, one of them reserved for first editions (he has close to two hundred) of works by Henry James. On the floor below are a spacious kitchen, a dining room with a brick fireplace, and a small studio, lit only by the lamp over Sendak's drawing board, which is to the left of the room's entrance. On the walls of the studio are paintings, photographs, and posters advertising art exhibits. A bookcase near the studio door contains an extensive collection of children's books, formed largely around Sendak's favorite illustrators: Randolph Caldecott and George Cruikshank, of nineteenth-century England; Ludwig Richter and Wilhelm Busch, of the same period in Germany; A. B. Frost and Edward Windsor Kemble, Americans who between them spanned the last half of the nineteenth century and the first three decades of this one; Ernst Kreidolf, a Swiss artist of those years; and, among contemporaries, the late Hans Fischer of Switzerland and André François of France. To the right of Sendak's drawing board is a worktable, and above this is a pegboard supporting a swarm of objects. Among them are talismans—a brontosaurus constructed for him by a nephew, for instance—and postcard reproductions of paintings by Watteau, Goya, William Blake, and Winslow Homer; there are also a number of toys that Sendak has brought back from Europe, where he goes about every other year. Across the room from the worktable, an imposing high-fidelity unit stands on top of another bookcase, this one containing a large record collection, in which works by Mahler, Mozart, Beethoven, Wolf, Wagner, and Verdi are heavily represented. What dominates the room, however, is a huge photograph. Taken at an orphanage in Sicily, it shows a ten-year-old girl standing sidewise in front of a whitewashed wall. She is wearing a ragged white dress, a fly has alighted on her back, and she looks out into the room with enormous black eyes. Her hand is on her hip—a pose that is frequently assumed by the children in Sendak's books.

The first day I visited his studio, Sendak, a short, shy man with dark-brown hair and green eyes, smiled after he saw me staring intently at the picture. "It's hard to get away from her, isn't it?" he said. "If you stay here long enough, you'll find that her eyes follow you around the room." He moved in front of the photograph. "Her face is unfinished—a round, beautiful child's face—but her eyes tell you she could be forty-five years old. Such knowledge

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and pain are already there. I couldn't do without her."

A Sealyham terrier came in. This, I was told, was Jennie, who was twelve years old and had a tendency to brood. Jennie has appeared in most of Sendak's books, often looking more cheerful than she does in real life. Having sniffed at me briefly, Jennie left. Sendak lit a cigarette. As I looked at him, I found that he reminded me of the children in his books, and I told him so. "Yes, they're all a kind of caricature of me," he said. "They look as if they'd been hit on the head, and hit so hard they weren't going to grow anymore. When I first started showing my work to children's-book editors, about seventeen years ago, they didn't encourage me, and a major reason was the kind of children I drew. One editor, I remember, told me they were too European. What she meant was that they seemed ugly to her. And even now I'll get a letter at least twice a year from a librarian who wants to know why my children are so drab. Well, they're not drab, but they're not innocent of experience, either. Too many parents and too many writers of children's books don't respect the fact that kids know a great deal and suffer a great deal. My children also show a great deal of pleasure, but often they look defenseless, too. Being defenseless is a primary element of childhood. It's not that I don't see the naturalistic beauty of a child. I'm very aware of that beauty, and I could draw it. I know the proportions of a child's body. But I am trying to draw the way children *feel*—or, rather, the way I imagine they feel. It's the way *I know* I felt as a child." Sendak leaned forward, and continued, "It may be that in projecting how I felt as a child onto the children I draw I'm being terribly biassed and inaccurate. But all I have to go on is what I know—not only about my childhood then but about the child I was as he exists now."

I looked puzzled, and Sendak smiled. "You see, I don't believe, in a way, that the kid I was grew up into me," he said. "He still exists somewhere, in the most graphic, plastic, physical way. It's as if he had moved somewhere. I have a tremendous concern for him and interest in him. I communicate with him—or try to—all the time. One of my worst fears is losing contact with him." Sendak frowned. "I don't want this to sound coy or schizophrenic, but at least once a day I feel I have to make contact," he went on. "The pleasures I get as an adult are heightened by the fact that I experience them as a child at the same time. Like, when autumn comes,

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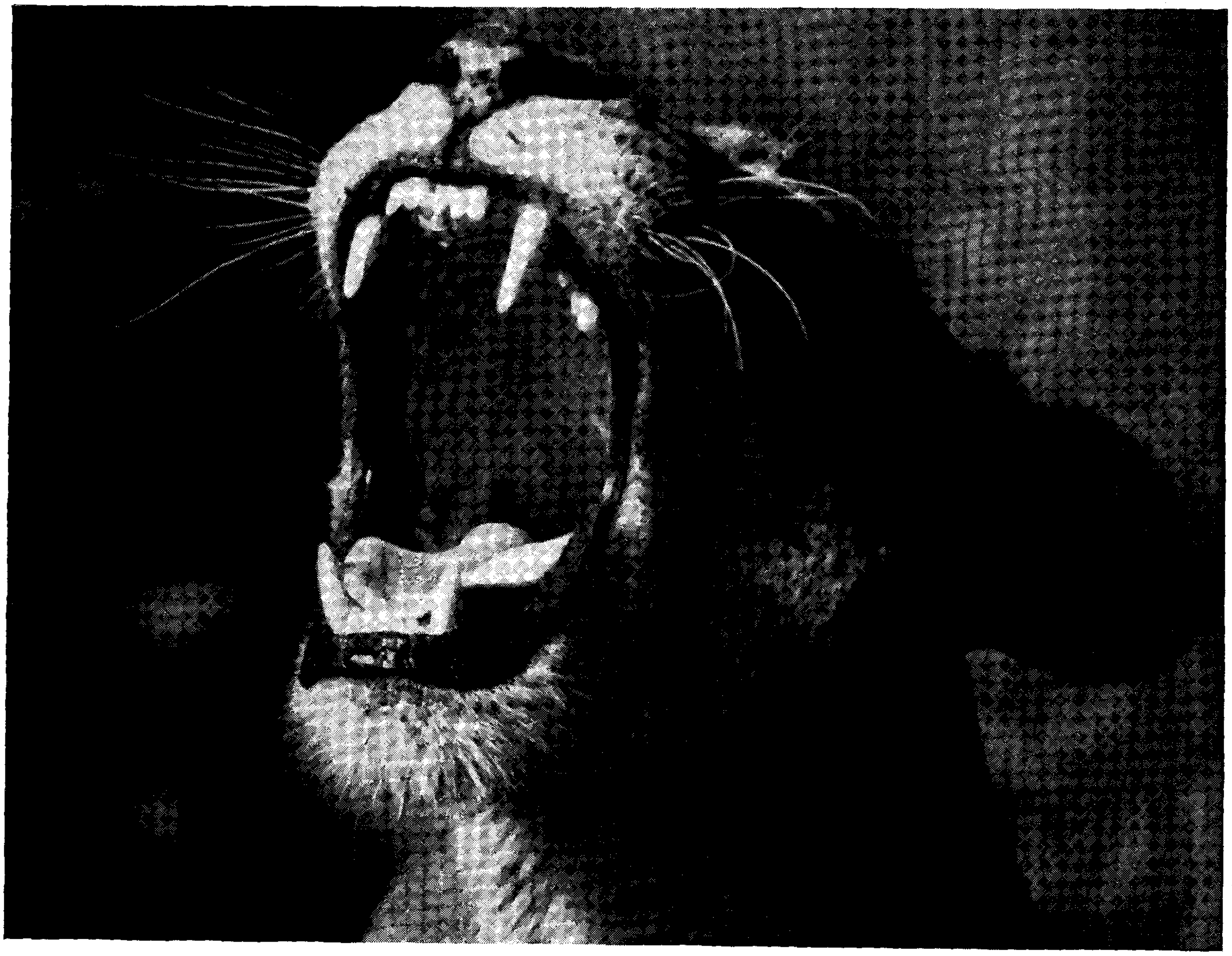

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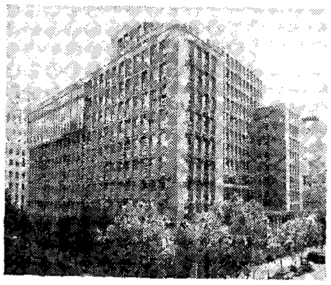

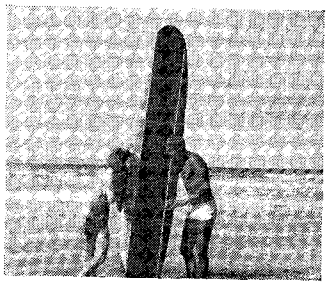

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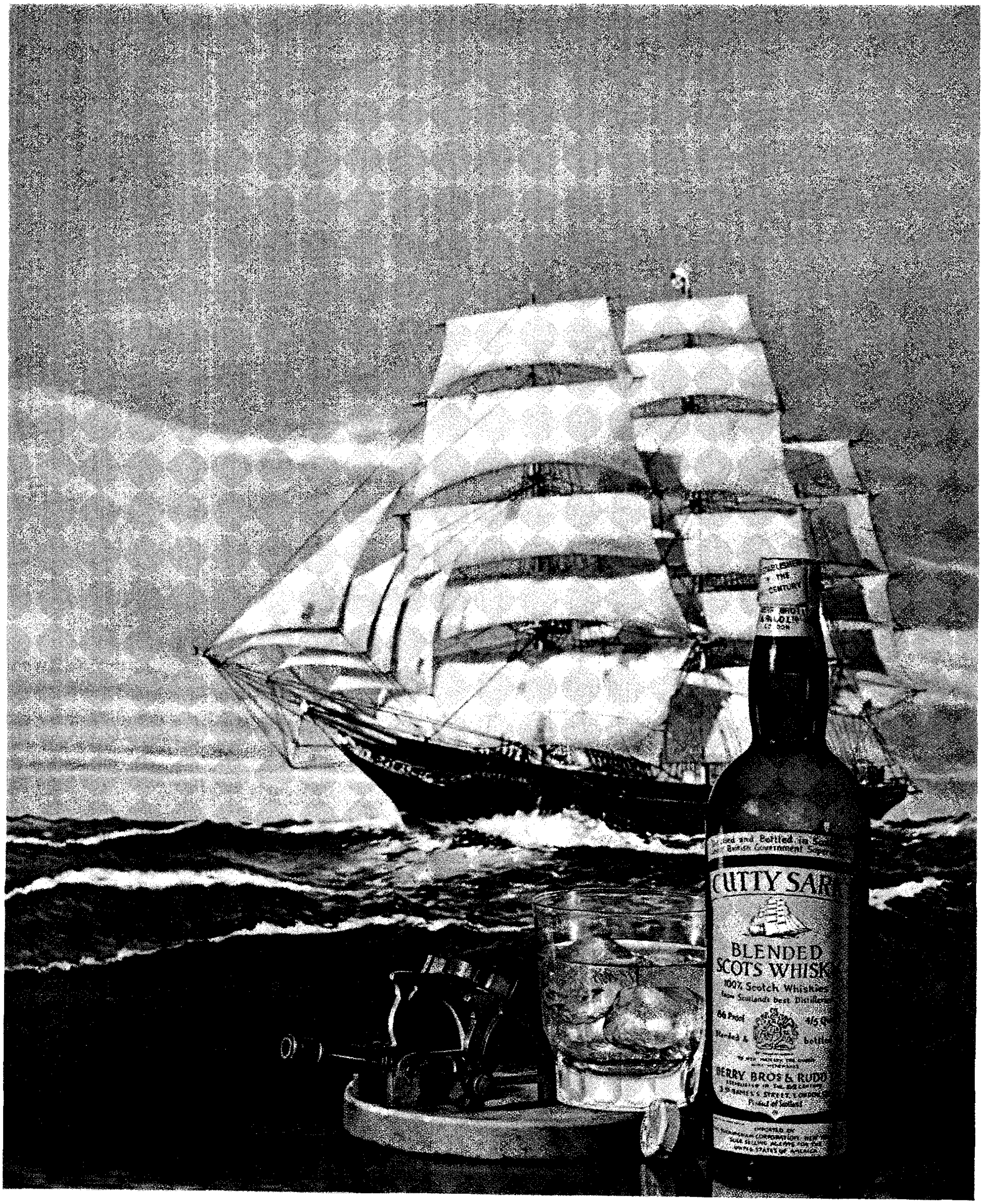
BONWIT TELLER

as an adult I welcome the departure of the heat, and simultaneously, as a child would, I start anticipating the snow and the first day it will be possible to use a sled. This dual apperception does break down occasionally. That usually happens when my work is going badly. I get a sour feeling about books in general and my own in particular. The next stage is annoyance at my dependence on this dual apperception, and I reject it. Then I become depressed. When excitement about what I'm working on returns, so does the child. We're on happy terms again. Being in that kind of contact with my childhood is vital to me, but it doesn't make me perfectly certain I know what I'm doing in my work. Especially in books for children under six. I don't think anyone really knows what kids that young like and what they don't like. They're formless, fluid creatures—like moving water. You can't stop one of them at any one point and know exactly what's going on. A child may react strongly to a book because it reaches him emotionally in some way the author intended. Then, again, it may be that he once saw a duck from a train window and never saw one again until he looked at the book, and though the book is rotten, he loves it because there's a duck in it. Once in a while I encounter reactions to one of my books that make me think I may be getting some idea of what happened. From letters and from talking to parents and librarians, I've found out that, of the four books in the Nutshell Library, 'Pierre' is invariably the favorite with children. But here, too, I don't know what level the child is reacting on. On one level, 'Pierre' is slapstick. Then, the text has a rhythmic quality—the repetition that kids like—and some children may be drawn mainly by that. On another level, Pierre is defiant—irrationally so, when it comes to the lion that finally eats him—and the child may enjoy a surface identification with the fun of rebellion. And, on a deeper level, Pierre is saying, 'I'm *me*. I'll be what I am and I'll do what I want to do.' The book that children have reacted to most strongly, though, is 'Where the Wild Things Are.' They wear out copies at libraries and keep rereading it at home. Some have sent me drawings of their own wild things, and they make mine look like cuddly fuzzballs. My wild things have big teeth. Some of *their* wild things not only have big teeth but are chewing on children. I have yet to hear of a child who was frightened by the book. Adults who are troubled by it forget that Max is having a fine time. He's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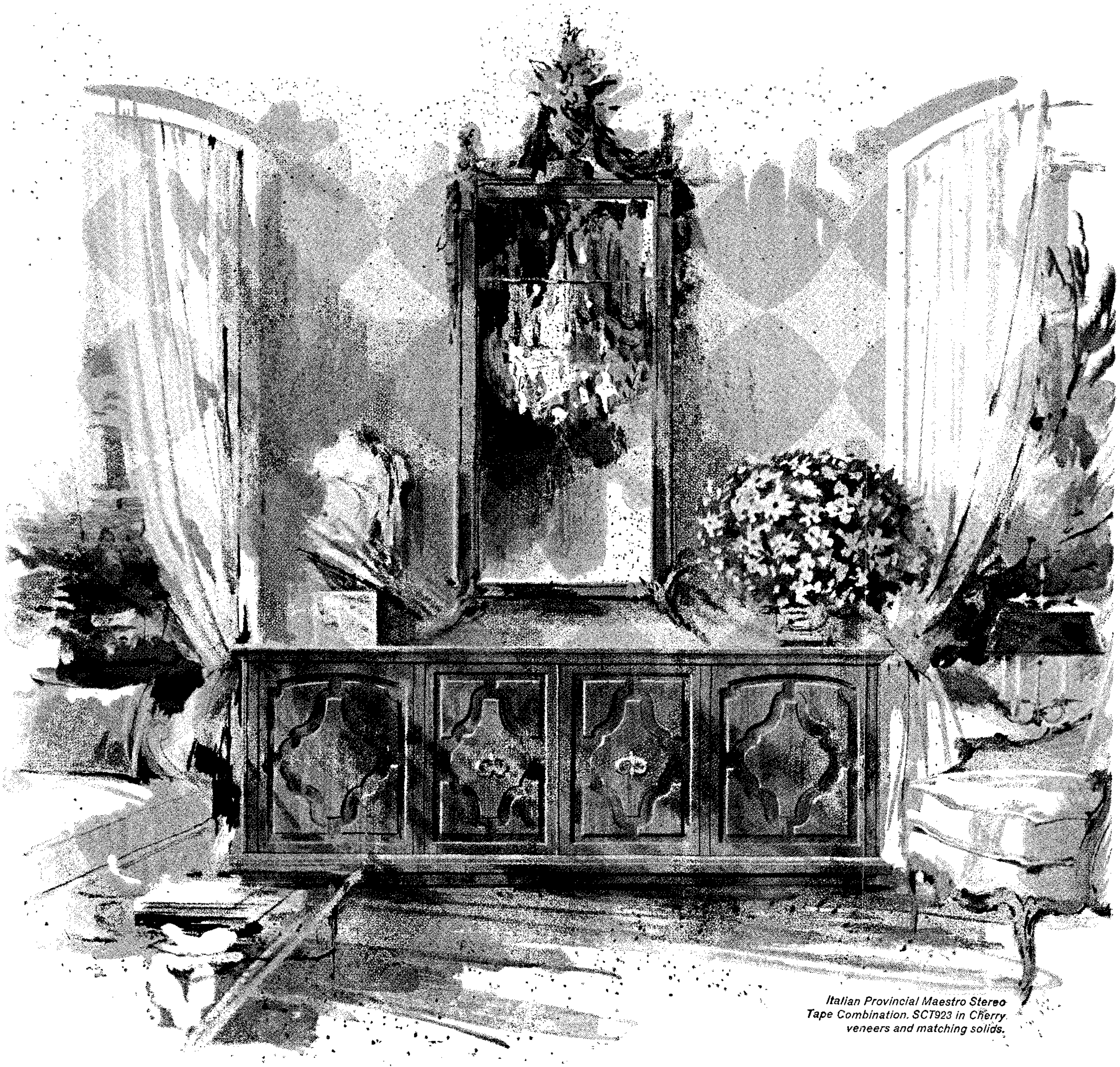

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in control. And by getting his anger at his mother discharged against the wild things he's able to come back to the real world at peace with himself. I think Max is my truest creation. Like all kids, he believes in a world where a child can skip from fantasy to reality in the conviction that both exist. One seven-year-old boy wrote me a letter." Sendak rose, rummaged through a file folder in the bookcase, found the letter, and handed it to me. The boy had written, "How much does it cost to get to where the wild things are? If it is not too expensive my sister and I want to spend the summer there. Please answer soon."

FANTASY, I learned in subsequent visits to the studio, has been familiar terrain to Sendak from his earliest years. He was born in Brooklyn on June 10, 1928, the youngest of three children of Philip and Sarah Sendak. (His sister, Natalie, was eight when he was born, and his brother, Jack, was five.) Both parents had come to America before the First World War from Jewish *shtetls*, or small towns, outside Warsaw. The father, who worked in the garment district, told his children long stories based on tales he remembered from his childhood and alive with myth and fantasy. "He was a marvellous improviser, and he'd often extend a story for many nights," Sendak recalls. "One short one I've always wanted to make into a book was about a child taking a walk with his father and mother. He becomes separated from them. Snow begins to fall, and the child shivers in the cold. He huddles under a tree, sobbing in terror. An enormous figure hovers over him and says, as he draws the boy up, 'I'm Abraham, your father.' His fear gone, the child looks up and also sees Sarah. He is no longer lost. When his parents find him, the child is dead. Those stories had something of the character of William Blake's poems. The myths in them didn't seem at all factitious. And they fused Jewish lore with my father's particular way of shaping memory and desire. That one, for instance, was based on the power of Abraham in Jewish tradition as the father who was always there—a reassuring father even when he was Death. But the story was also about how tremendously my father missed his parents. Not all his tales were sombre, though. My father could be very witty, even if the humor was always on the darker side of irony."

In addition to the tales his father told, and occasional stories told by his

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mother, books, to which Sendak early formed a passionate attachment, also stimulated his imagination. His sister gave him his first books—"The Prince and the Pauper" and "The Three Musketeers." Besides being fascinated by the contents of the books, he was drawn to them as physical entities. "I can still remember the smell and feel of the bindings of those first two books," he says. "I didn't read them for a long time. It felt so good just having them. They seemed alive to me, and so did many other inanimate objects I was fond of. All children have these intense feelings about certain dolls or other toys. In my case, this kind of relationship, if you can call it that, was heightened because up to the age of six I spent a lot of time in bed with a series of illnesses. Being alone much of the time, I developed friendships with objects. To this day, in my parents' home there are certain toys that I played with as a child, and when I visit my parents, I'm also visiting those toys."

In "Kenny's Window," which was published in 1956, and was the first book that Sendak wrote as well as illustrated, he distilled much of his own childhood—the attachment to particular objects, the fantasy, the loneliness. Kenny wakes from a dream and remembers meeting in a garden a rooster, who gave him seven questions to answer. In the course of searching for the answers, he has serious conversations with several of his toys. Kenny is angered by a favorite Teddy bear, who reproaches him for having been left under the bed all night, but soon Kenny writes the bear a poem assuring him of his love, and that conflict is resolved. In fantasy, Kenny journeys to Switzerland and talks with a goat in order to find the answer to one of the rooster's questions: "What is an only goat?" An only goat, Kenny finally learns, is a lonely goat who is not allowed by an overprotective master to do what he most enjoys doing. There is also a meeting, on the roof of Kenny's house, with a talking, flying horse. Kenny resolves not to tell his parents about the horse and its ability to talk and to fly. ("They'd say it was a dream. They don't know how to listen in the night.") Another crisis occurs when one of Kenny's two favorite lead soldiers reminds the other of a promise Kenny has broken—to take care of them always. The first soldier is chipped in four different places. He complains to Kenny. Enraged at being made to feel guilty, Kenny exiles the chipped soldier to the

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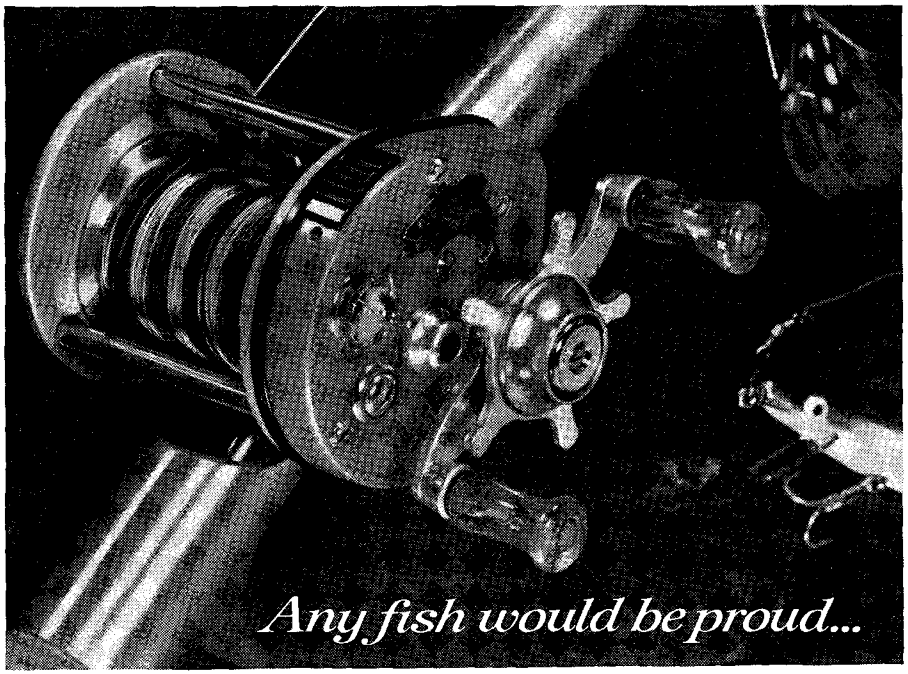

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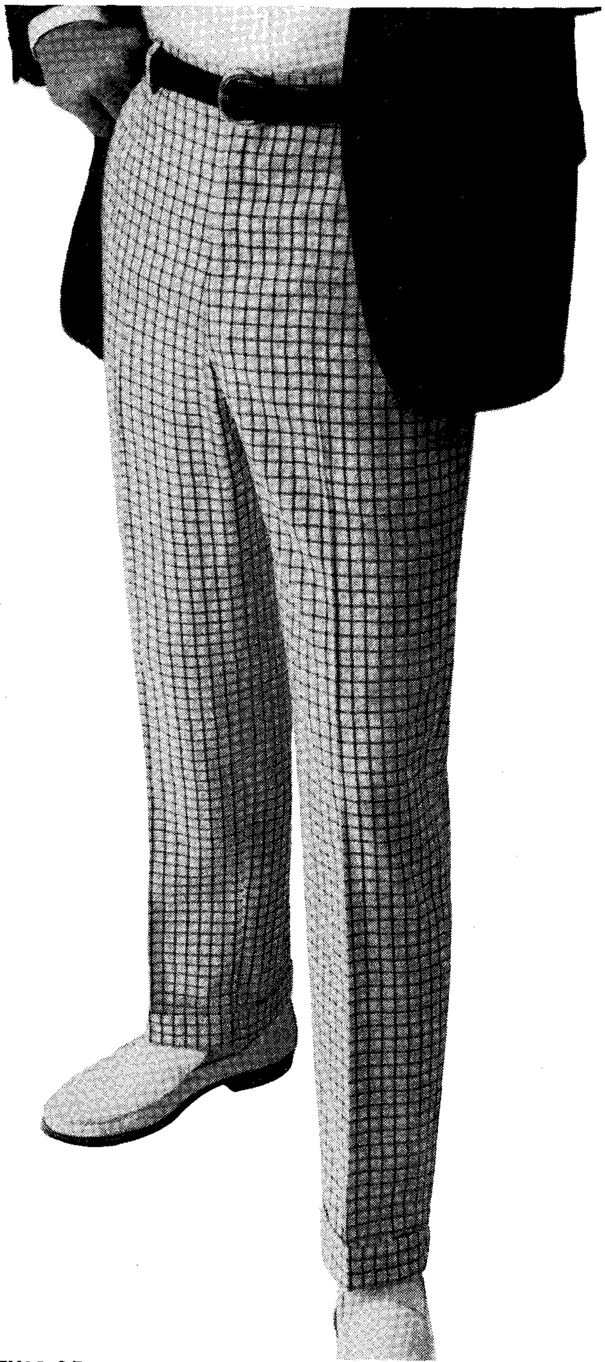

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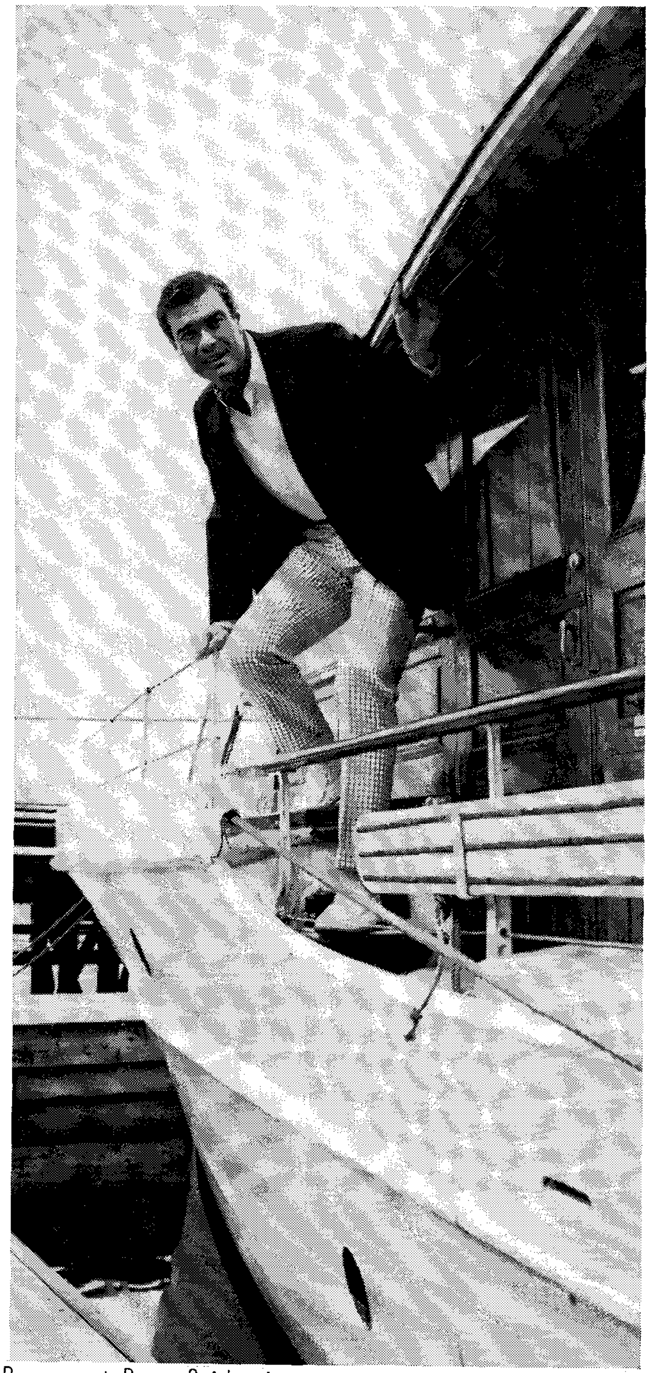

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outside ledge of his window in the cold, but then he brings the soldier in again and tells him he has not broken his promise. When the rooster later asks Kenny one of the seven questions again—"Can you fix a broken promise?"—Kenny answers, "Yes, if it only looks broken, but really isn't."

In his adult life, Sendak's rapport with particular inanimate objects has not been limited to the toys in Brooklyn. One afternoon, in his studio, he pointed out to me several pens on his drawing board, and said, "Some of these pens are with me, and some are against me. In a store, some look as if they want to be sold to me. Others will fight me to the end. I may antagonize some and not be able to win back their friendship, but others are less stubborn." He picked up a small, smooth rock. "This is a friend," he said. "I found him on a beach in Italy in 1953. He goes with me on all my trips." Sendak looked at me somewhat warily, and added, "I suppose that sounds strange." Since I have similar feelings about an old lighter and three pipes, I was able to tell him it didn't.

Sendak did have other friends besides objects as he grew up. He had a close relationship with his brother Jack. Both boys enjoyed drawing, and one of their amusements was making books. These combined cut-out newspaper photographs and comic strips with sketches of the Sendak family. The books were bound with tape, had elaborately illustrated covers, and contained a good deal of painstaking hand lettering.

"I was always conscious of usable material for books," Sendak recalls. "I remember examining my grandmother all the time and placing her in various fantasies. And I was so conscious of the streets on which I lived that I can remember them now in complete detail—how many houses there were, who lived in which house, what the people looked like. During my early teens, I spent a lot of time at the window, sketching the kids at play, and those sketchbooks are, in a sense, the foundation of much of my later work. Maybe that's another reason the children in my books are called European-looking. Many of them resemble the kids I knew growing up in Brooklyn. They were Jewish kids, and they may well look like little greenhorns just off the boat. They had—some of them, anyway—a kind of bowed look, as if the burdens of the world were on their shoulders."

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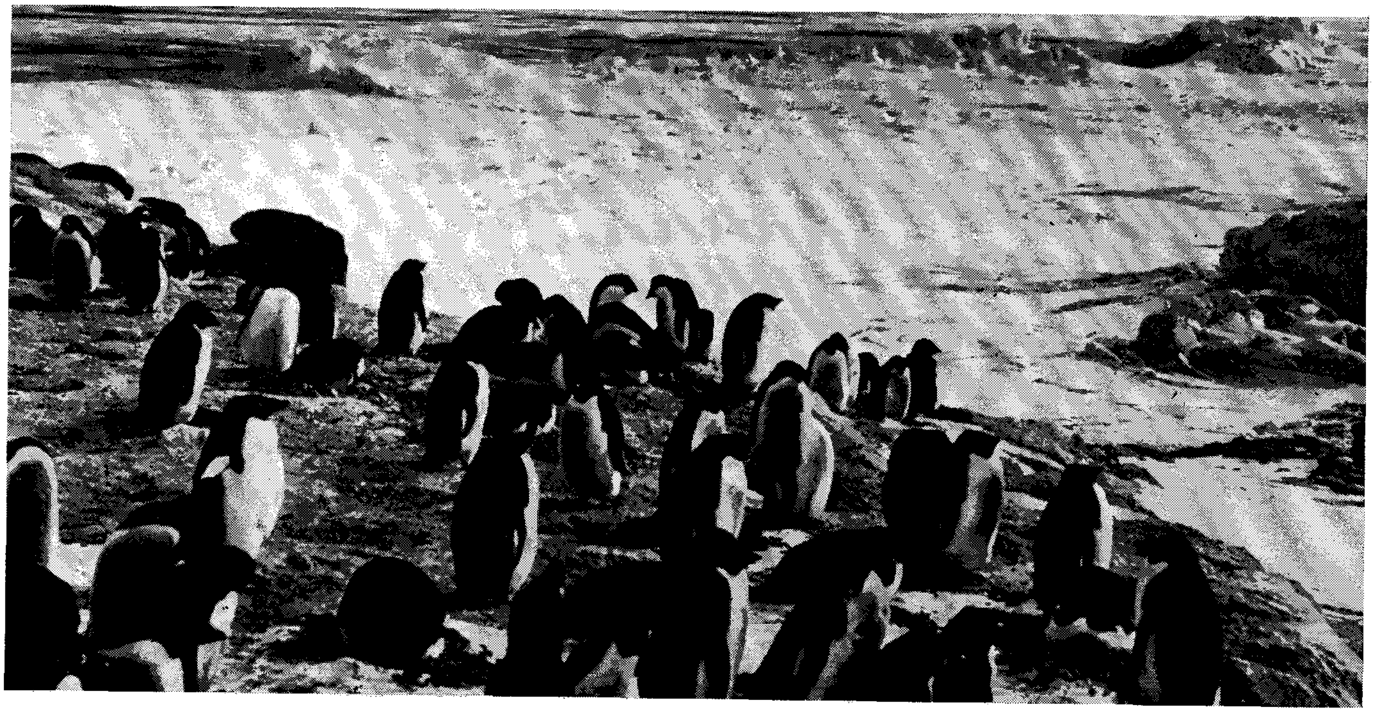

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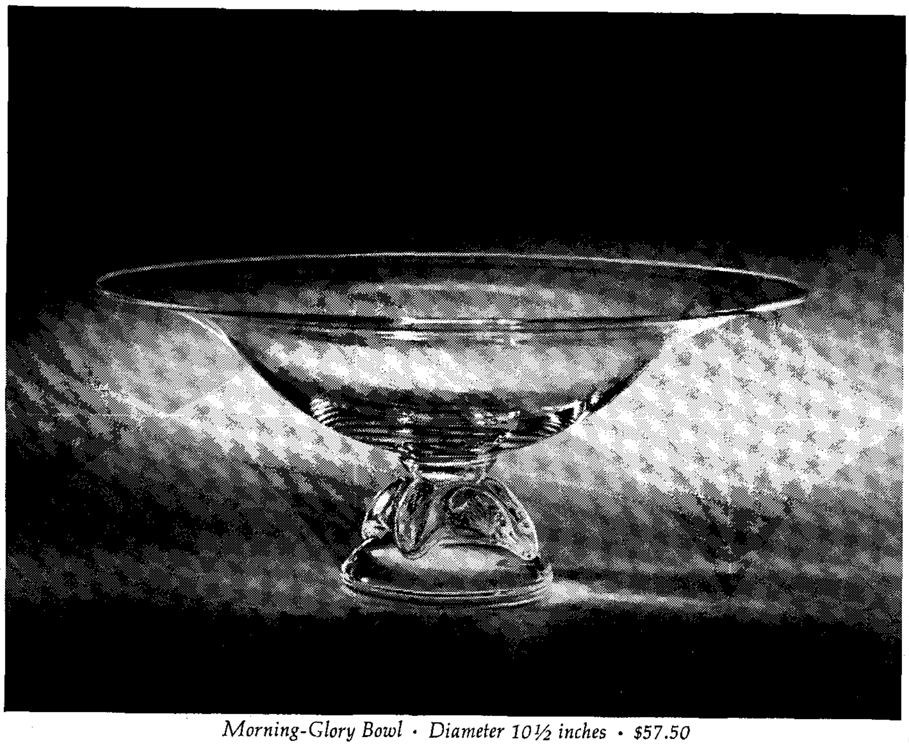

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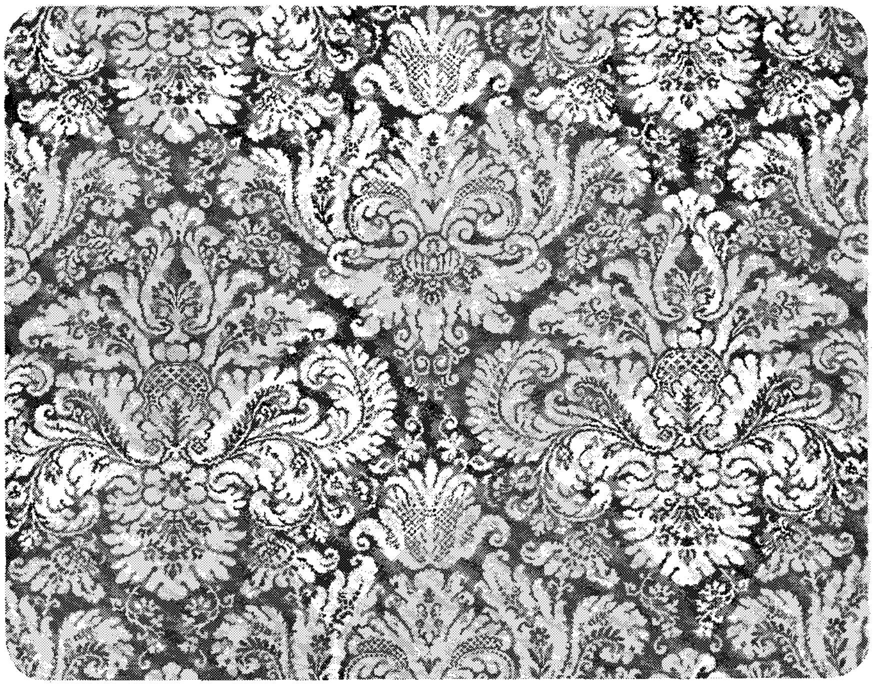

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dak book published in 1960, begins with the dedication:

> Remembering *Pearl Karchawer*
> *all the Rosies*
> *and Brooklyn.*

Rosie is a girl with an unusually lively imagination, and she gets her friends—who do indeed look like Jewish children on the streets of Brooklyn—to take part in her fantasies. At one point, Rosie, sitting on a cellar door and covered from head to foot in a red blanket, identifies herself as "Alinda the lost girl." "Who lost you?" asks a neighborhood literalist. "I lost myself," Rosie answers. Like the fantasies in "Kenny's Window" and a number of Sendak's other stories, Rosie's often involve highly active play. She announces that her "Magic Man" is coming, and all the children close their eyes, because he will not appear otherwise. They hear her speak to him, and when they are allowed to open their eyes again, Rosie tells them that the Magic Man has informed her that they can all be firecrackers. Rosie and her friends proceed to leap and dance through several pages.

When the teen-age Sendak wasn't making books, he was reading other people's. Though some were stories for children, his reading was indiscriminate. His sister subscribed to the Book-of-the-Month Club, and he read many of the volumes she received. "Now I can't remember any children's books or artists that profoundly influenced me in those years except Walt Disney," he says. "I now say it to my shame, yet he did something tremendous for me. His pictures did move, and they often embodied lots of fantasy. With whatever money I had, I'd buy his coloring and cutout books, and I made animated sequences of my own based on his characters. And when I saw Disney's 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs' at the Radio City Music Hall, I had an inkling of what it was I especially wanted to do. It was only later that I could see how Disney had despoiled beautiful stories and had abused the idea of animation. Kids don't always know about the vulgar and tasteless, and to me Disney was a god. I remember a Mickey Mouse mask that came on a big box of cornflakes. What a fantastic mask! Such a big, bright, vivid, gorgeous hunk of face! My ambition was to work for Disney."

Sendak graduated from Lafayette High School, in Brooklyn, in 1946. "I was an art major in high school, but we had no real instruction—I just sat and did what I wanted to," he says. After school and weekends, he had

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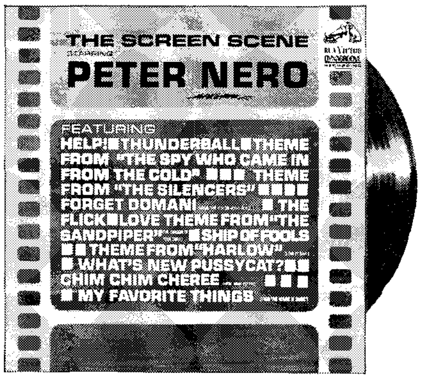
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worked for All American Comics, his job being to adapt "Mutt and Jeff" strips for comic books, fitting them into the page, filling in backgrounds, and extending the story line when necessary. He enjoyed this work, but school, by contrast, was a place of acute discomfort. "Nearly every morning, in order to get there, I had to talk myself out of a state of panic," he says. "I couldn't stand being cloistered with other children, and I was usually so embarrassed that I stammered."

After graduation, he went to work full time at Timely Service, a window-display house in lower Manhattan, beginning in a warehouse, where he helped construct store-window models of such figures as Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs out of chicken wire, papier-mâché, spun glass, plaster, and paint. "It was one of the best times of my life," Sendak says. "I was in Manhattan, and, for the first time, I knew people who were artists, who considered their work for Timely Service just a job to enable them to do real painting at night in their cold-water flats. There were all kinds of people I'd never met in Brooklyn." When he had been at Timely Service for nearly two years, he was promoted to the department that conceived the window-display designs to be built in the warehouse. There he was unhappy. "The department consisted of another kind of artist—people in their fifties who had never got anywhere," he recalls. Sendak left the display house in the summer of 1948, and during the next two months, at home in Brooklyn, he and his brother constructed six intricate animated wooden toys, performing scenes from "Little Red Riding Hood," "Little Miss Muffet," "Hansel and Gretel," "Aladdin's Lamp," "Old Mother Hubbard," and "Pinocchio." The pieces, five of which Sendak now has in his studio, are in the tradition of eighteenth-century German lever-operated toys. When a lever on Little Red Riding Hood's basket is pulled, for instance, a ferocious wolf leaps out of bed and Little Red Riding Hood collapses. The Sendak brothers took their toys to F. A. O. Schwarz. Their work was received with respect, but an official at the store pointed out that it would be too costly to reproduce the toys in large quantities. "Nor were we ready to compromise, if a compromise had been suggested," Sendak says. "We wanted a workshop of little old men creating the little wooden parts, and we would not have permitted any kind of plastic substitute." Ultimately, though, Richard Nell, Schwarz's win-

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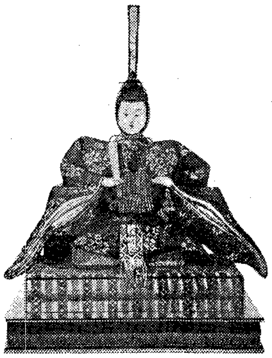

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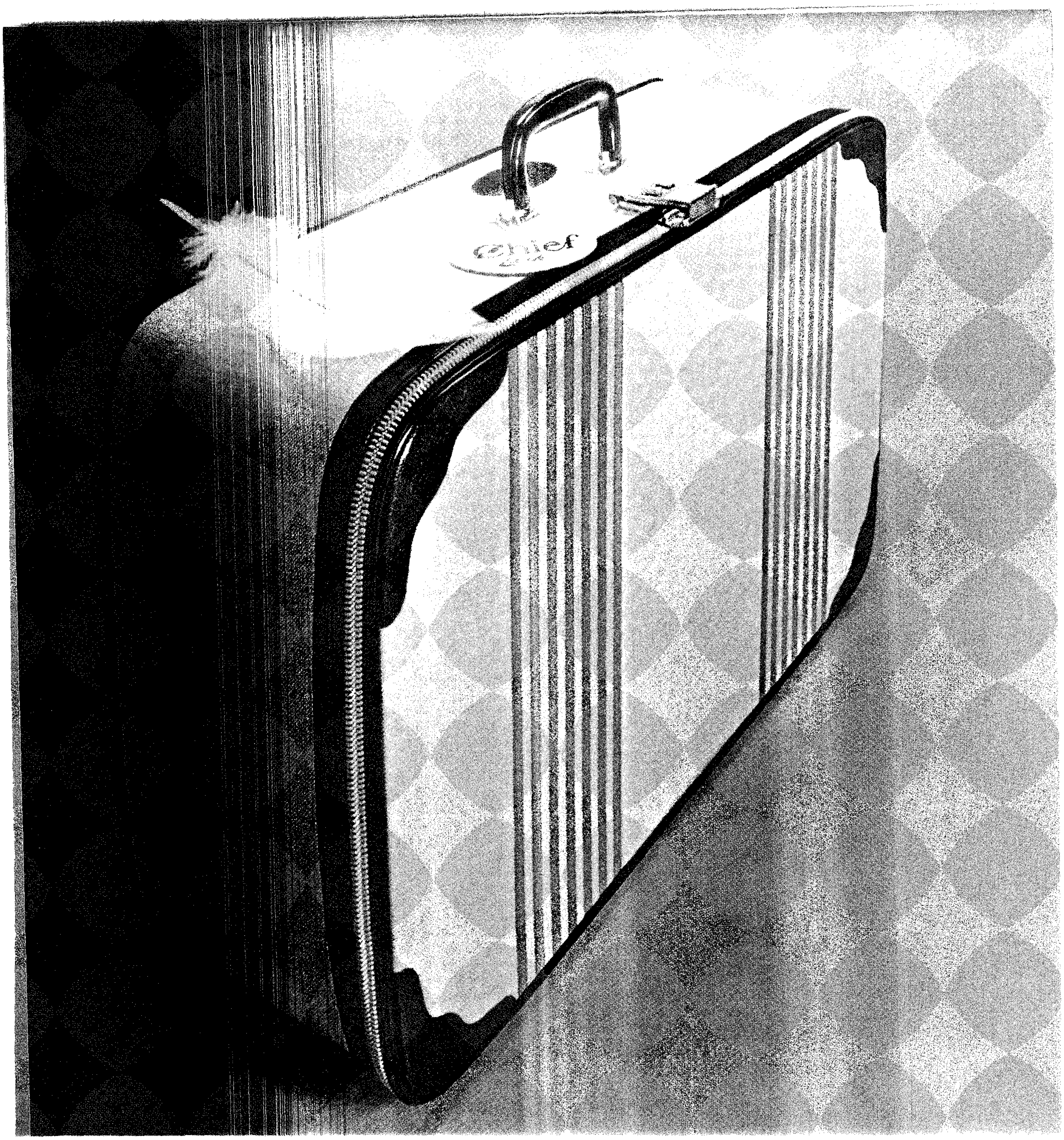

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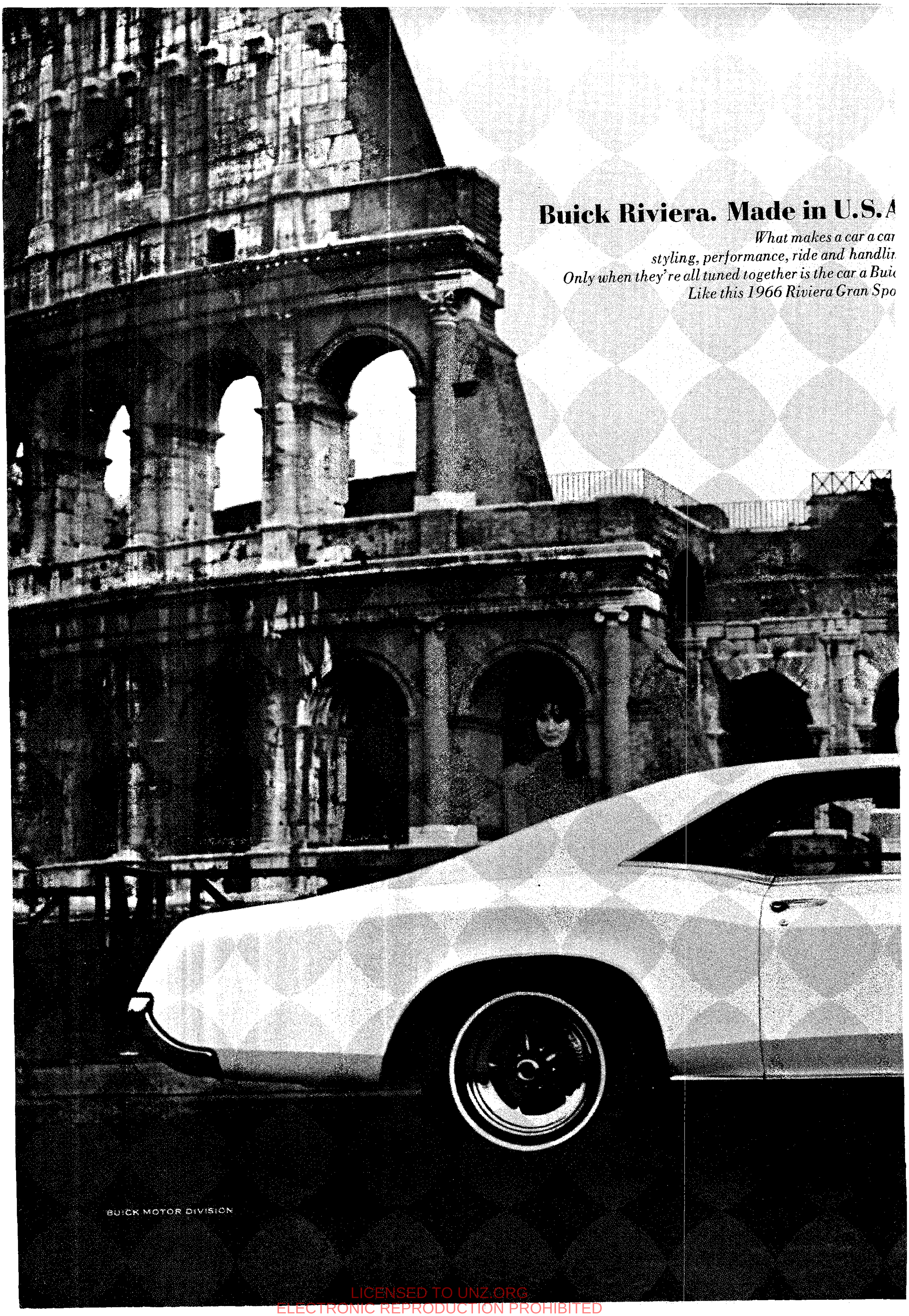
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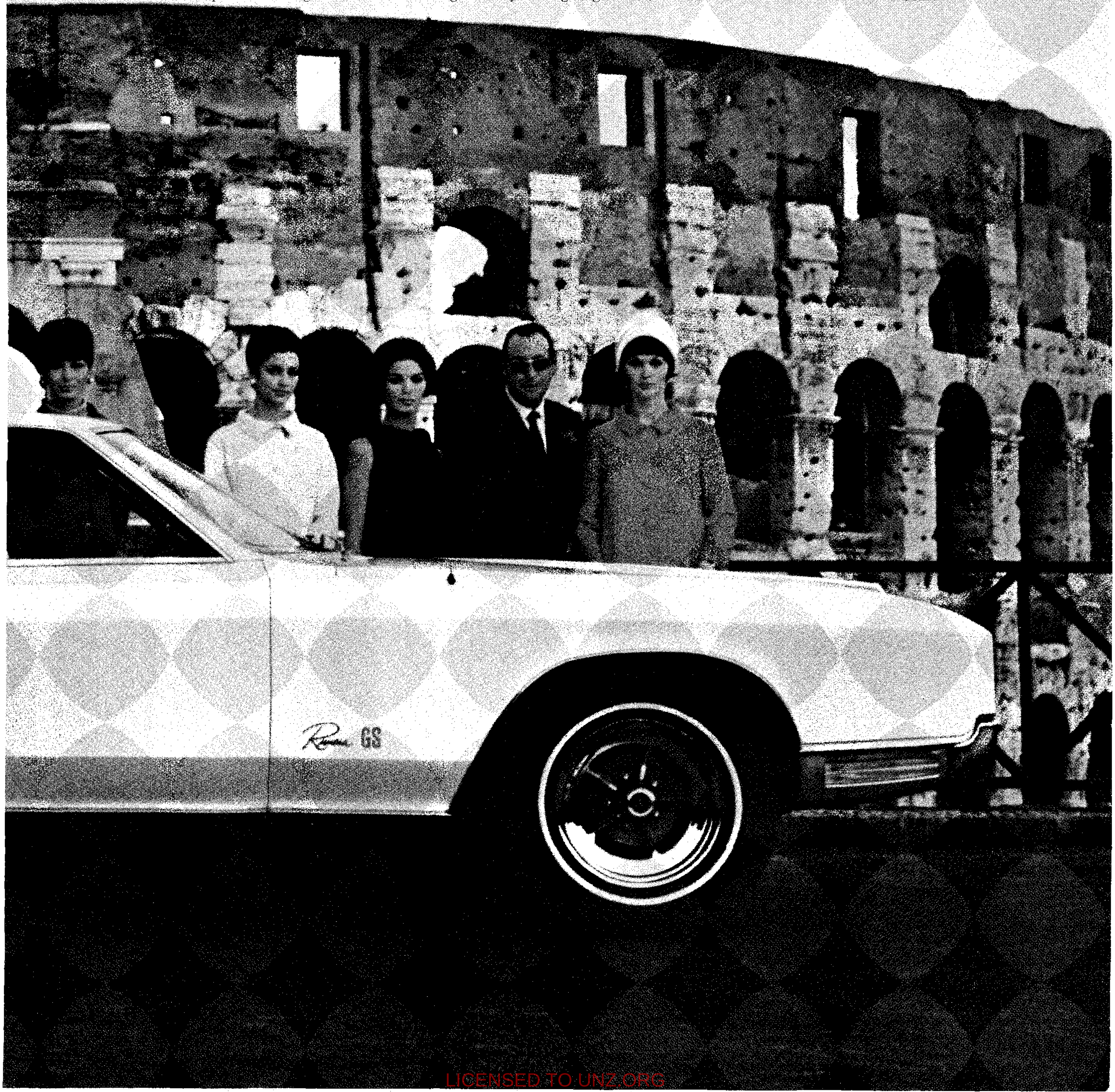

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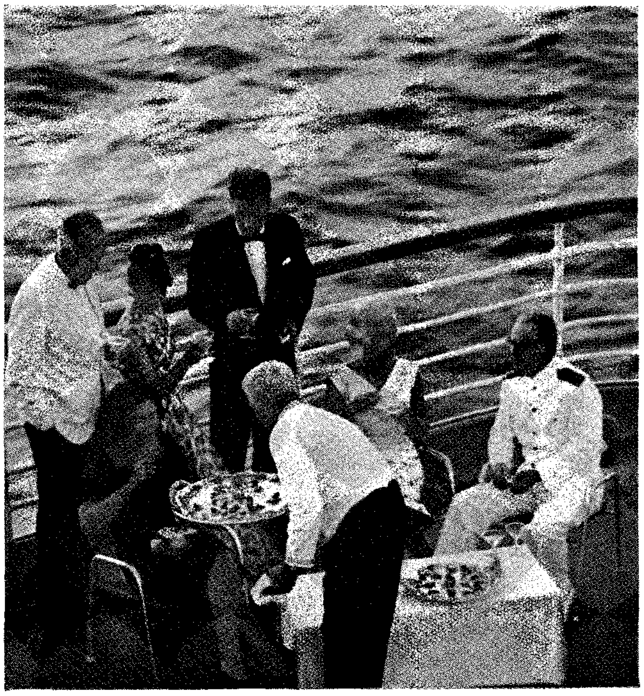

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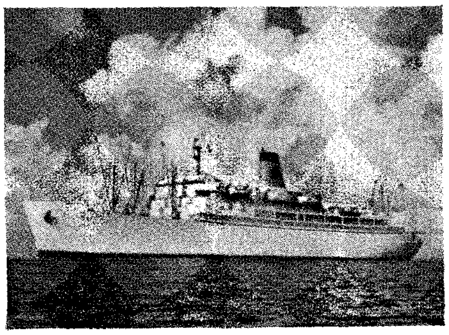

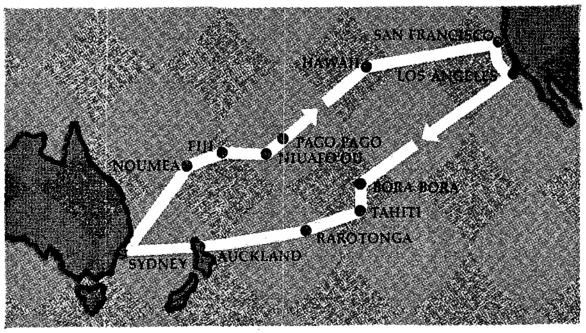

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dow-display director, was sufficiently impressed by the way in which Maurice Sendak had painted the toys to hire him as an assistant in the construction of window displays. (His brother, meanwhile, although he went on to work in the electronics field, has also written several children's books, two of which Maurice has illustrated.)

Sendak worked at the toy store for three years, and attended evening classes at the Art Students League during most of that time. "It was the only kind of school I could endure, because it was freewheeling," he says. "What you learned depended on what you wanted to learn." Sendak took classes in life drawing, oil painting, and composition, and feels that he benefited particularly from the instruction in composition he was given by the illustrator John Groth. "He was important for me because he gave me a sense of the enormous potential for motion, for aliveness, in illustrations," Sendak recalls. "And he himself was so deeply committed to the field that he showed how much fun creating in it could be."

At F. A. O. Schwarz, Frances Chrystie, the store's book buyer, who was a friend of Sendak's, knew that he was eager to try illustrating children's books, but when she suggested introducing him to Miss Nordstrom—partly because Harper's was the publisher whose children's books he most admired—he demurred, out of shyness. Miss Chrystie thereupon arranged for Miss Nordstrom to "happen by" one day, in the spring of 1950, when Sendak had tacked up a broad variety of his pictures on the walls of the store's studio. The next day, Miss Nordstrom called Sendak and offered him the opportunity to illustrate Marcel Aymé's "The Wonderful Farm." He accepted, and the book was published in 1951. This was not the first time Sendak's work had been published; in 1947 he had done diagrams and spot drawings for "Atomics for the Millions," written by Hyman Ruchlis, one of his high-school teachers, and three years later he had illustrated a book about the Sabbath, "Good Shabos, Everybody," for the United Synagogue Commission on Jewish Education, but "The Wonderful Farm" was the first real children's book he had worked on. "It made me an official person," Sendak now says.

In 1952, Sendak became widely known in the children's-book field as the illustrator of Ruth Krauss's "A Hole Is to Dig." The book was quite unconventional for its time. It had no

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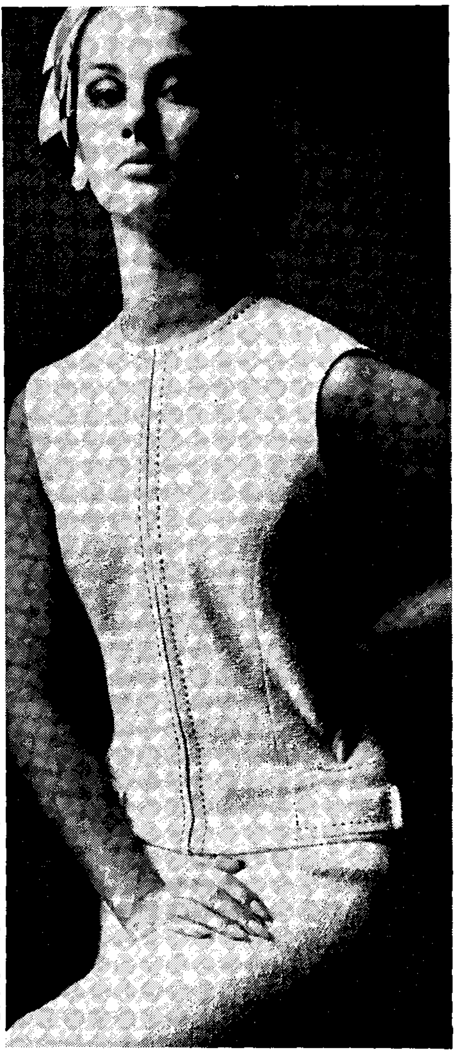

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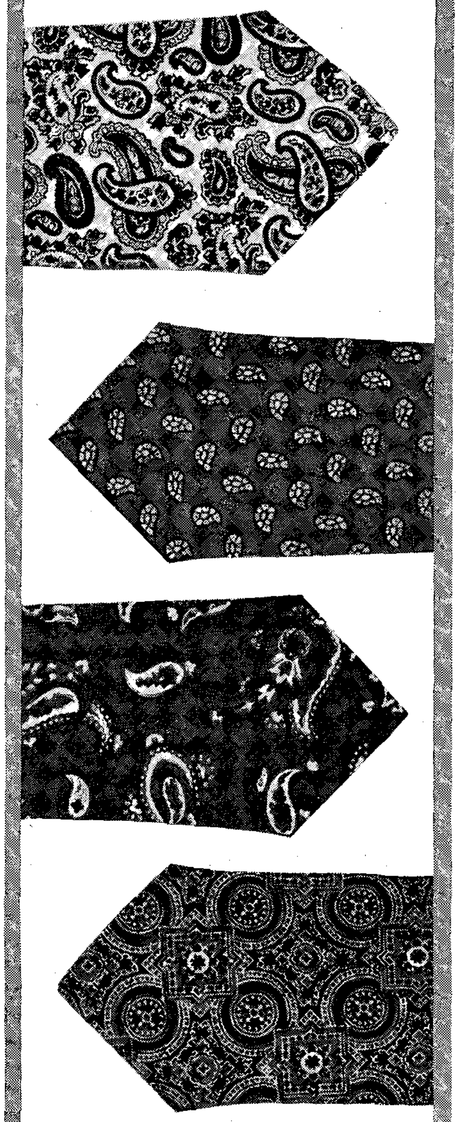

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story. Instead, Miss Krauss, by talking with and listening to children, had assembled a series of children's definitions, among them "A face is so you can make faces," "Buttons are to keep people warm," "A whistle is to make people jump," and—a particular favorite with the book's readers—"A tablespoon is to eat a table with." The general idea of "A Hole Is to Dig" has since been repeated many times, often coyly. But Sendak's small people, seen at play among themselves, sticking out their tongues, closing their eyes in anticipation of being kissed by their dogs' tongues, wiggling their toes, and sliding delightedly in the mud, never seem saccharine.

An established illustrator had originally been considered for the assignment, but when he was shown simply a collection of definitions, he felt that there was no book in them at all. From the start, however, Sendak was enthusiastic about the book's possibilities. "It was like being part of a revolution," he says. "This was the first time in modern children's-book history that a book had come directly from kids. The notion was so startling to some academics, in fact, that the book was included in a course at Columbia on the uses of language. And, you know, some of those definitions *have* become part of the language. Working on that book, I learned something else, too. When it seemed to me to be all done, Ruth Krauss pointed out that I was giving the kids who would read the book middle-class attitudes toward their roles. I had the boys doing what boys were expected to do and girls doing what *they* were expected to do. God forbid a boy should be jumping rope! Of course, that isn't the way it is, and at the last minute I made some quick changes."

"A Hole Is to Dig" prepared the way for such later works by others as "A Friend Is Someone Who Likes You," "Love Is a Special Way of Feeling," and "Happiness Is a Warm Puppy," and it was influential in other ways, too. Its format was small, and its success brought back what Sendak identifies as "the little book," adding, "And, God help us, it hasn't stopped." The book was printed on brown-tinted paper, and for the illustrations Sendak had deliberately used his most "old-fashioned" style, his pen-and-ink drawings including a considerable amount of crosshatching, in the tradition of nineteenth-century German and British illustrators.

The success of "A Hole Is to Dig" was such that Sendak was able to leave F. A. O. Schwarz, move to Manhat-

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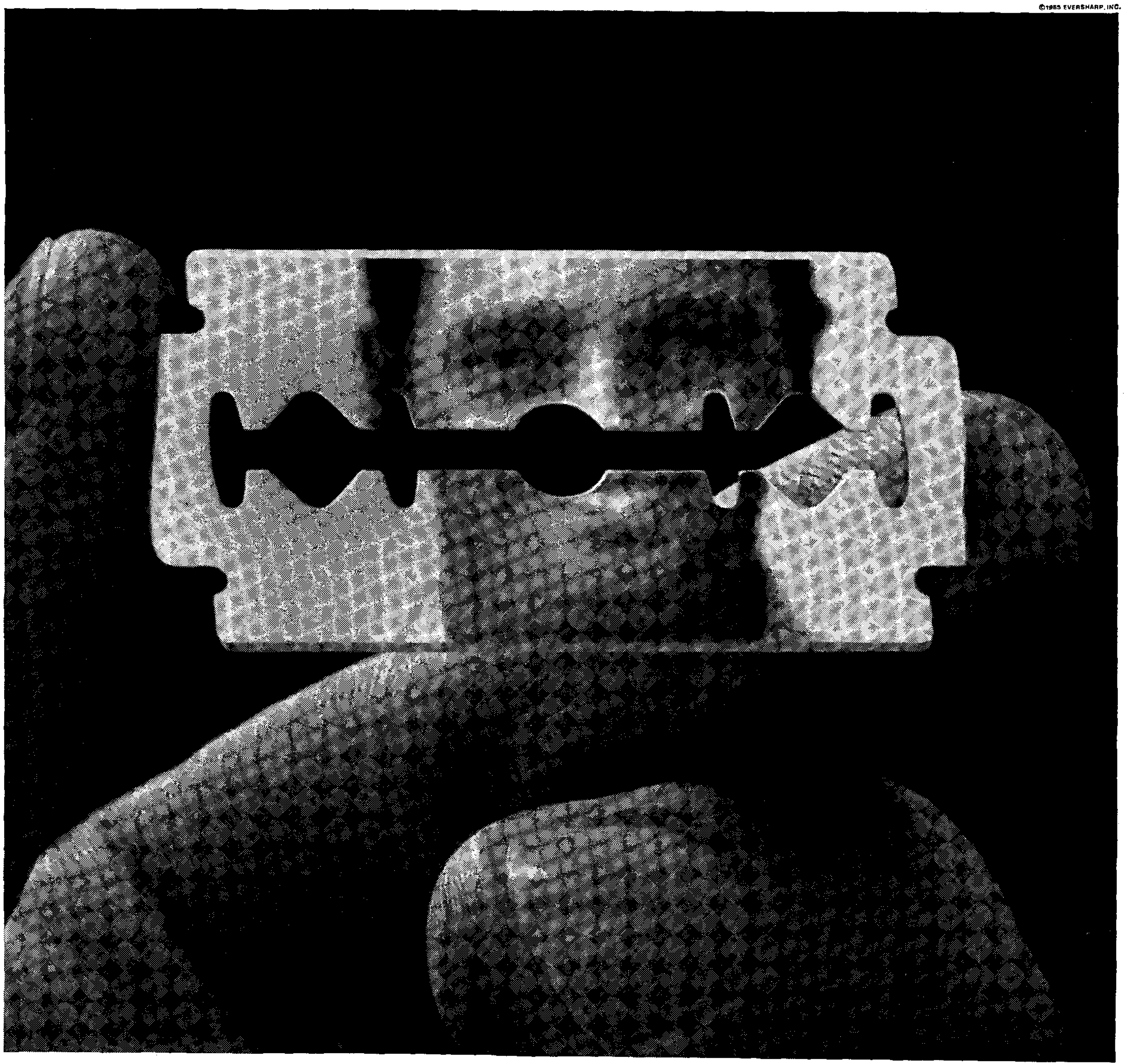

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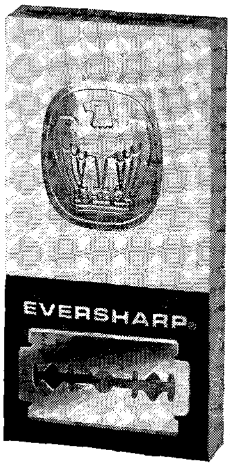

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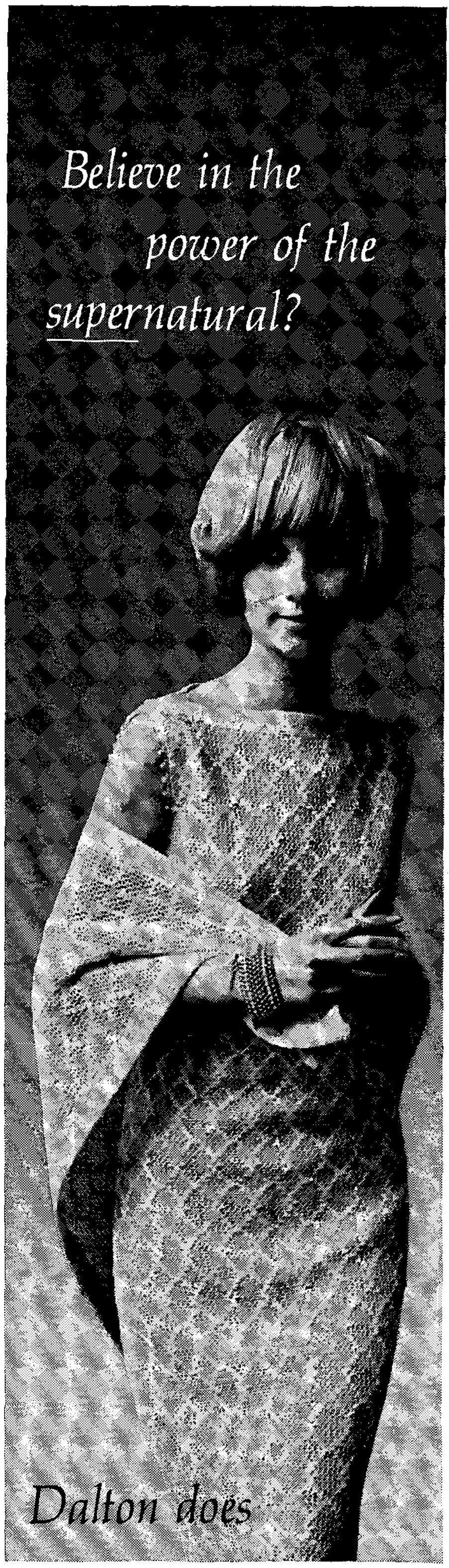
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tan, and become a free-lance illustrator. Assignments poured in, from Miss Nordstrom and from editors at other publishing houses, and in the years that followed Sendak illustrated the work of various writers. There have been seven more books by Ruth Krauss, and seven books for older children by the Dutch-born writer Meindert DeJong, and Sendak has also had the privilege of collaborating posthumously with Tolstoy ("Nikolenka's Childhood"), the German Clemens Brentano ("The Tale of Gockel, Hinkel & Gackeliah" and "Schoolmaster Whackwell's Wonderful Sons"), the German Wilhelm Hauff ("Dwarf Long-Nose"), and the American Frank Stockton ("The Bee-Man of Orn" and "The Griffin and the Minor Canon"). In a preface to "The Griffin and the Minor Canon," Sendak describes his basic aim as an illustrator: "I wanted at all costs to avoid the serious pitfall of illustrating with pictures what the author had already . . . illustrated with words. I hoped, rather, to let the story speak for itself, with my pictures as a kind of background music—music in the right style and always in tune with the words."

Sendak elaborated on the degree to which he conceives his work musically in an article called "The Shape of Music," which appeared in the Sunday *Herald Tribune* late in 1964. "The spontaneous breaking into song and dance seems so natural and instinctive a part of childhood," he wrote. "It is perhaps the medium through which children best express the inexpressible; fantasy and feeling lie deeper than words—beyond the words yet available to a child—and both demand a more profound, more biological expression, the primitive expression of music." Sendak is convinced that children will respond most spontaneously to illustrations that, in his words, "have a sense of music and dance and are not something just glued onto the page."

In the work of the illustrators that Sendak most admires, he invariably finds a musical quality that he terms "authentic liveliness." He points to the linear arabesques in the lamb's dance of death in Boutet de Monvel's drawings for La Fontaine's "Fables Choisies pour les Enfants," and to the same artist's "harmonic inventions" achieved by the subtle use of color and line. In the work of Randolph Caldecott, Sendak is fascinated not only by the abundance of actual dancing, singing, and playing of instruments but also by the many ways in which Caldecott used the theme-and-variations technique, combining

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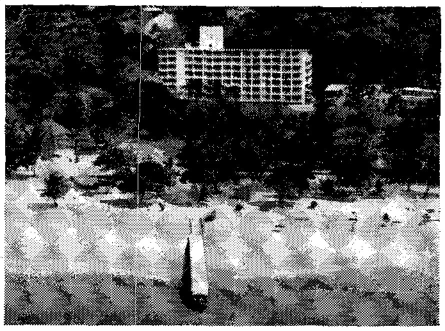

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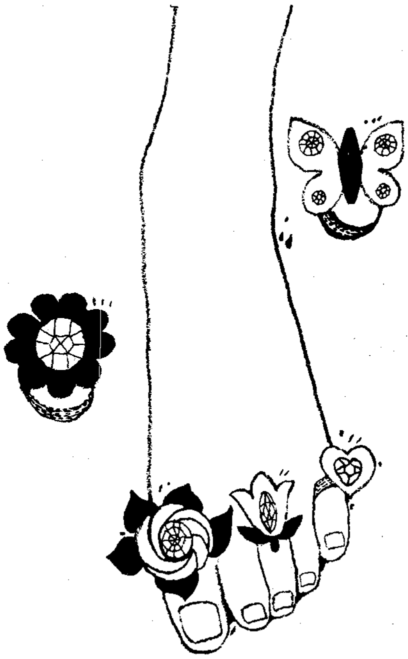

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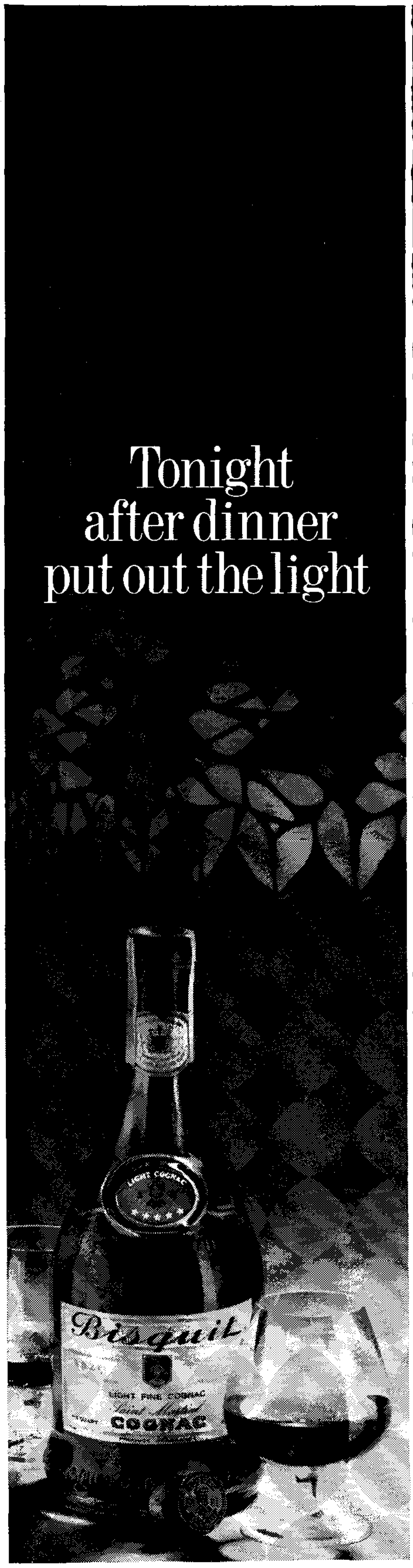

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simple themes into what Sendak describes as "a fantastically various interplay of images."

When Sendak is at work, he not only thinks in musical terms but often has music playing. He begins by trying to find the composer and the piece of music that fit the mood and tone of the story on his drawing board, and he may listen to many recordings before he hits on the right musical colors. "Books, too, can be evocative for me when I'm working on a series of illustrations," he says. "I often turn to James, Stendhal, D. H. Lawrence, and Melville—especially James, with his acute sensitivity to what happens inside someone growing. But it is music that does most to open me up. That's why I have all these records—and I go to quite a lot of concerts, too. The other night, for example, I was sitting here listening to 'Die Meistersinger,' which I know by heart, and got excited about it all over again. What struck me this time was that Wagner, in some mysterious way, had made the atmosphere—the very night air—of Nuremberg into music. I could see the city and smell it. And that's the kind of thing I want to convey in my illustrations. The pictures should be so organically akin to the text, so reflective of its atmosphere, that they look as if they could have been done in no other way. They should help create the special world of the story. When this kind of drawing works, I feel like a magician, because I'm creating the air for a writer."

In illustrating stories of his own, Sendak sometimes encounters an odd difficulty in performing this magic. "I find myself writing things that I don't like to draw, as if I were two separate people," he explains. "As a writer, I may, for instance, ask the illustrator part of me to draw too many specific details of a room or of clothes. As an illustrator, I most enjoy interpreting emotions. In 'Where the Wild Things Are,' those two selves fused, in that the illustrations were a complete imaginative backdrop to the feelings experienced in the course of fantasy. Being dreamlike and fluid, the scenes aren't hung up with the kind of particulars that are involved in aiming at literal verisimilitude."

"Where the Wild Things Are," which was published in 1963, marked a key stage in Sendak's development. In 1964, the book received the Caldecott Medal, awarded annually by the American Library Association for the most distinguished American picture book for children. Sendak went to St. Louis for

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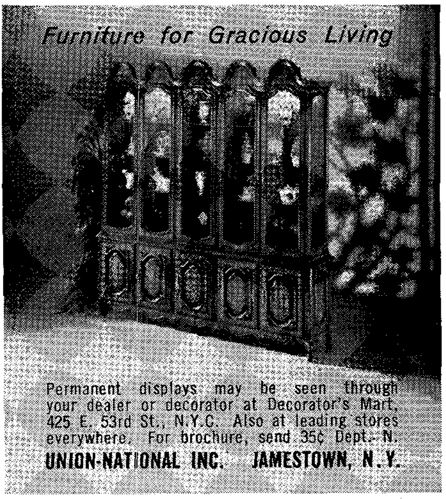

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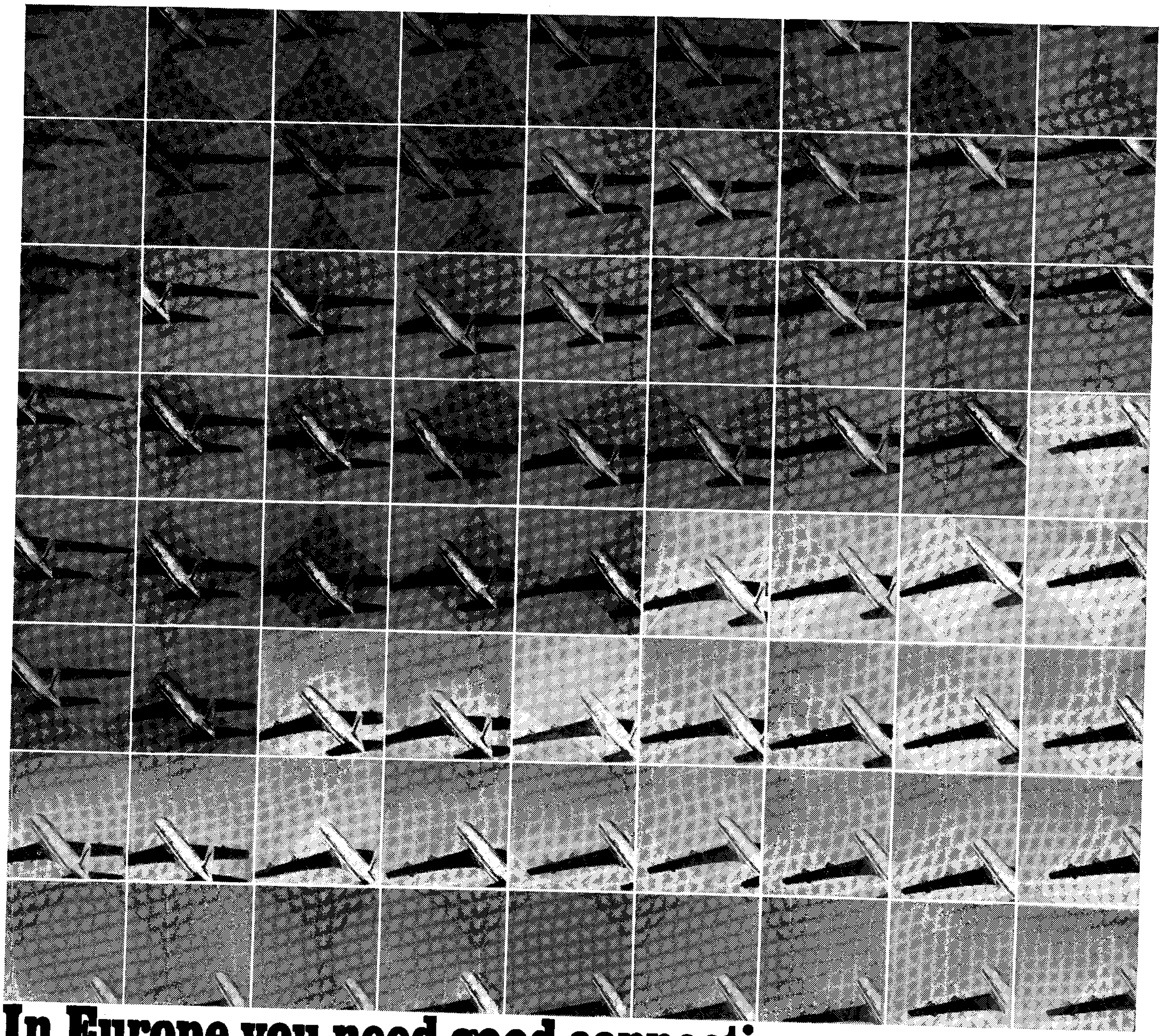

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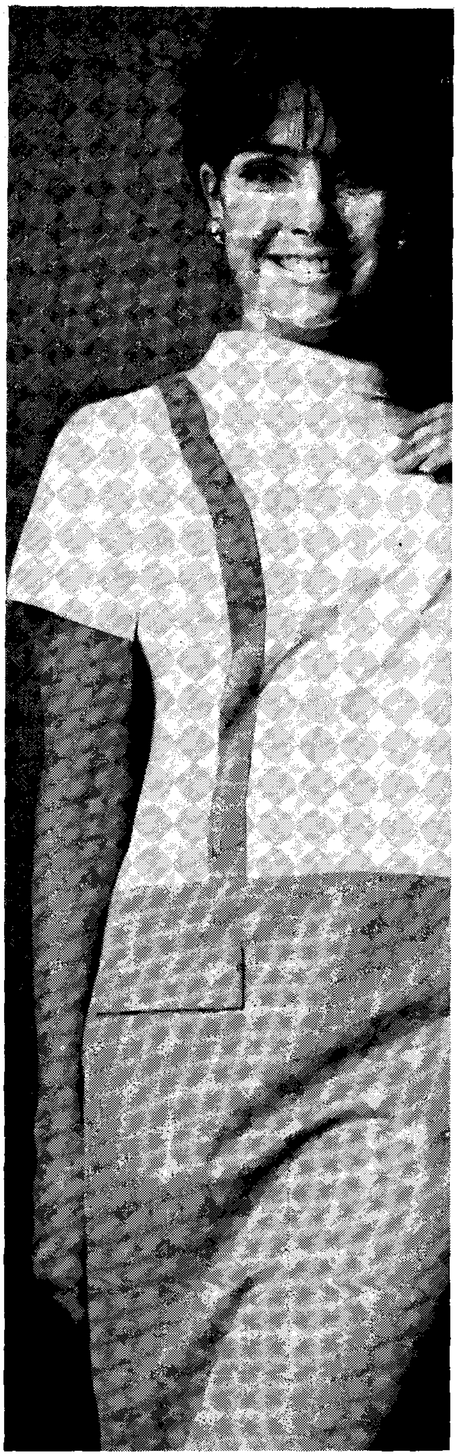

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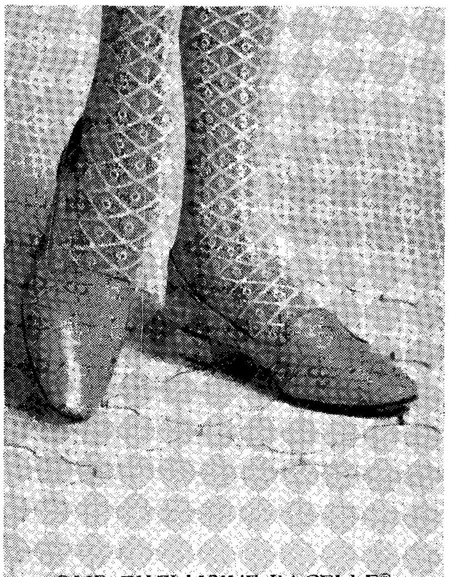
the presentation, and in his acceptance speech he said, "With 'Where the Wild Things Are,' I feel I am at the end of a long apprenticeship. By that I mean all my previous work now seems to have been an elaborate preparation for it." Miss Nordstrom says that "Where the Wild Things Are" is of singular historical importance because "it is the first American picture book for children to recognize that children have *powerful* emotions—anger and fear as well as the need Max had, after his anger was spent, to be 'where someone loved him best of all.'" She adds, "A lot of good picture books have had fine stories and lovely pictures, and some have touched beautifully on basic elements in a child's life—physical growth, coming to terms with a new sister or brother, and the like. But it seems to me that 'Where the Wild Things Are' goes deeper than previous picture books have gone."

Miss Nordstrom was not surprised that the book met with some hostile reactions from critics and librarians. "The furor reminded me of the New York Public Library's refusal to give shelf room to E. B. White's 'Stuart Little' for some months back in 1945, when it came out," she says. "The statement that Mrs. Little's second son was born looking very much like a mouse made one librarian there unable to sleep for three nights. Or so she told me. But the *children* who read and loved that book weren't thinking of any actual process of giving birth to a mouse—they thought it was nice to have a mouse in the family. There were even some negative reactions to 'A Hole Is to Dig.' One librarian was appalled at the definition 'A face is to make faces with.' She said she didn't want *her* children making faces. And when 'Where the Wild Things Are' came out, another librarian told me the book would frighten little children to death. 'But Max *conquers* those monsters,' I said. 'He becomes king of the wild things.' But she was obviously horrified, perhaps too horrified to imagine that children might react with pleasure to the book." A reviewer for the *Journal of Nursery Education* mused, "We should not like to have it left about where a sensitive child might find it to pore over in the twilight." *Publishers' Weekly*, after saying that "the plan and technique of the illustrations are superb," cautioned, "But they may well prove frightening, accompanied as they are by a pointless and confusing story." Among the adults who were not traumatized by Max's journey was a critic for the *Library Journal*, who



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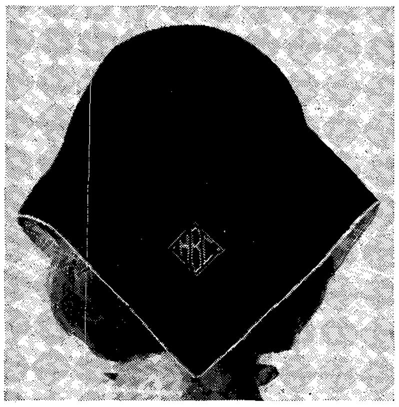

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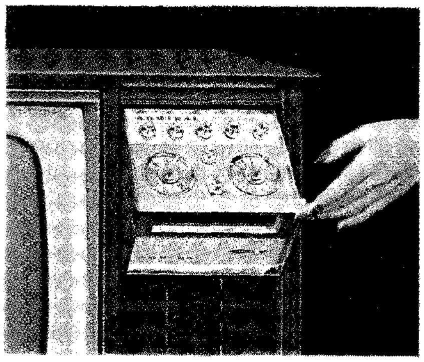

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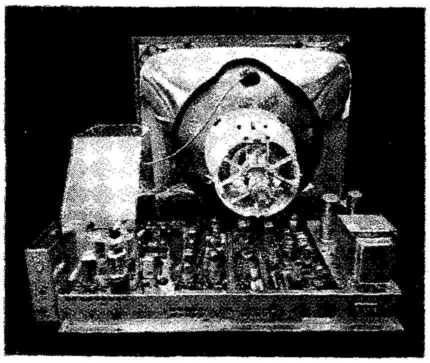

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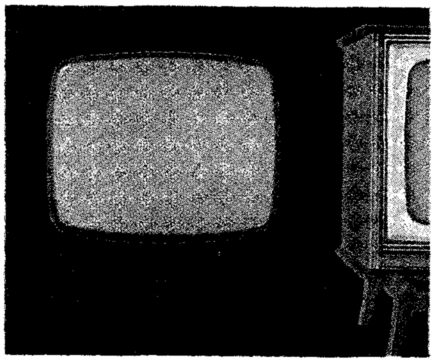

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wrote, "Each word has been carefully chosen to express Max's mood precisely," and "The wild things who acclaim him their king are at once both ugly and humorous." The critic did, however, feel compelled to add, "This is the kind of story that many adults will question and for many reasons, but the child will accept it wisely and without inhibition, as he knows it is written for him." A reviewer for the Cleveland *Press* was also both appreciative of the book and apprehensive about possible adult storms, noting, "Boys and girls may have to shield their parents from this book. Parents are very easily scared."

Sendak had expected a certain amount of angry reaction to "Where the Wild Things Are." In his speech accepting the Caldecott Medal, he referred with some acerbity to those noncontroversial children's books that offer "a gilded world unshadowed by the least suggestion of conflict or pain, a world manufactured by those who cannot—or don't care to—remember the truth of their own childhood." Of these he said, "Their expurgated vision has no relation to the way real children live. I suppose these books have some purpose—they don't frighten adults. . . . The popularity of such books is proof of endless pussyfooting about the grim aspects of child life, pussyfooting that attempts to justify itself by reminding us that we must not frighten our children. Of course, we must avoid frightening children, if by that we mean protecting them from experiences beyond their emotional capabilities; but I doubt that this is what most people mean when they say, 'We must not frighten our children.' The need for half-truth books is the most obvious indication of the common wish to protect children from their everyday fears and anxieties, a hopeless wish that denies the child's endless battle with disturbing emotions."

ONE afternoon, in his studio, Sendak told me more about his ideas on the proper use of fantasy in children's books. The light over his drawing board was out, and we sat in near darkness. Characteristically, Sendak spoke softly and rapidly. Occasionally, as he grew more intense, his words bumped against each other in a slight stammer. "There have to be elements of anxiety and mystery in truthful children's books, or, at least, there have to be in mine," he said. "What I don't like are formless, floating fantasies. Fantasy makes sense only if it's rooted ten feet deep in reality. In

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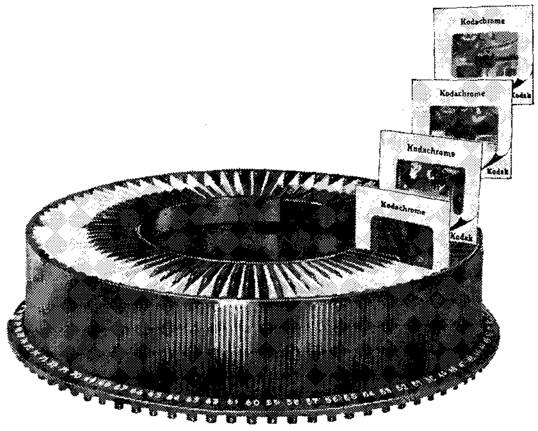

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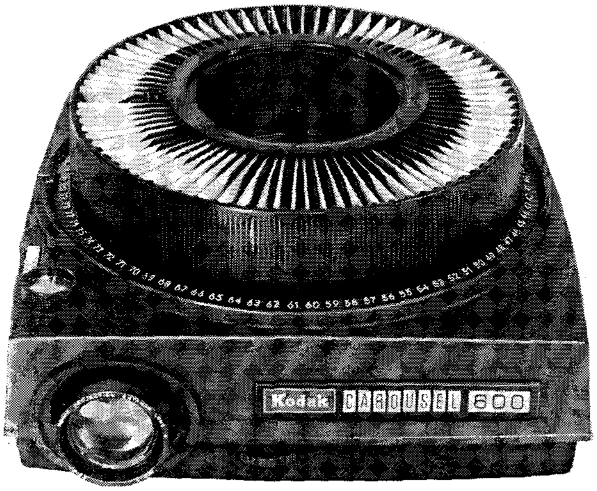

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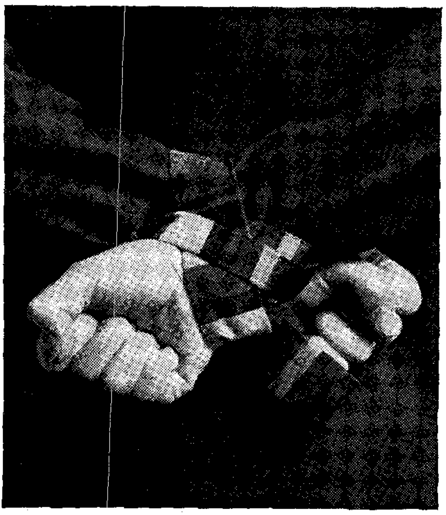
'Where the Wild Things Are,' the reality is Max's misbehavior, his punishment, and his anger at that punishment. That was why he didn't just have a cute little dream. He was trying to deal with imperative, basic emotions."

Sendak leaned forward. "Then, the fantasy has to be resolved," he said. "If Max had stayed on the island with the wild things, a child reading the book might well have been frightened. Max, however, comes home. Mind you, he doesn't say, 'I'll never go there again.' He *will* fantasize again, but the hope is that, like other children, he'll keep coming back to his mother. So the book doesn't say that life is constant anxiety. It simply says that life has anxiety in it. Here, let me show you one of the ways Caldecott conveyed this."

From a bookshelf Sendak gently removed a first edition of "A Frog He Would A-Wooing Go" in the nineteenth-century British series Randolph Caldecott's Picture Books (which are, incidentally, still in print). He turned to a page showing the exterior of Mousey's Hall. Frog, accompanied by Mr. Rat, is paying court to Miss Mouse. Two small girls and their parents are watching a cat and her kittens approach the house. "Up to that point, Caldecott followed the usual plot," Sendak said. "He added this family to serve as an implied commentary on the action. The reader sees—but the family doesn't—the cat and her offspring devouring Miss Mouse and Mr. Rat. Nor does the family see Frog, while escaping, being gobbled up by a duck as he crosses the pond. But here—in the last picture of the book—the girls and the parents are looking at Frog's hat, lying on a stone in the pond. The children are holding tightly on to their parents. The look on their faces is as if they are saying, 'What a frightful thing must have happened! But we still have our parents to protect *us*.' Caldecott went one step beyond the nursery rhyme by relating it to life. Except for Caldecott, illustrators of this story have generally pictured it as a rollicking farce—'Everybody gets eaten up. Ho-ho-ho!' But Caldecott, by bringing in that family, added an intimation of how grim reality can be. Even if the children didn't get the point explicitly from the drawings, the feeling was there. Caldecott did this sort of thing much better than I can. I don't have any evidence that he ever talked about what he was doing, but he often worked in this way. I grant that he himself may not have been all that



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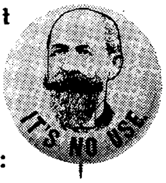

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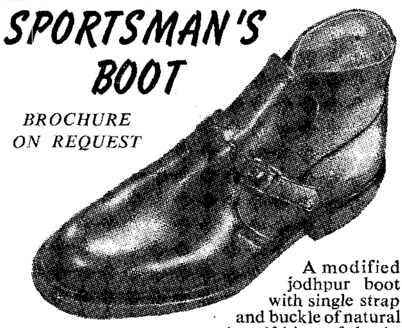

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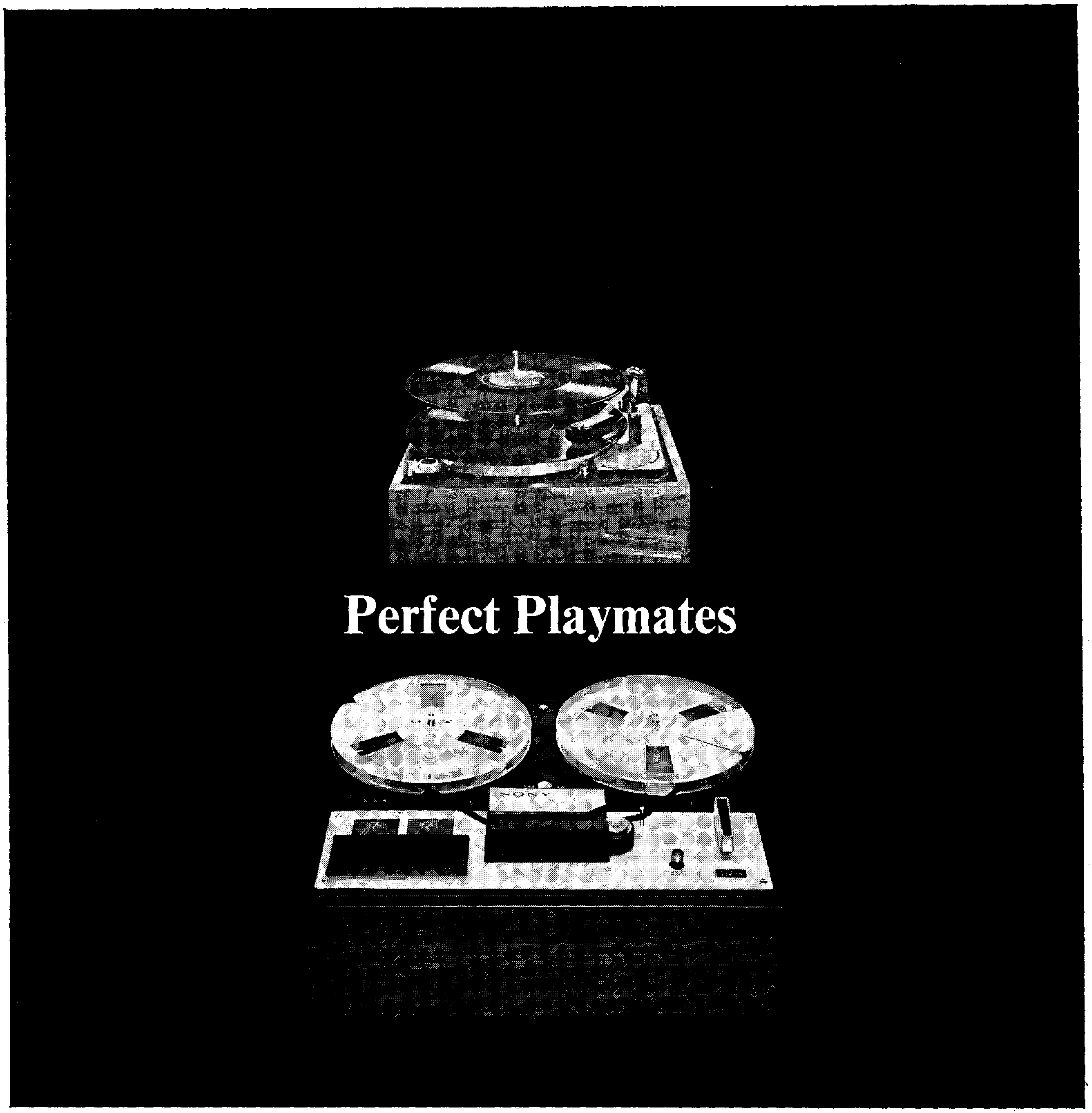

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conscious of expressing a touch of dread. Nor am I when I'm working."

Sendak lit a cigarette. "Recently, I gave a lecture at Pratt Institute, and a student asked me if I ever sit down with the intention of doing a children's book dealing with anxiety," he said. "Of course I don't, I told him. If I did, I'd hardly be any kind of creative artist. When I write and draw, I'm experiencing what the child in the book is going through. I was as relieved to get back from Max's journey as he was. Or, rather, I like to think I got back. It's only after the act of writing the book that, as an adult, I can see what has happened, and talk about fantasy as catharsis, about Max acting out his anger as he fights to grow."

The room was now quite dark, and Sendak put on the light. "For me, that book was a personal exorcism," he went on. "It went deeper into my own childhood than anything I've done before, and I must go even deeper in the ones to come."

I asked him if he would continue to concentrate on books for younger children.

"Yes," Sendak replied. "There'll be exceptions, I suppose, but for the most part I like to work for children no older than seven or eight. With them, you can be freer in the use of fantasy, and in various kinds of experimentation, because the picture itself still means a tremendous amount to them. There's no wall between them and the picture."

A FEW weeks after this particular talk, I moved my family to Fire Island for the summer. Sendak had taken a house there, too, and we often met on the beach, where he sat for hours, sketching. He and my son Nicholas came to know each other, but only slightly. Sendak does not extend himself to beguile children, but he is ready for conversation if they are. One afternoon, Nicholas made a futile attempt to play with a group of older children, who could run much faster than he could, and then trudged over to where Sendak and I were sitting. Seeing Nicholas sad, Sendak suggested that they dig a hole. When they had dug one, Nicholas jumped in and had himself covered with sand up to his shoulders. Then, observing that Sendak had been sketching, Nicholas asked, "Can you make me a ferryboat?" Sendak did, and then drew other pictures at Nicholas's direction, including some of seagulls—creatures that my son is very fond of. The next day, Sendak

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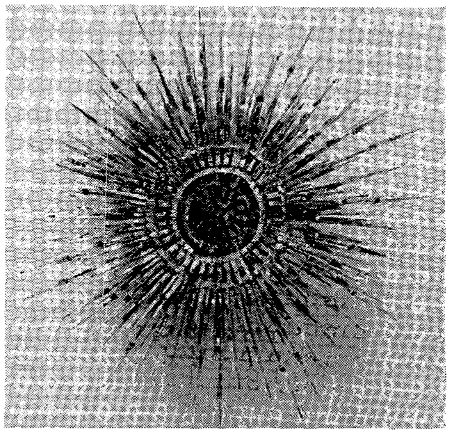

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dropped in at our house with a watercolor scene that contained all the boats, birds, and fishes Nicholas had asked for the previous afternoon.

A few weeks later, the three of us were on the beach again. In the interval, Nicholas had largely ignored Sendak and had not referred at all to the watercolor, which his mother had hung above his bed. I walked down the beach for a few minutes to talk to a friend, and when I returned, Nicholas was chasing a sandpiper, and Sendak was looking pleased.

"We've been in contact again," Sendak said. "These last few weeks, I've been aware that he was conscious of me but also that he had no desire to continue what we had going that day. Maybe I projected it, but I seemed to get the message: 'Don't push it. Don't try to do it again just yet.' But right after you left, he pointed to himself, pointed to the sky, and said, 'Remember the seagull? Thank you for the picture.' There was a huge smile on his face for maybe half a second, and then he ran after the sandpiper. I was very much moved, very grateful that he did remember—and that he told me so in that way. It was as if he were saying, 'Don't be upset. I didn't forget. I still have the picture you brought me.' " Sendak laughed. "I did feel we had reached each other again."

On the way back from the beach, with Nicholas running down the road ahead of us, Sendak said, "I get a kick whenever I see a child react to something I've drawn or written. I like getting the letters children write me, and I like having a chance to meet one who has enjoyed a book of mine. Not that I write basically for children. I really do these books for myself. It's something I have to do, and it's the only thing I want to do. Reaching the kids is important, but secondary. First, always, I have to reach and keep hold of the child in me."

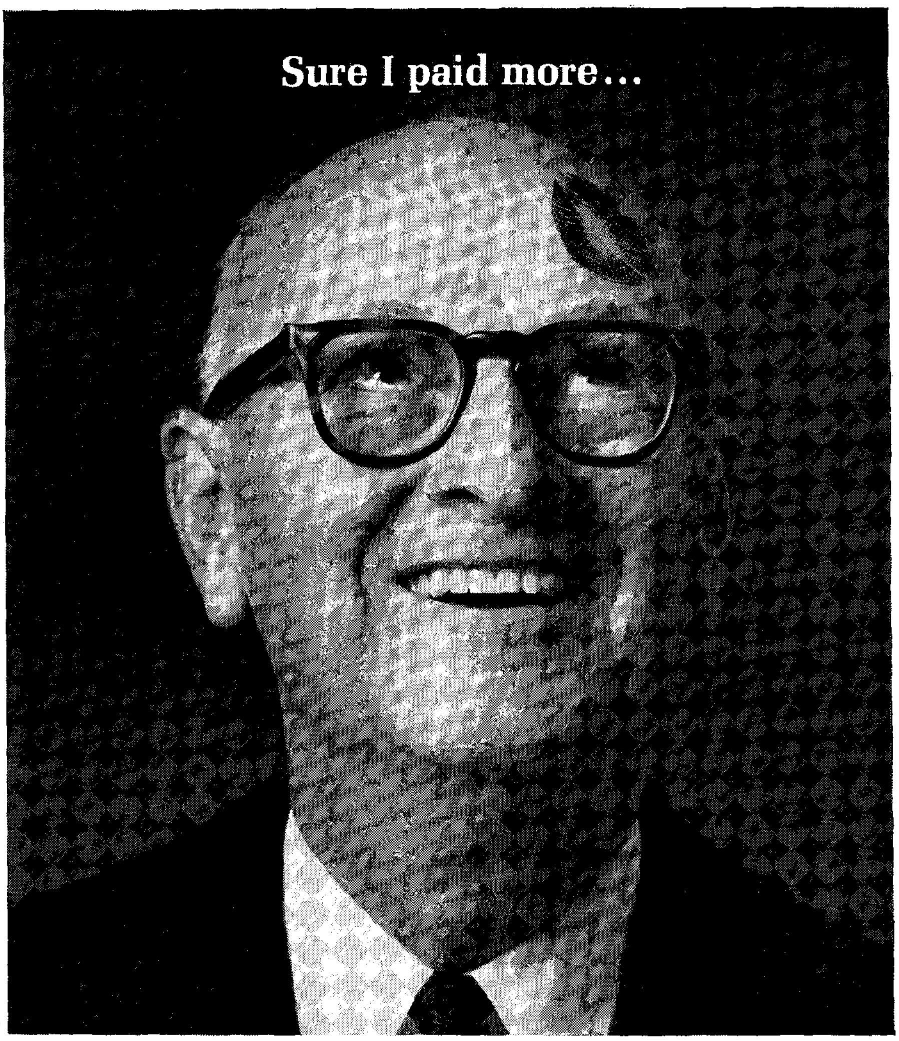
Nicholas and I stopped at our gate, and Sendak walked on down the road alone. At the crossing, he turned around and waved. The wild thing trying to wrench the gate off its hinges paused to wave back.

—NAT HENTOFF

•

> If you're planning to shoot a rocket at the moon, read this column first. Don't aim at where the moon will be when where the moon is now; think of your rocket is in the mood to land somewhere. A bridge hand should make this clear.
>
> —*Newport News Times-Herald.*

Something had better.



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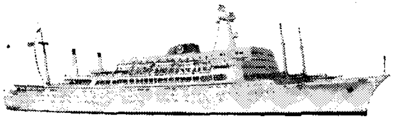

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THE THEATRE

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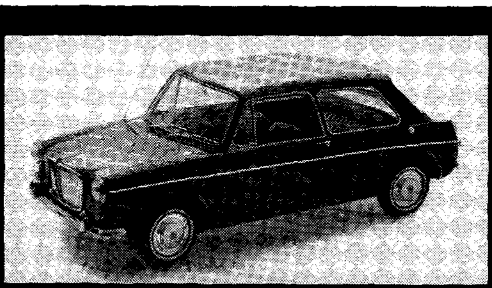
SOMEWHERE in the course of "Malcolm," which limped out of the Shubert last week after lingering for seven performances, a very rich man bought the hero—a vacant-eyed blond youth, aged about fifteen—from an ex-convict who had assumed temporary ascendancy over the lad. He paid thirty-five hundred dollars, and I think the price was excessive, since the boy was as empty of emotion as a zombie. Just what Edward Albee had in mind when he set about dramatizing the highlights in the career of an adolescent cipher, I cannot tell you, but I *can* tell you that the end product of his endeavors was a mélange of totally amorphous episodes. In his latest play, which derived from a novel by James Purdy, Mr. Albee, who often seems to take delight in mystifying his audiences, made no attempt to explain the motivations of his characters. He simply put them on display, and left it up to the spectators to figure them out—which was, I'm afraid, an impossible assignment. Our first view of Malcolm (Matthew Cowles) found him sitting on a golden bench outside a hotel and brooding over the fact that his father had evidently abandoned him. Presently, he was joined by an astrologer, who advised him to stop moping and get out into the world. To facilitate this process, the astrologer gave him the addresses of a number of people who would help broaden his perspective, even if they had to corrupt him in the process. And so Malcolm sallied forth. First, he met a man in a Confederate uniform who claimed to be a hundred and ninety-two years old, although his wife, a young whore, said he was only ninety-seven. Next, he fell in with the rich man who eventually bought him, and the rich man's wife, a dipsomaniac who maintained a stable of gigolos and was unaccountably drawn to Malcolm. Then he went on to visit the ex-convict and his artistic wife, whose pad was crawling with musical hipsters, and concluded his tour of duty by marrying a singer so lustful that our hero, in trying to be the husband of her dreams, came down with sexual hyperesthesia, which, combined with acute alcoholism, was the death of him. As devised by Mr. Albee, Malcolm's various encounters with the astrologer's acquaintances may have had some sort of significance, but I'm inclined to think that the playwright never had any clear idea of what he wanted to do with Mr. Purdy's material, and that his adaptation, filled with stilted dialogue, pseudo-profundity, and wearisome vulgarity, reflected his confusion.

Although "Malcolm" was a foolish enterprise, it had attractive sets by William Ritman and arresting costumes by Willa Kim. And it is a pity that such highly competent performers as Ruth White, John Heffernan, Henderson Forsythe, Wyman Pendleton, and Estelle Parsons should have had to waste their talents on it.

ANOTHER recent Broadway casualty was "UTBU," a labored farce by James Kirkwood that disappeared after a brief stay at the Helen Hayes. The play had to do with the efforts of a theatrical entrepreneur (Tony Randall) to gain an inheritance by murdering his ancient mother (Thelma Ritter), and with the measures taken to frustrate his scheme by the representative (Alan Webb) of a society dedicated to blowing up nasty people. Every now and then, Mr. Randall, Miss Ritter, and Mr. Webb managed to raise a laugh. In view of the material they had to work with, this was a minor miracle.

"THE MAD SHOW," at the New Theatre, is an amiable little knockabout musical revue in which a quintet of fresh and funny young actors



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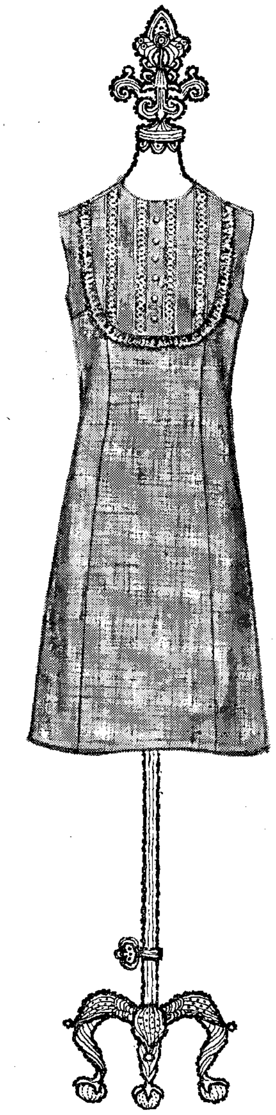

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satirizes everything from protest folk singers and overly loquacious sportscasters to female pop vocalists and kiddie programs on television. These are familiar butts for comedians, and "The Mad Show" snaps at them in the usual way. But even if the bite isn't very sharp, the cast, which is made up of Linda Lavin, MacIntyre Dixon, Dick Libertini, Paul Sand, and Jo Anne Worley, glows with enthusiasm, and its high spirits are infectious. The revue has a book by Larry Siegel and Stan Hart, lyrics by Marshall Barer, Mr. Siegel, and Steven Vinaver, and music by Mary Rodgers. Among the tunes is a *bossa nova* called "The Boy From," which, as sung by Miss Lavin, is quite comical. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Whit Hobbs, senior vice-president of creative services for Benton & Bowles, is one of the more amusing business-meeting speakers around these days. Last week he turned his tongue on the American Meat Institute and bluntly told its members:

"There is more innovation and excitement and news in the pet-food segment of the meat industry than in the people part."

The meat industry, said Hobbs, is in a "rut" and it should "break a few old rules, slaughter a few old sacred cows." To put some imagination and flair into meat marketing, Hobbs suggested: Meat that can be popped into a toaster, beef chips like potato chips, hearty meat drinks such as Steer Beer or Beef Brew, meat cocktails instead of the same old shrimp cocktail, meat desserts, meat sandwiches made with two thin slices of meat instead of bread, and meat on a stick like an ice cream cone.

The meat industry, said Hobbs, is growing too slowly because it isn't keeping up with the changing standards of American home-makers.—*Printer's Ink.*

If "home" is the word.

•

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[*From "Man and Society in Disaster," by Gideon Sjoberg*]

We must pause to ask: Why are people so disturbed by disasters, even where loss of life or personal physical harm is not involved? The prime reason seems to be that the disaster upsets the normal status system. For instance, the destruction of property is of concern largely to the extent that it brings about the owner's loss of status.

Clearly disasters exact a heavy toll when they rearrange the status patterns of persons in the system (even where they do not destroy the structure itself). Disasters, particularly large-scale ones, open up avenues of mobility for some, channels that in normal times might be considered nonlegitimate. Or they induce sudden downward drops in status for others.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Metropolitan Whirl

I SPENT most of last week at the Metropolitan Opera House, and though it was not a remarkable week as far as repertory was concerned, several things of the utmost interest appeared in the course of it. The first of these was the conducting, on Monday night, of "Aïda" by Zubin Mehta. I take a certain amount of pride in having been among the first hereabouts to correctly appraise Mr. Mehta's remarkable talents when he appeared briefly with the American Symphony Orchestra three years ago. Since then, he has become more widely acclaimed, and finally Mr. Bing has seen fit to hire him, though, owing to Mr. Bing's habits of extreme caution in regard to everything except scenery and costumes, he has been given merely a string of "Aïda"s to conduct. I wish that he had been given a larger share of the repertory. As it is, one can hear and discuss his work only in this one opera. It is a remarkable job of conducting—the finest I remember in any Italian opera during the Bing administration—and it is worth analyzing. In the first place, Mr. Mehta is young enough not to have been influenced by that great master of yesteryear, Arturo Toscanini, who was a supremely gifted artist but one whose effect on other conductors was to inspire widespread imitation. This was not a good thing, since it led the imitators to follow the most obvious and superficial aspect of the Toscanini style; namely, his adherence to rigid and speedy tempo. Now, Mr. Mehta has a musical personality of his own, and the tradition it springs from is Central European, coming down from men like Furtwängler, Walter, and von Karajan. He is not a rigid-tempo man, as is nearly every other younger conductor now before the public. He knows when to give a little, when to let a singer breathe, when to permit a slight deviation from the steady pulse of the music—things that are matters of taste and artistry rather than of rules and regulations. Moreover, Mr. Mehta has a phenomenal sense of musical line, by which I mean an intuitive feeling for the form of musical phrases, their interconnections, and the relative stress to be placed on their component notes. In addition,

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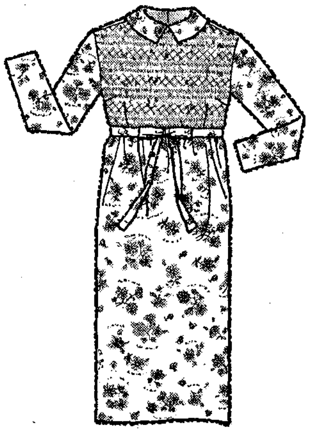

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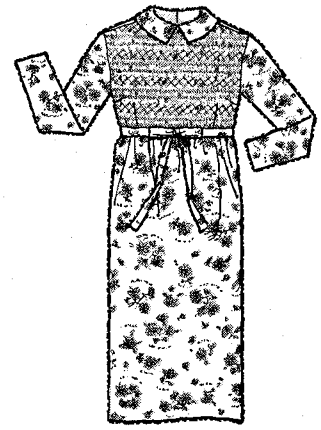

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he has a way of displaying the texture of a score as a jeweller displays the facets of a diamond. Elements one never particularly noticed before suddenly come to life in his interpretations as he lifts one or another into prominence. This habit, though it would result in mannerism if pushed to excess, helps to make each Mehta performance a fresh inspiration. And beyond everything I have mentioned, Mr. Mehta has a degree of authority—an ability to rouse the eighty or hundred men under him to special efforts—that is found only in born maestros. On Monday night of last week, I watched all these things carefully. The long melodic lines of the prelude were beautifully formed; the climactic moments of the work were waited for and consummated at precisely the right moment; nowhere did one sense that Mr. Mehta was driving his singers—he allowed each of them such vocal license as is called for at cadential points, bringing his baton down firmly only when good taste or the exigencies of ensemble called for the gesture. Mr. Mehta is probably the most important find among conductors that Mr. Bing has made during his career here.

Aside from Mr. Mehta's contribution, Monday night's "Aïda" was not out of the ordinary. Gabriella Tucci is an efficient performer in the title role, and she was in good voice. Jess Thomas, the Radames, bellowed his high notes in "Celeste Aïda" outrageously. He was a handsome figure on the stage, but that was about all. Nell Rankin sang the role of Amneris well, as usual. Nicola Ghiuselev, a newcomer this season, made a good if not an outstanding Ramfis, and Raymond Michalski was excellent as the King. The most notable performance was that of Anselmo Colzani as Amonasro—one of his best roles.

THERE was a début in Wednesday night's "Fidelio," but it was not a very impressive one. The Czech soprano Ludmila Dvorakova, who was making her first appearance at the Met, as Leonore, seemed to me a more appropriate candidate for the role of the Merry Widow. She is pretty, she has a voice of large range but no particular dramatic quality, and her idea of Beethoven's strong-minded heroine was a bit soft and unassertive. There was, however, one new singer in the cast (he had made his début the week before) who attracted immediate attention and seemed to be a potential answer to a prayer long muttered by operagoers. This was the Florestan,

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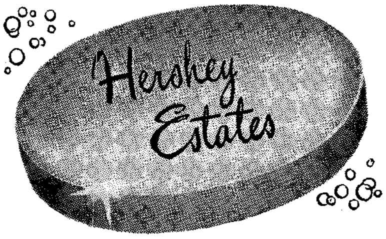

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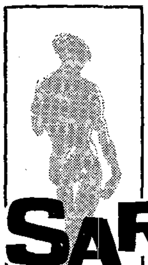

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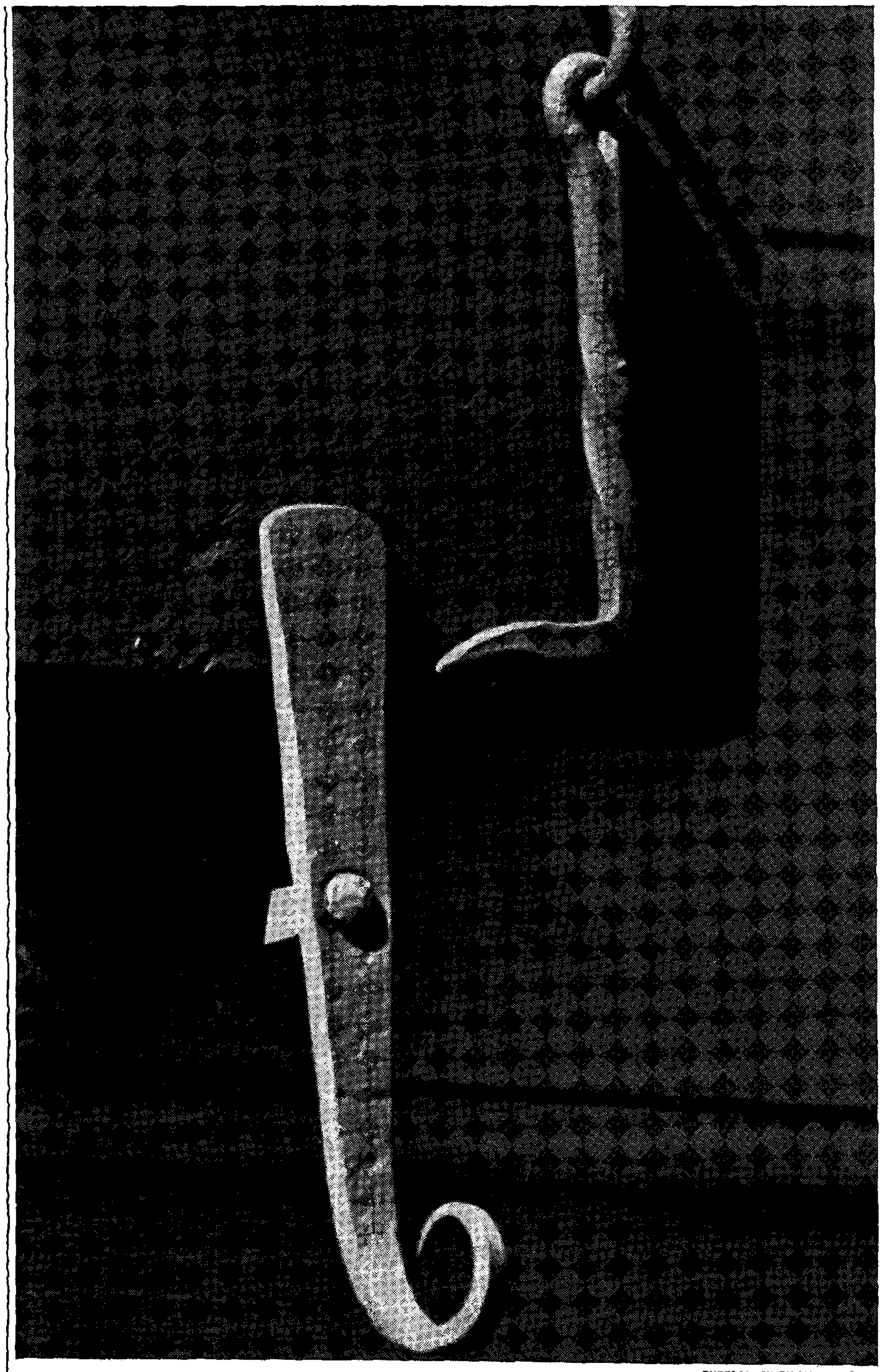
James King. Mr. King is the possessor of that rare phenomenon, a ringing tenor voice suitable to the big roles in German opera. There are dangers inherent in the use of such a voice. The strenuousness required in its production has more than once resulted in vocal ruin. But if Mr. King can succeed in keeping the power and brilliance that he displayed the other night, he may someday occupy the long-vacant place once held by Lauritz Melchior. I might add that Mr. King sings with taste as well as power, and that his visual portrayal of the role was excellent. Mary Ellen Pracht appeared as Marzelline, and sang with admirable agility. Geraint Evans made a practically Prussian Don Pizarro, Sherrill Milnes an adequate Don Fernando, and Otto Edelmann a generally effective though vocally rather careless Rocco. The conductor, Karl Böhm—an old, experienced hand at this opera—kept things going in a suspenseful manner.

FRIDAY night brought back the "Salome" we heard for the first time last season, with its casting intact except for a couple of changes in minor roles. As before, the most memorable thing about the production was the almost incredible performance of Birgit Nilsson in the title role. Miss Nilsson started off with restraint and let her vocal interpretation grow until, in the final episode, with the head on the platter, she was outdoing the trumpets and trombones in sheer volume of tone. She was, by turns, kittenish, sulky, wheedling, sensual, adamant, and insanely amorous—a greater variety of moods than most Salomes I have seen—and her dance was realistically provocative despite the fact that she remained fully clothed, waving a pair of red scarves. But there were other excellent things in this production, too—the nobly sung and visually striking Jochanaan of William Dooley, the restless, guilt-ridden Herod of Karl Liebl, the bitter, sarcastic Herodias of Irene Dalis, and the splendid singing of George Shirley as Narraboth. Again Mr. Böhm was at the conductor's stand, and this time he outdid himself, whipping the score into a controlled frenzy that matched the feverish flow of the action. In the right hands—and the hands were right indeed the other night—"Salome," for all its horror, can become a thing of beauty.

DURING Wednesday evening's "Fidelio," I sneaked uptown to Carnegie Hall for a few minutes to pay my respects to Artur Rubinstein, who



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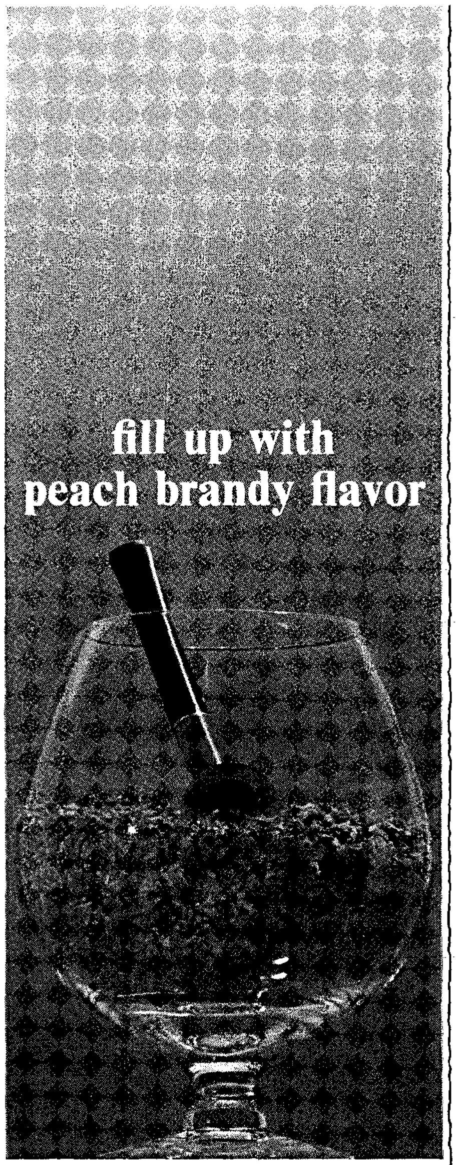

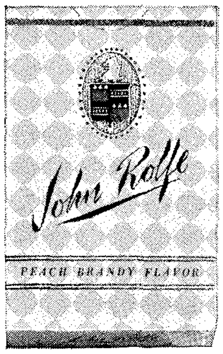

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was playing three Mozart concertos while an orchestra under Alfred Wallenstein accompanied him. I heard only the last two movements of K.488 and the first of K.453. The old aristocrat of the keyboard appeared to have lost none of his vigor, though he is presently to celebrate what he concedes to be his seventy-seventh birthday. His playing had its customary wizardry, and was, as usual, a little on what is nowadays called the romantic side. Why not? I have a suspicion that all great music is romantic when it is written and becomes "classic" only when it ceases to live in the memory and becomes a mere skeleton on the printed page.

ON Thursday evening, William Steinberg conducted what is by now one of nearly everybody's favorite compositions, the Verdi Requiem, in Philharmonic Hall, with the Philharmonic, the Collegiate Chorale, and Martina Arroyo, Maureen Forrester, Richard Lewis, and Ezio Flagello as solo singers. It was, on the whole, a brilliant performance, though it was one that underplayed those operatic values that were once thought to be blemishes and are now almost universally recognized as heavenly virtues. I would have preferred more freedom among the soloists and less domination, here and there, by the orchestra. But, what with trumpets pealing from the second balcony and the bass drum thundering away, nobody could deny that the work was impressively set forth. It is a magnificent one, and a proof, if that is needed, that in music genius, as opposed to mere craftsmanship, is detectable mainly in the capacity to write great melodies. The Requiem was preceded by Beethoven's "Meeresstille und Glückliche Fahrt," an inconsequential composition, interesting to hear only because it turns up scarcely once in a lifetime.

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MR. HARTY

I HAVE been thirsty—enough to kneel and, beastlike, drink slimy water from a ditch in the Grand Canyon one hot day when, heedless of warnings, unsupplied with water, I walked down to the turbulent, muddy Colorado. It was on my way up that, shivering in the heat, past sweating, my forehead hot and dry, I knelt beside the ditch and leaned to drink.

I have been hungry, too, though not so hungry as to pick up the discards of the market in the gutter or sink an arm into a trash bin and rustle around looking for food. Yet hungry. It happened when I was nineteen and lived alone in a room in Montreal. My parents were in England, where we had gone in 1938 as refugees from Italy. I hadn't seen them for three years—since 1940. In June of that year, the morning after Italy entered the war, a policeman accompanied by a master had come into the classroom of my boarding school in Criccieth, north Wales, to fetch me. They told me to pack a small bag; then I was driven in a Black Maria to Portmadoc, the nearest village with a jail. There, behind an iron-studded wooden door with a small, crossbarred window halfway up, I spent the rest of that day and the night, after which I was taken by truck to an internment camp near Liverpool. Two weeks later, four hundred of us embarked for an unknown destination. We left behind us the Isle of Man, where my father and elder brother had been sent, and northern Ireland. Our course was westerly. I was so excited at the thought of going to America that I almost forgot I was interned. After a week, we entered the St. Lawrence. We landed in Quebec. From the way we were hustled down the gangplank and into a train, I was brusquely reminded what we were. The train sped through thick forests. We arrived in Montreal at night and got off at a secondary station. There were ten buses waiting for us. We followed the lights along the river, strange and resplendent after the blackout I had got used to in England. We crossed a bridge and came to a little island. There I spent one year before I was released as anti-Fascist. Free again, I finished school and began going to college. A family friend—a well-known American actress—paid for my upkeep and my tuition. Punctually at the beginning of each month, I received a check for seventy-five dollars from her through a Montreal bank.

Then, one first of the month, no

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check arrived. Confident that it would come the next day, I waited and did nothing. And so each day for a week, until I ran out of the few dollars I had left. I wrote a letter to the actress then, but got no answer. She was probably on tour, I thought, entertaining troops—perhaps in the Pacific. At the bank, the manager just said the check hadn't been sent. Naïvely, I asked for a loan. He looked at me with a smile. "Do you have any security?" he said. I didn't even know what security was, and so much for that transaction. I thought of writing for some money to my family in London, but letters were slow—it sometimes took more than a month to get an answer to one—and there were restrictions on sending even a small amount of money out of England. Instead, I asked a student, a friend of mine, if he would lend me a dollar.

"What do you think I am, a millionaire?" he said. "Here's a quarter."

I made it last. In those days, a milkshake cost only a dime, and I knew a drugstore where one filled almost three full glasses. But at the end of the day I was again out of money and hungry. I asked another friend for a quarter; I didn't dare ask for more. I got a dime—another milkshake. For two more days I subsisted on small loans. I couldn't afford milkshakes any longer, and bought bread. I couldn't study. During lectures, my mind wandered to the mail, the grocery store, the restaurants, Italy, England, the Pacific.

"I wonder if you could just lend me another quarter; I'm sure I'll get some money soon," I said to my first creditor. Unwillingly, he gave me another. I was losing friends.

I'd rather starve, I thought, than ask any more of my friends for money. I sent another letter to the actress, express. The next morning, I got an idea. I would go to the Committee for Aid to Refugees, which was in the center of town and which I knew from having had to register there after my release. Surely they would lend me a little money. But they wouldn't. They only offered to write the actress, which was the last thing I wanted. Out on the street, I paused, wondering what to do. "Join the Army," a poster said. And that step would have certainly solved everything. But I had tried before. Because of my nationality, they wouldn't let me join. I decided to go and see a Mrs. Bolton. She was a friend of the actress, and nominally my guardian. To live in Canada I needed, among other things, a Canadian citi-

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zen to be my sponsor, and on my release from the internment camp Mrs. Bolton offered to let her name be used. Formerly an actress, she was a tall, beautiful woman. She and her husband had invited me a few times to their home, an elegant apartment—silk everywhere, everything polished, nothing out of place. But we hadn't made friends. They were formal and, I suspect, a little snobbish. I hadn't seen them in more than a year—ever since I had criticized the commander of the internment camp, an old colonel whom they knew. This colonel had made an ugly generalization about Jews and Italians, and I told the Boltons that I didn't like him. "What?" Mrs. Bolton said, irritated. "We think he is a great gentleman and a very good friend."

Now I telephoned them, using a precious nickel. Mrs. Bolton answered.

"I wondered if I could come and see you a moment about something," I said.

"Oh?"

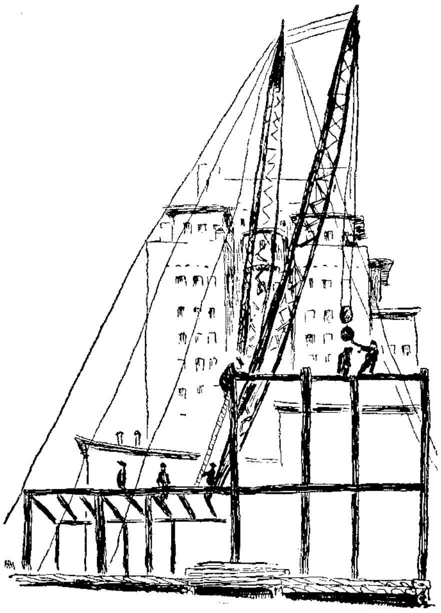
"Yes. For some reason, I didn't get my check at the beginning of this month, and I wondered if I could borrow . . . if you could lend me a little money."

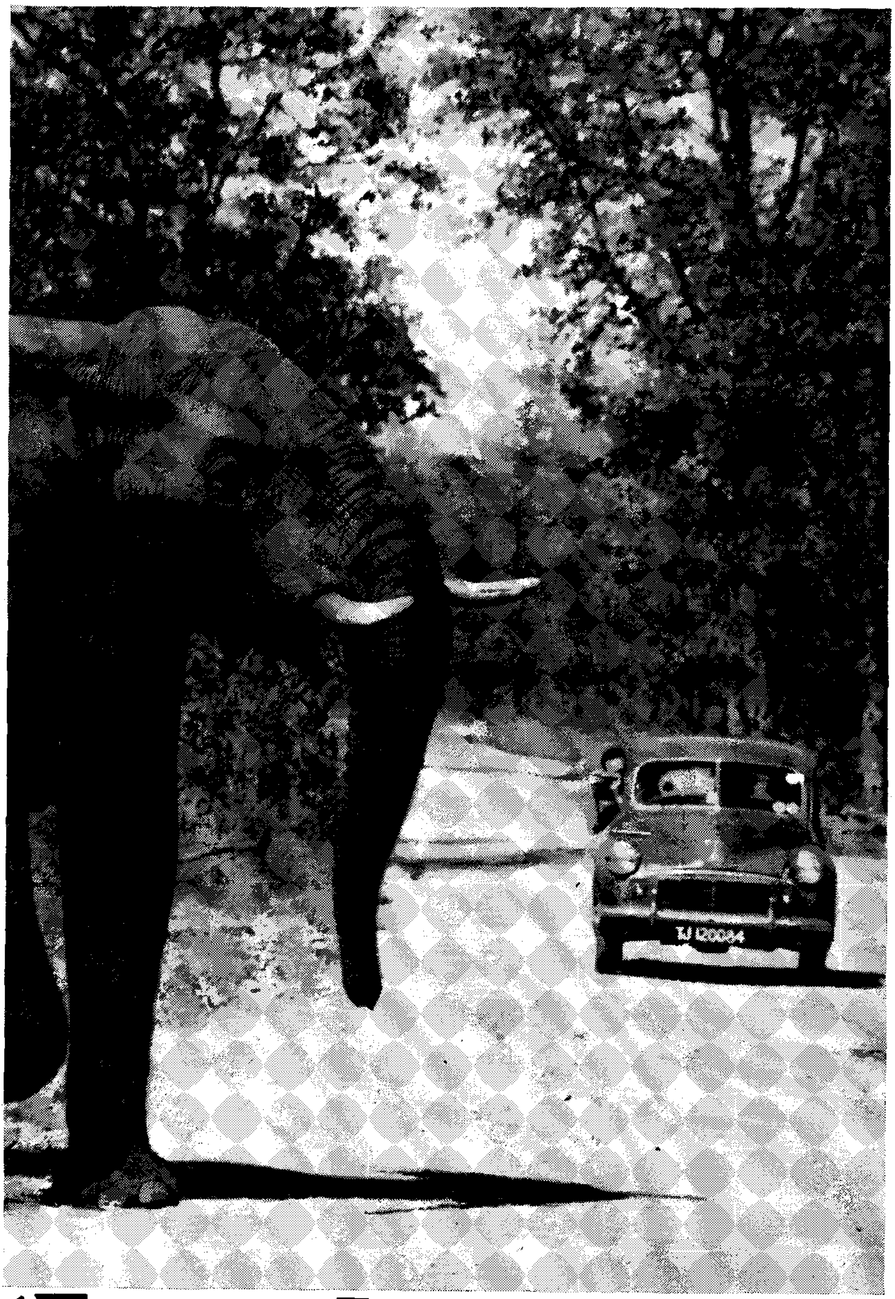
"I'll talk to my husband. Just a minute."

I waited. In a moment she was back. "How much do you need?" she said without warmth.

Before telephoning, I had intended to ask for ten dollars, but during the call the amount had shrunk to eight, five, four, three, and now, because of the tone of the question, I said, "Two dollars."

I waited another moment while she again spoke to Mr. Bolton. "Very





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well," she said finally. "Could you come here this afternoon at four?"

I told her that I would, and thanked her.

I went. The maid opened the door and, without asking me in, gave me an envelope.

Two dollars. They didn't last very long—four days, during which no check came. I began to feel hungry again. Hunger—it came in waves: a craving, gnawing sensation that sent me looking into each pocket of my clothes for coins and, not finding any, turning the pockets inside out till they were all white flaps. And I was bored with being hungry. It had been going on too long. I had to do something. But I had a heavy schedule of lectures, a large amount of homework, exams coming. Still, I decided, I could wash dishes. I applied at the university cafeteria. Hesitantly, I made my way into the kitchen. They had a dishwashing machine and no vacancies, the chef, a ruddy individual, said. It occurs to me now that I didn't know how to ask. I asked timidly, tentatively, expecting a negative answer—"You wouldn't have a job as a dishwasher, would you?"—and didn't insist when he said no. I just smiled understandingly and left, almost glad to go back to my situation, which, though tight, was at least familiar. For a few moments, my hunger seemed to let up, and a feeling of freedom, scorn, and independence came over me. "Hell!" I said to myself. "Damn everybody! So *let* me starve!" But then again hunger crept in, with all its peculiar sensations, and I would swallow and lick my lips and look around distraught.

It also occurs to me now that I might have asked the university for a loan. I just didn't think of it. I still expected the check to come. I couldn't believe the actress would let me down, ever.

That night, I went to bed without having had supper. The night was restless, and in the morning I didn't feel so much hungry as weak and faint. Still, I got up and just made it to the lectures. At noon, I went to the cafeteria and picked up some leftover bread and butter at a vacant table that had not been cleared. After this "lunch," I went to the library. If I could find an interesting book, I would forget my hunger. I did, for hours, but around six it returned, overpowering, and drove me out of the library.

It was then that I thought of Mr. Harty. He was a stocky, elderly man with pleasant lines, like rays, issuing from the corners of his eyes. He was

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also a friend of the actress; she had introduced me to him one night soon after my release, while she was in Montreal for a week's engagement at His Majesty's Theatre. "If you ever want a good meal, call me," he had said on parting. "My name is easy to remember—Harty." The name *was* easy to remember, for he was hearty; the adjective suited him entirely. Perhaps that was the reason I remembered it, because two years had gone by and I had only met him briefly, in the lobby at the Ritz. He lived there, the actress had told me, and was the president of Canada's largest pulp and paper company, which was also the world's largest.

"My name is Harty," I could hear him saying as I walked out of the library, and now I was walking straight toward the Ritz. I hurried. I ran. "A hearty meal! A hearty meal!" I told myself.

I WALKED into the hotel. From the lobby, I could see the central foyer, and beyond it, up a few steps, the dining room, with tables laid for dinner, all white and silver.

I asked for Mr. Harty at the desk, and gave my name. He wasn't in his suite. A bellboy looked for him in the foyer, and spotted him behind a newspaper he was reading. I went over. "Oh, Mr. Harty," I said, and reminded him who I was.

Immediately I mentioned the actress, he beamed and remembered me. "I am glad you came," he said in a hearty voice. "Have you had dinner?"

"Well, no, I haven't."

"Splendid. Couldn't be better. There's a buffet dinner tonight. I was just about to go over. Come," he said, and put the paper away.

We entered the dining room. One side of it was taken up by a long table bedecked with all kinds of gorgeous food—hors d'oeuvres with mayonnaise and capers, truffles, caviar, lobster, roasts, Yorkshire pudding, casseroles, the freshest-looking salads, a great variety of desserts, different cheeses, and a cornucopia of fruit. The place seemed ready for an extraordinary feast.

"There's a buffet dinner here every Friday night," Mr. Harty said. "You can choose as much as you want and have as much as you want. No limits. And all for the same price. I hope you are hungry."

"Oh, I am," I said.

He watched me eating with an amused look, as though he, too, were relishing the food. He only nibbled at his own. "I love to watch you eat," he said. "I used to eat with something

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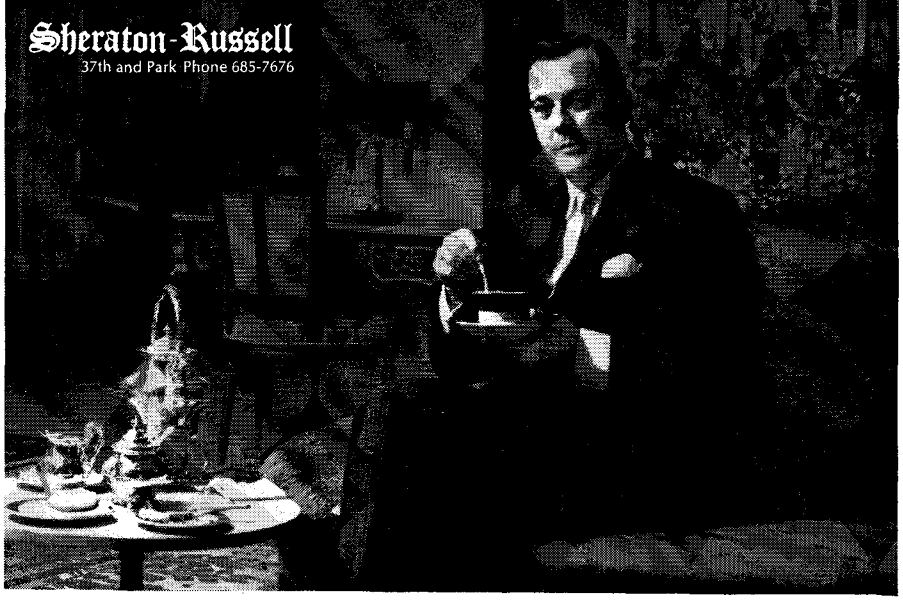

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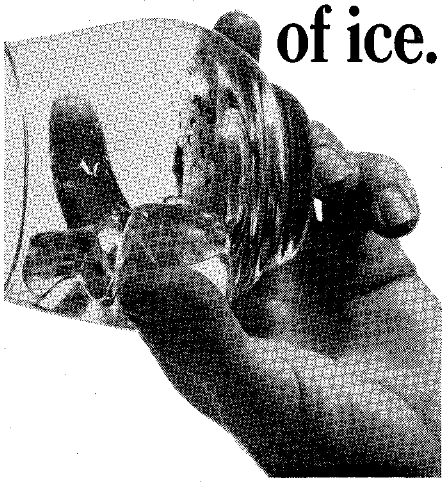

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like your appetite. Now I always eat much less than my share. On Friday nights, I feel cheated. But not tonight. You make up for it," and he laughed.

"I think I'll have a second helping," I said.

He was delighted.

I went with my plate, but found I didn't need it. A waiter gave me a clean one. I returned with it full of new things to our table. I had never had a buffet supper in my life before. "This buffet supper is a grand idea," I said.

We talked about the actress. Much as I admired her, I could hardly match his admiration for her.

"Where is she now?" he asked.

"On a tour, I think. But I'm not sure—I haven't heard from her for several weeks," I said. I considered telling him about the check's not coming. I wondered if I should. I came close to it. But my hunger was appeased; there seemed no urgency any longer. And he had given me so much already. To tell him about the check didn't seem right. It might spoil things. So I just concentrated on the food—on the desserts: the French pastry, the meringues, the ice cream, the fruit.

He laughed. "You must have been starving," he said. "Don't they feed you well at the university?"

"Oh, I eat out, in restaurants or at the Students' Union, or I buy something."

"Then you've been short of money," he said, surprising me with his insight.

"Just temporarily," I said.

"Here," he said, and before I knew it he had stuck something very crisp in my breast pocket.

"Oh, no," I said, "that's too—"

"Keep it," he said. "I make those. Pulp and paper, you know." He laughed again, and I laughed with him.

After coffee, we got up and slowly made our way to the lobby and the outside door. There we shook hands. "Thank you, Mr. Harty," I said.

"I should thank you," he said. "I never enjoyed so much watching anybody eat."

"Well, I *was* hungry."

"You certainly were. You know, I give a lot to charities—hospitals and schools—but it's nothing like giving someone who is really hungry a good meal. That's really seeing your money at work. Now, you come back any time you are hungry."

"I will, Mr. Harty, I will."

The next day, I sent back to the Boltons their two dollars.

Several days later—and there's no doubt that without Mr. Harty's gift I would have got very hungry again—I

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received a check and a letter from the actress. The money she had set aside in an account for me at her bank had come to an end and she hadn't been notified, nor had she got my letter, because she was on a tour of the Midwest, travelling a great deal and never pausing long. "You poor boy," she wrote, "*what did you do?*"

I DIDN'T see Mr. Harty again. But one day, opening the newspaper at the obituary columns, I saw his name and an article about him. It said he had died after a long illness. He had contributed largely to all sorts of charities. He often visited the schools and hospitals he endowed, and followed the work of students who held scholarships he had given. "He liked, in other words, to see his money at work, as he himself used to say," the article concluded.

As I read that, I could hear his last words to me, and I could see him at the table, looking at me, his eyes smiling and his mouth only nibbling at the food.

—ARTURO VIVANTE

•

NIGHT POEM

Sinking, yet scaling the sky,
the sunset is raising a
rose-red city of Petra
that hangs like an opera
curtain; it breaks in a fire-
work's sleet of sequins; it molders,
dragging in plumes and tatters
over bronzed blue seas of hills.
Then we kill the ambers. Gray
rags wipe the sky clean, scouring,
but the shell shows a blemish
of moonlight. A blind eye rolls
upward over the great chalk
walls of the twilight pitted
with shadows. On the world's cold
edge, suburbs appear, blinking
their lights, making their signals.
Traffic writhes toward the city,
serpents in glittering scales.
The esplanades are alight,
but nothing stops the blackness.

—GENE BARO

•

The vibration of the membrane corresponding to u_m is called the mth normal mode; it has the frequency $\lambda_m/2\pi$ cycles per unit time. Since the zeros of J_0 are not regularly spaced on the axis (in contrast to the zeros of the sine functions appearing in the case of the vibrating string), the sound of a drum is entirely different from that of a violin.—*"Advanced Engineering Mathematics," by Erwin Kreyszig.*

Aha!

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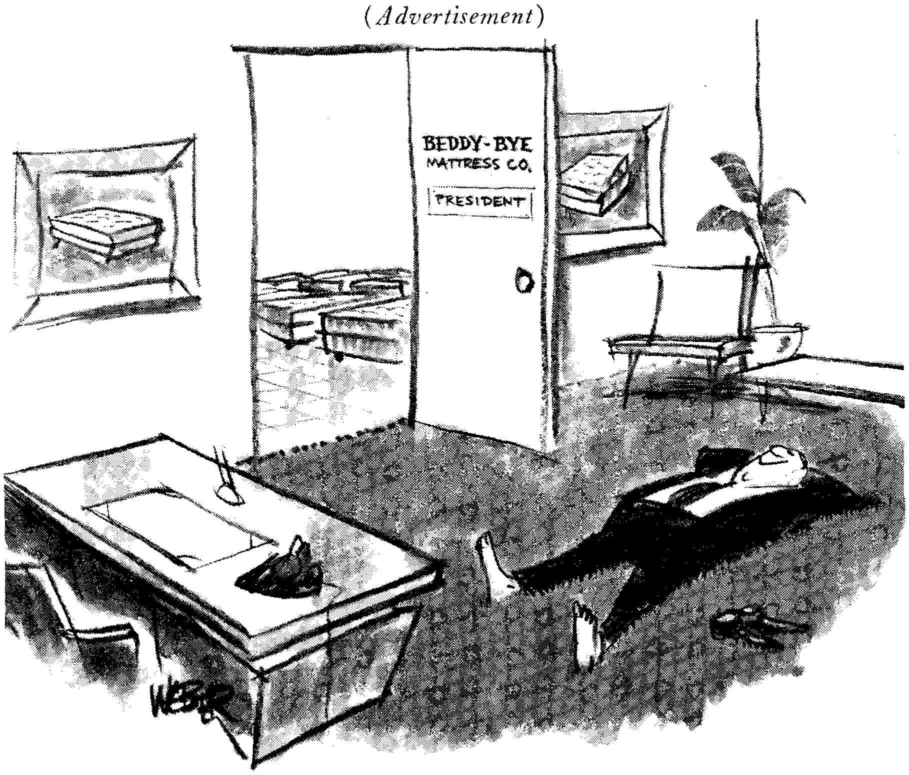

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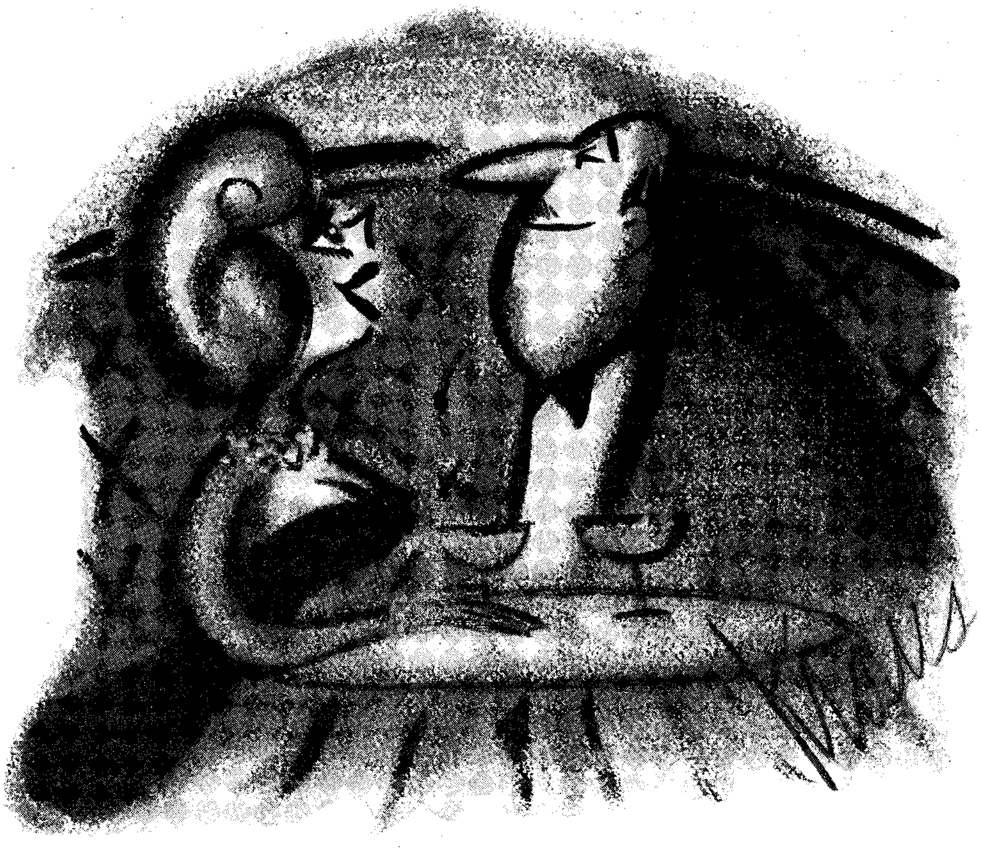
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JANUARY 14

BEFORE the President's State of the Union Message, the Democratic leaders in Congress were saying that they anticipated a brief and, except for a certain amount of contention over Vietnam, relatively easygoing session. The Senate Majority Leader and the Speaker of the House hoped for adjournment early in July, and Senator Mansfield suggested that, as far as domestic affairs were concerned, it might be advisable to forgo innovation this year and spend the next several months looking back coolly, with an eye to improvement, on some of last year's innovations. The implication was that Presidential impatience and pressure had led the 1965 session to do too many things in too short a time. The present session, the Senator thought, would afford an opportunity to examine the workings of such programs as Medicare and the war on poverty—the two 1965 measures that are most often cited as revealing shortcomings born of haste—and to enact, or at least to recommend, changes. Even though the President's speech proposed a congressional agenda that appears to be as formidable and time-consuming as last year's, it is still possible that things will work out as Senator Mansfield hoped they would. It is never to be assumed that a President expects, or even wants, to get all that he asks of Congress at the beginning of a session. State of the Union Messages are campaign oratory, and when a President goes on television in the House chamber—bumping from the screen, as this President did two evenings ago, such eminences as Bob Hope, Simone Signoret, and Dick Van Dyke—the role of the legislators and the other functionaries is mainly that of a studio audience. What he wants of this assembly is its presence and applause. Nevertheless, the common feeling here is that the President does intend to drive this session fully as hard as he drove the last one. For many political reasons, and for reasons of state as well, he would far sooner have the country listening to debate on mass transit, water pollution, and tax reform than to debate on Vietnam. In any debate on foreign policy, the loudest voices would be those not of men who accept his leadership but of men who challenge it, and while in certain circumstances he might agree that controversy would help to clear the air in this country, he is bound to feel that at the moment it would do little to advance his endeavors to bring about a cease-fire and the beginning of negotiations. He knows, moreover, that if this year's congressional elections follow the customary pattern, he is unlikely next year to command the majorities he currently has in both houses. Though he has taken to diplomacy with characteristic zest, he continues to want his place in history to be that of a national leader—a doer of good and memorable works among his own people. This time next year, he may not enjoy all the political advantages that are now his.

The present state of the economy also encourages a second crash program. There are students of the matter here who are not so sure as the President seemed to be that the gap between expenditures and revenues could be held below two billion dollars, but there are few who disagree about the economy's current ability to support both the war in Vietnam and the domestic projects that Mr. Johnson called for. If he waited a year, though, there might be a good deal of disagreement. Either success or failure in Vietnam could alter the outlook greatly. To a considerable degree, the recent decline in unemployment and the increase in personal and corporate income are products of the war, and there would be some difficult adjustments to make if it should be suddenly ended. But a failure to end it could lead to an expanded war of indefinite duration and staggering cost. There are also possibilities of economic change largely unrelated to the war. In any event, the White House seems to have determined that the time is right, as it may not be soon again, for another great push, and the initiatives it proposes to take this year are, if anything, bolder—in conception, at least—than last year's. Medicare was a relatively modest extension of the existing insurance system, and the only really novel thing about the anti-poverty legislation was that it came about in a time of high prosperity. Both the conditions it aims at dealing with and the techniques it has been using differ little from the conditions faced and the techniques employed by the Roosevelt administration in the thirties. But this year's program is full of new departures. Although there may well be, as the President said, thirty-five federal agencies dealing with transportation, most of them have been involved with the long-haul systems—railroads, airlines, shipping, highways—that come under Washington's jurisdiction as interstate or foreign commerce. And the involvement has been mainly with licensing, schedules, safety standards, rights of way, and the like. What is now proposed is a federal program that will attempt to bring order and



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reason and development to that bewildering aspect of the modern economy which has to do with moving people and objects about in congested areas. The federal government also plans, as it has never done up to now, to take command of the rebuilding of entire municipalities and to approach urban problems with an awareness of the fact that they are more often than not merely aspects of regional problems, which are themselves aspects of great national problems. If the government intervenes on a large scale in transportation, in city and regional planning, and even, as the President proposed, in local law enforcement, it will bring about immense changes in all governmental relationships and perhaps force a confrontation with the facts of American geography and demography and the forging of a new federal system.

The interventions may, of course, be on a small rather than a large scale, and the changes they seem to foretell may be a long way off. This administration is not averse to taking risks, but it is averse to incurring heavy losses, and many of its new undertakings have begun with a commitment of money and manpower that has seemed inadequate to their sponsors. The rationale has been that keeping costs down at the start lowers political resistance, and also that in the event a program turns out somehow to have been misconceived it can be recast or scrapped more easily if the economic and bureaucratic stakes are small. The State of the Union Message said little about scale and nothing about priorities. Light will be cast on both of these by the Presidential messages that will be dispatched to Congress during the next few weeks, and by the budget that will be presented ten days from now. But from the look of things today, the administration wants everything the President asked for and will put all its energy into the effort to prevail.

THE portion of the message devoted to Vietnam revealed more about the President's hopes and strategies than about the diplomatic and military realities. This was altogether deliberate. What the President is seeking to create is a global consensus—one that will attract such figures as Ho Chi Minh and Ray Bliss, General Ky and Senator Fulbright, Dean Rusk and Senator Robert Kennedy, Harold Wilson and Gamal Abdel Nasser, Leonid Brezhnev and Pope Paul VI. Candor is the enemy of such an enterprise. The President spoke as if the choice confronting the adversaries were between two different methods of securing South Vietnam's right

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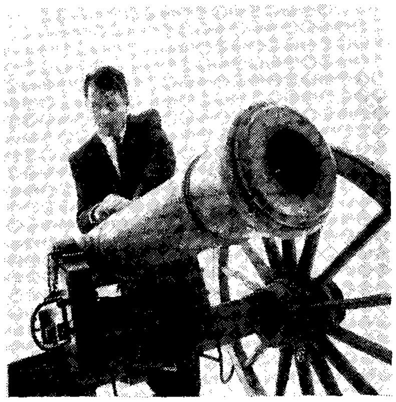

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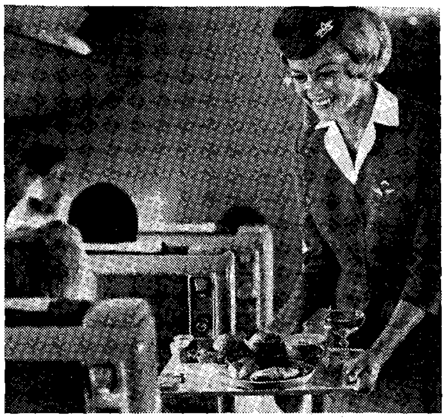

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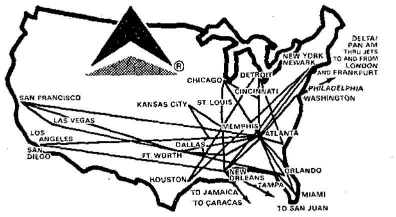

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to "self-determination"—negotiation or war. He seemed to be saying that if only reason prevailed in Hanoi as it does in Washington, a settlement could quite easily be arranged and would be followed by "the wondrous works of peace"—presumably a great sprouting of hydroelectric projects, tractor plants, and birth-control clinics throughout Southeast Asia—but that if Hanoi lacked the good sense and imagination to take us up on this offer, we would reluctantly but resolutely get on with the bloody business of achieving the same result by force. This may be a politic view to disseminate at the present time, but it is hard to believe that it bears any resemblance to the President's actual appraisal. It seems far more likely that he shares the views set forth in a document that has become known as the Mansfield Report, a melancholy survey of the present and of prospects for the immediate future which was presented to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee last week by the Majority Leader and four other senators who spent part of last autumn on a fact-finding mission in Saigon and other capitals. It is known that there are two versions of the Mansfield Report—one submitted to the committee and made available to the President, and one released to the public. The one in general circulation sounds like the work of Cassandra, but those who have seen both say that by comparison the public version seems the work of Pollyanna. In any event, both take a bleak view of both war and peace in Vietnam. The signers of the public version, who completed their mission before the President undertook his present drive for negotiations, do not discount the possibility of early negotiations. They wish to see them come about, and predict that "if they are accompanied by a cease-fire and stand-fast, [they] would serve to stabilize the situation." But no more than this, they say, could be expected from even the most successful negotiations. The "situation" that would thus be "stabilized" would be one "in which the majority of the population remains under nominal government control but in which dominance of the countryside rests largely in the hands of the Vietcong." In other words, we would find ourselves accepting a state of affairs that we have all along regarded as being so unacceptable as to justify our taking up arms. The alternative, the report says, is likely to be not the continued military campaign for the liberation of South Vietnam pictured by the President but an "open-ended" war in which South Vietnam might be only a

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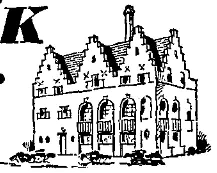

single theatre, and perhaps not even the most important one. "All of mainland Southeast Asia, at least, cannot be ruled out as a potential battlefield," it says. "As noted, the war has already expanded considerably into Laos and is beginning to lap over the Cambodian border while pressures increase in the northeast of Thailand."

As far as is known, the Mansfield Report is not based on any military or diplomatic intelligence that has not been available here all along, and its conclusions seem identical with those of any number of other official and unofficial observers. Nevertheless, its impact has been tremendous, in large part because its principal author is universally esteemed here not only for his judiciousness and integrity but also for his enormous knowledge of Vietnam and Southeast Asia. He has known the region since his youth—he happens to be one of the few Americans to have served as an enlisted man in the Navy, the Army, and the Marine Corps—and he has been a close student of American policy in Southeast Asia for almost as long as we have had a policy. A measure of the Mansfield Report's influence may be taken from four recent days in the life of his colleague Senator Dirksen, the Minority Leader. On the day the public version of the report was issued, Senator Dirksen announced that he saw no reason for negotiations before the Vietcong had surrendered or been destroyed. "We must have capitulation before there is peace," he told a news conference. "When [General Douglas] MacArthur said, 'There is no substitute for victory,' he planted a phrase that is never to be forgotten." Asked what he meant by "victory," he said that in his view it will be achieved "when the Vietcong lay down their arms." Then, by his own later account, he studied the Mansfield Report, and at another press conference, the day before the President addressed Congress, he announced a conversion, which, in the manner of all good politicians, he described as merely a clarification of his earlier views. But where earlier he had advocated blockading and bombing Haiphong and had proposed that bombing Hanoi be seriously considered, he now explained that he had merely offered some suggestions on the conduct of the war. "It's easy to say back here, 'Give 'em the works,' " he pointed out, adding, "Don't forget that the action you take is going to involve those [American] youngsters [in Vietnam]." And he no longer called for "capitulation" before negotiation. "First you've got to stop the bloodlet-

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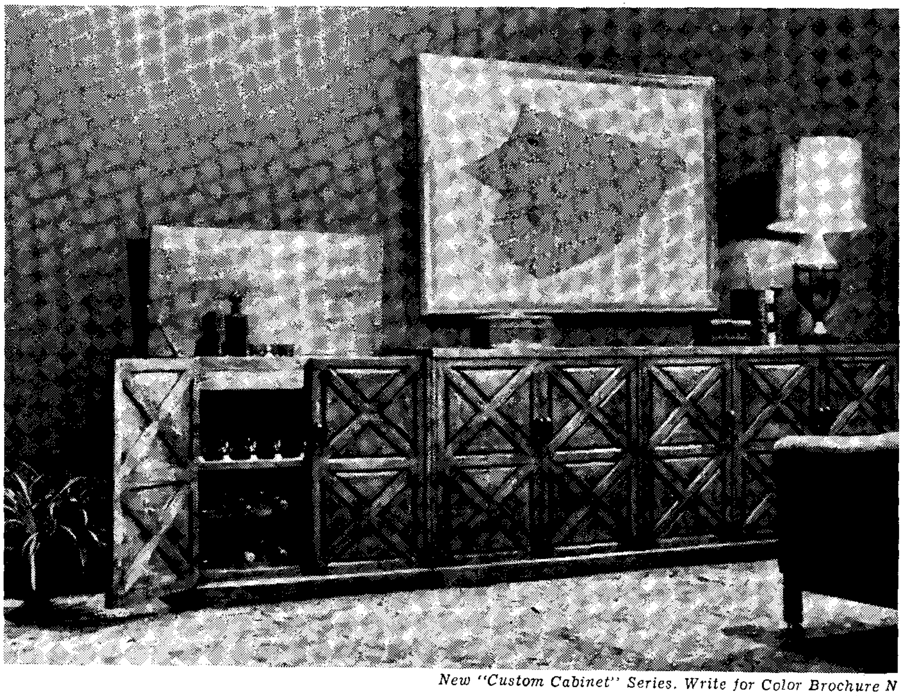

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BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

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Business Week, you know, turns down subscription bids from non-management people. Occasionally, a human in our circulation department errs, and turns down the wrong man.

One such error was pointed out to us by Mr. Morton Manus, who enumerated the reasons why he should have been accepted: (1) He is President of one of the largest music-publishing companies in America. (2) His earnings are in the top 1%. (3) He is co-author of a best-selling guitar course. (4) He has a degree in business management. (5) He has employees who have subscriptions. (6) He owns a large house, two cars, and a color TV. (7) He has a wife and three children. (8) He plays tennis.

Of course, Mr. Manus got his subscription. His management responsibility entitles him to receive the magazine that exists *only* to help management. Welcome to the club, Mr. Manus. You fit our membership requirements exactly. However, we'd appreciate it if you'd keep it quiet about that guitar course.

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ting," he said, "and then come to terms." He did not expand on "terms," but if he had moved to his new position under the influence of the Mansfield Report, which was what he maintained, he must have arrived at some new definition of "victory" and "peace."

A revealing history of this decade could be written in terms of Senator Dirksen's progress along the road to Damascus. Every few months, he is subject to some dazzling illumination, and there are almost always important political consequences—among the most notable being the widespread bipartisan support for the test-ban treaty of 1963 and for the Civil Rights Act of 1964. If he now declines to lead the war party in debate over Vietnam, its power will be greatly reduced, and there may, indeed, not be much debate. As far as the immediate outlook is concerned, assuming it to be generally as represented in the Mansfield Report, it will not be changed by what Senator Dirksen does or does not do. But what he does and says is important here, and one clear implication of the Mansfield Report is that, whether there are negotiations soon or not, those who make or influence policy will have to recognize the fact that we are unlikely to achieve our stated aims by either diplomatic or military strategies. As long as the war is "open-ended," with the Vietcong's allies ready to escalate every time we escalate, we cannot secure the territory of South Vietnam against Communist influence. Because this is true, and because what cannot be won in battles cannot be won in diplomatic conferences, the main hope of negotiations is an end to the violence in Vietnam and an end to the dangerous spread of hostilities. If this is in fact the case, it may be necessary in time to change our aims and restate them. A possibility that has existed all along, and that has had a good deal of support in many quarters here, is to create, or recognize, a new partition along military and political rather than strictly territorial lines. We do have the power to defend most of the population of South Vietnam and the richest and most productive parts of the territory against the Vietcong and North Vietnam. We can make the large cities secure and hold military bases sizable enough to provide sanctuary for all Vietnamese who wish it. This is an approach—sometimes described as the Ulster approach here—that, according to a letter from General James M. Gavin, former chief of Army Plans and Operations, to be published in the February issue of *Harper's*, has been under

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consideration since 1954, when we contemplated relieving the French in Indo-China. Its virtue, to those who see any in it, consists not merely in its military practicability but in the fact that while it would temporarily cede much of Vietnam's territory to the Vietcong, it would give the anti-Vietcong forces the best of the country's human resources, which in any ultimate negotiations would prove a better counter than any we now possess.

Nothing much, though, seems likely to change right now, and most people here share the Mansfield Report's conclusion that the immediate future holds little real promise, even if Hanoi does decide that the time has come for an end to the bloodletting. In spite of this, however, one has the feeling that the past few weeks have seen one profound change. Before the President ordered the cessation of bombings in the North and gave travel orders to his emissaries, most people had a sense of events' being wholly out of control. The prospects for escalation seemed endless. De-escalation seemed impossible. Neither Hanoi nor our own military people would tolerate it. Then the Vietcong offered the Christmas truce and the President called off the bombings in the North and the Vietcong proposed another truce, and it developed that some kind of diplomatic contact could be made. The level of hostilities, it turned out, was in some small degree subject to control. There is a welcome feeling now that we may at least be free to choose between alternatives, terrible as these may be, and to change our own aims and strategies if that is what we would like to do.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

●

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THERE IS NO LIMIT TO THE NUMBER OF ACCIDENTS a student can have during the lifetime of the policy.—*Leaflet received by the parents of a high-school student in Royersford, Pa.*

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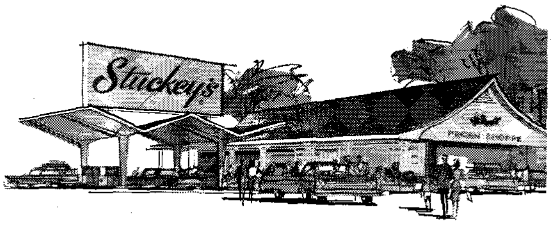
MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Fort Worth Star-Telegram*]

In the first quarter of last year the company lost $513,587. This statement was greeted by applause.



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Librettist

TRAVEL agents speak of sunny Italy, but Luchino Visconti appears to know better. In his latest picture, "Sandra," which he not only directed but helped write the screenplay for, Visconti gives his native land the turbid and murky climate of a Gothic novel, with the long, spooky nights and short, troubled days of a country more Baltic than Mediterranean, more—in its best moments—Elsinore than Ischia. In an ancient, crumbling city (described as dying of an incurable "disease" of landslides) rises an ancient, crumbling palazzo, through whose tangled gardens a fierce wind never ceases to blow. Gates swing creakily back and forth on rusty hinges, the crabbed face of a servant glimmers for a moment behind a dusty pane, and one wouldn't be surprised to see Count Dracula taking his nightly constitutional down the castle walls, within which, in a richly upholstered gloom, a handful of half-mad people implacably circle their fate. It is nearly always dark in this quarter of the Visconti country, and something dreadful is nearly always just about to happen; the young heroine who lends her name to the title of the picture slips uneasily from one pool of shadows to the next, pursued now by her amiable, baffled American husband, now by her dissolute brother Gianni. Her father is dead, her mother is under psychiatric care, and she and Gianni have long wondered whether their mother's second husband provided the occasion for his predecessor's death. (The many literary echoes in "Sandra" run all the way from "Rebecca" to "Hamlet.") Sandra and Gianni are in the grip of a hysteria that cannot withstand the pressure of a past partly real, partly imaginary; to make matters worse, there is the little difficulty of their being in love. That is, Gianni is in love with Sandra, and Sandra, believing herself to be in love with her husband, is nevertheless aware that the horror she feels in the presence of her brother's passion may be mere sham.

From even this small sample of "Sandra" you may be inclined to believe, with me, that Visconti and his

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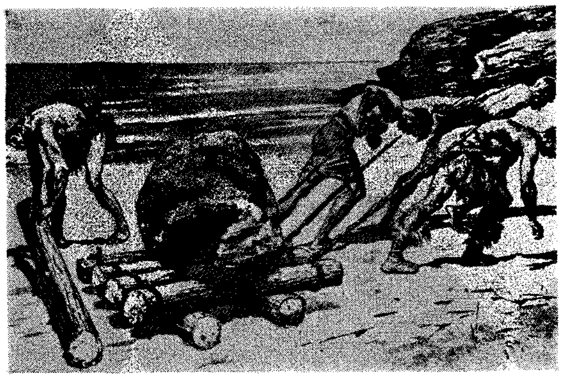
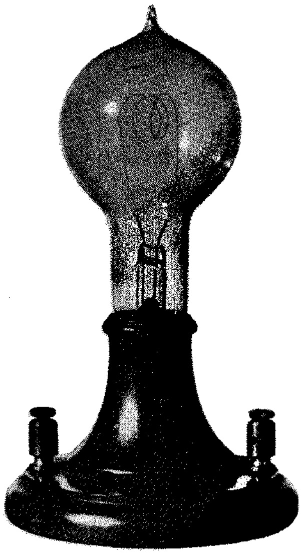
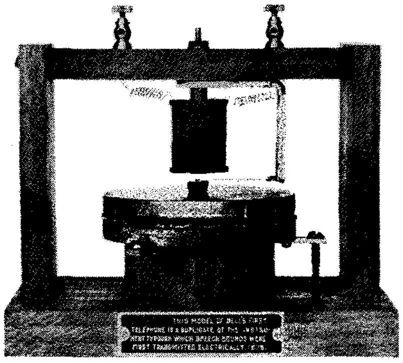
They laughed.



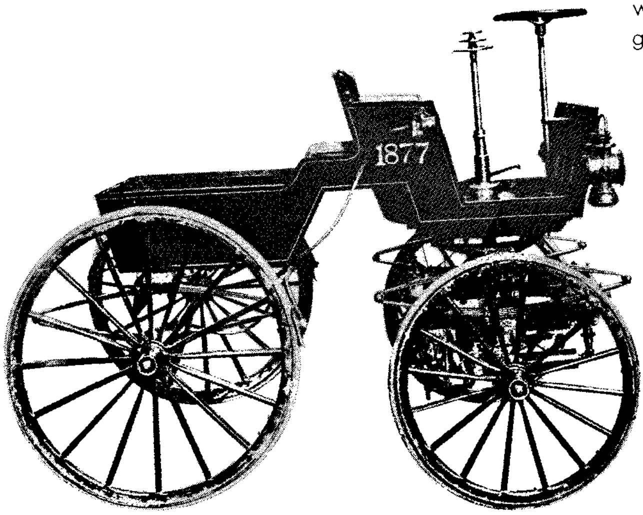
3000 B.C. Somebody invented the wheel. It was round and funny. And since the road wasn't invented yet, everybody laughed.



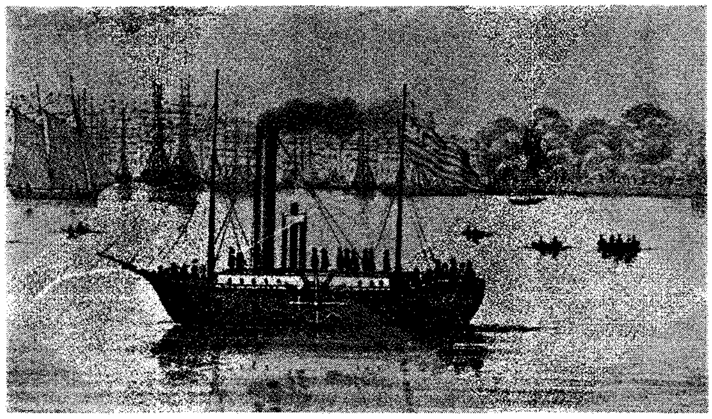
1879. The electric light bulb. It was so dim, people had to use a gas lamp to see it. They laughed.


THIS MODEL OF BELL'S FIRST TELEPHONE IS A DUPLICATE OF THE INSTRUMENT THROUGH WHICH SPEECH SOUNDS WERE FIRST TRANSMITTED ELECTRICALLY 1875

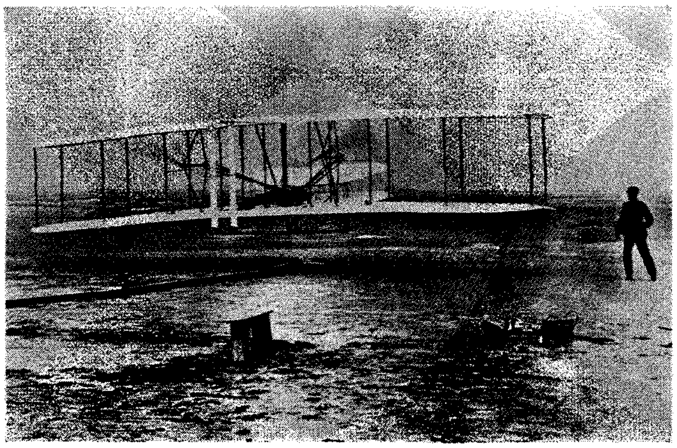
1875. The telephone. Who'd want to stand and talk to a box full of wires? They laughed.



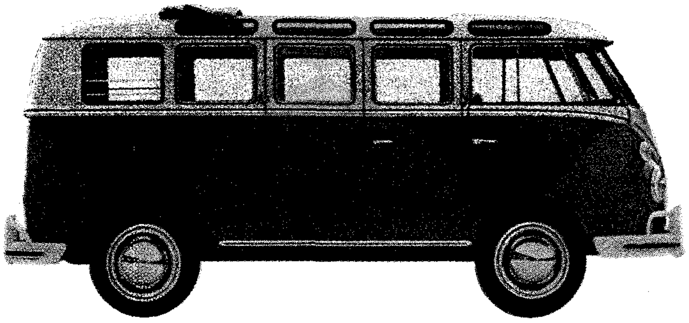
1877. The automobile sputtered down the road. The horse and buggy passed it like it was standing still. And it usually was.



1807. The first steamboat in America made it from New York to Albany in 32 hours. A small boy could've beat it in a rowboat. They laughed.

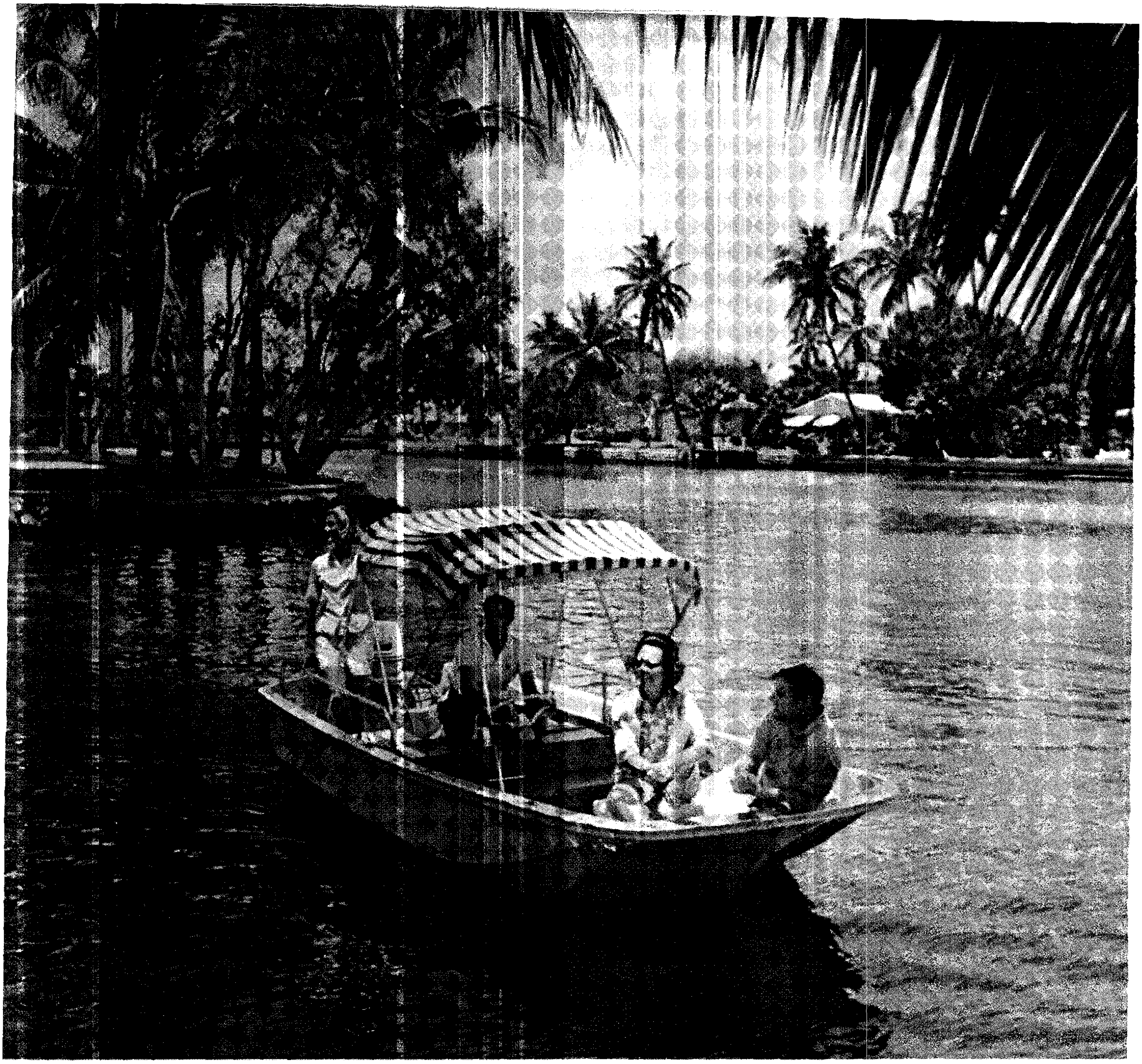


1903. The airplane. Off it soared into the wild blue yonder; down it came 59 seconds later. They laughed.



1950. The Volkswagen Station Wagon. It was square and homely. But it held almost twice as much as un-funny wagons, took 4 feet less space to park, never froze up or boiled over, and cost about half as much to run.

The VW Wagon is still a pretty funny sight. And people are still laughing. But the laughter is dying down.



On this island-hopping holiday you never leave Fort Lauderdale

Most island-hopping ventures have one disenchanting drawback. The farther you hop the more you sacrifice in creature comforts.

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For FREE full-color booklet and planning aid, write: City Information Dept., P. O. Box 1181-N-35, Fort Lauderdale, Fla. 33302 colleagues have invented a plot that would do splendidly for an old-fashioned romantic opera but that is ideally unsuited to a movie made in the nineteen-sixties. It is a tale that demands to be sung, not spoken, and in scene after scene we prepare to enjoy an aria that has been unaccountably mislaid. Not for the first time, Visconti proves himself too able a librettist, too little a composer; we recognize—and sometimes flinch from—the Belasco in him and look in vain for the Puccini.

As the heroine, Claudia Cardinale enjoys the benefit of a face and figure of truly operatic opulence. Not letting these suffice, she works hard at her acting, and so do Jean Sorel as Gianni, and Michael Craig as Sandra's husband. Marie Bell is wasted in a small part as the mentally disturbed mother, and Renzo Ricci is excellent as her second husband. The location shots are beautiful, thanks to Armando Nannuzzi, the director of photography, and the sets, by Mario Garbuglia, tell "Sandra's" story in a shorthand of cunningly chosen bric-a-brac.

"JUDITH" is a movie starring Sophia Loren, Peter Finch, and Jack Hawkins. I like them all, but I don't like "Judith," which has to do with the fighting between Israel and Jordan shortly after Israel achieved independence, in 1948. Miss Loren makes an implausible Jewish spy, and Peter Finch makes an equally implausible head of a *kibbutz*. Jack Hawkins plays one of his usual roles as a British Army officer but has many unusually silly things to say. At one point, he tells Finch, "That's very well put," but he is wrong. Nothing in "Judith" is well put, and as far as I am concerned the heroism of Israel in the dark days of its beginnings remains an untried subject.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

Francis Cardinal Spellman unveiled a bronze bust of Pope Paul VI yesterday. It is a gift from the pontiff. . . .

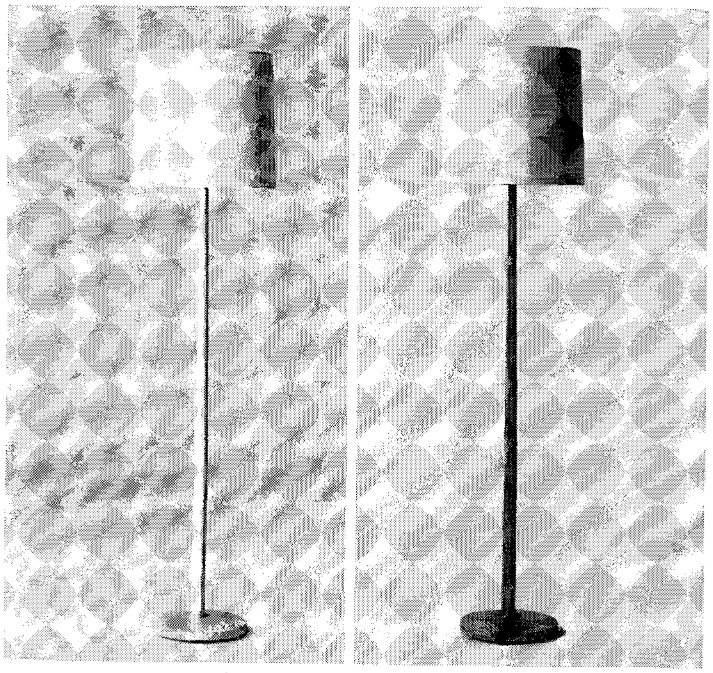
The bust, about 2 inches high, rests on a four-foot pedestal near the Fifth Avenue entrance to the Cathedral.—*New Brunswick Daily Home News.*

In the words of the hymn, "How firm a foundation."

•

Lord & Taylor recently opened their tenth store in Fairfax County, Virginia, in October 1965. Lord & Taylor has nine other stores.—*Boston Back Bay Ledger-Times.*

By God, it figures!



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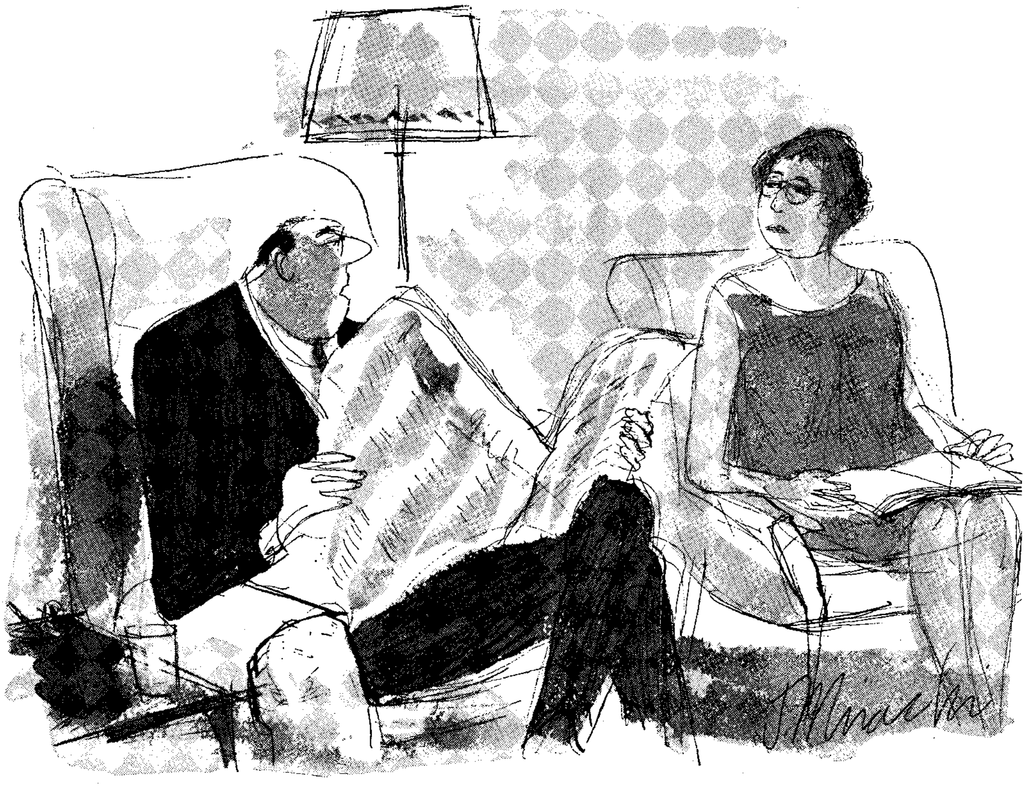
Out of This World and In It

Dylan Thomas's heirs allowed Constantine FitzGibbon excellent terms upon which to write the poet's biography—they gave him access to all the material they owned or controlled, without restricting what he wrote. And FitzGibbon has made the best of this best of all possible opportunities. "The Life of Dylan Thomas" (Atlantic-Little, Brown) is a just, credible, and absorbing narrative. The author is frank, both about facts he has come upon and about stating his own opinion as his own opinion, no more, where he deals with such controverted matters as Thomas's religion or lack of it. FitzGibbon is also discreet. Though he knew Thomas and liked him, the biographer does not on that account claim a ranking for himself as the bard's best buddy. FitzGibbon includes his own experience only where it is pertinent; the biography is at the service of its subject—so much so that it is sometimes hard to remember that an author is at work, and that the clarity with which the reader sees Thomas is the product of FitzGibbon's diligence, perspicacity, and talent.

Thomas was born obscure (in Swansea, in 1914) and died famous (in New York, in 1953); his biographer must work on a difficult small scale, since Thomas's short life was not one of great deeds or large movements. He lived in Wales, London, and Oxfordshire, and he married and had children, and he worked. He never tried to be an influential member of an artistic or political group, and he never was, and though he was a well-thought-of poet, he was not, until the last years of his life, what is called a celebrity. Yet despite the humble privacy of most of his life, he has been the subject of a good many widely believed legends. Most of them, including a few started by Thomas himself, are untrue, and so his biographer must also serve as a restorer to clean off the disfigurements that hide the picture.

FitzGibbon's method is to tell exactly what he has been able to find out. Sometimes he takes noticeable pains to explain his conclusions—to show, say, how he dates Thomas's first visit to London. Sometimes, too, he turns away from his story to sum up the evidence on a given topic, such as Thomas's health, when the purpose is not to demonstrate the thoroughness of the study but to make an important point—in this instance, the fact that, in spite of Thomas's tendency to dramatize every aspect of himself, including his ailments, he did believe, and with more justification than his hearers usually knew, that he was likely to die young. FitzGibbon also interrupts himself in order to supply background he thinks his readers need. He is generous with many such bits—household belongings, or the clothes Dylan and his wife, Caitlin, both of whom dressed for effect, wore. When he can, FitzGibbon tells not only what people said but how they spoke. He takes space to describe larger settings: Swansea in Thomas's boyhood, Soho in the early thirties, when Thomas first knew it. These interpolations about places and their atmospheres are very good indeed; apart from their usefulness in the book, they are first-rate descriptive essays.

One thing FitzGibbon does not attempt is a full-dress critical study of Thomas's work. He assumes its value, and he assumes that his readers value it, too. FitzGibbon does tell something of Thomas's methods of working, and, naturally, of critical responses that affected Thomas's life. He describes the impression Thomas's earliest submitted poems made: they seemed not merely new but strange. Yet they were appreciated, and Thomas's first book of poems was published in 1934, just after he had turned twenty. His reputation grew, both with the general public and with most critics, for the rest of his life. Since he had no ambition except to write and publish poetry, and since he achieved it, his life ought to have been, and in that sense was, a success story. (His father, who had wanted to write poetry, lacked talent, and settled for being an English teacher.) But in practical detail, life was a chronicle of difficulties. The trouble was money; money was, FitzGibbon says, "the awful . . . insuperable problem . . . until the day he died." He died penniless, but shortly afterward, FitzGibbon says, appreciation was reflected in sales, and the estate has been not just solvent but rich. Almost all his adult life, Thomas suffered the bizarre difficulty of having his work respected while he was humiliated by duns and by having to beg help to meet the dunning demands. He did not have the personality to be a successful poor man. He was not calculating, foresighted, thrifty, self-denying, or temperate; he was im-



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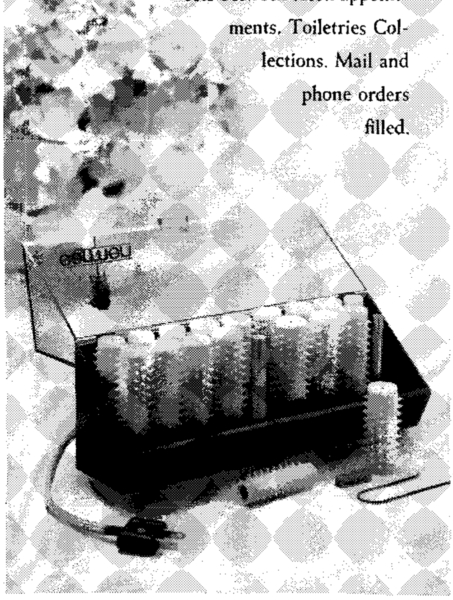

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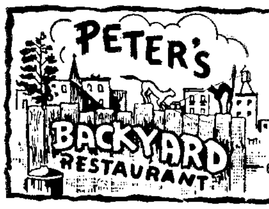

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moderate, playful, joking, spontaneous, and impulsive. His wife was no more prudent; no prudent woman would have married a twenty-two-year-old with a total of eight pounds in pocket, advanced by a publisher. Once Thomas was known as a poet, he could earn money by writing things besides poetry, and sometimes he did. In the nineteen-thirties, he reviewed books; during the Second World War, he wrote scripts for documentary films. He broadcast over the B.B.C. and he read poetry from lecture platforms. Except for the scriptwriting, which was a full-time job, these efforts did not bring in enough to live on, though the Thomas standard of living was not high. And if a few pounds came their way, both Thomases splurged, and their thriftlessness upset, irritated, and even alienated people who tried to help them. When such people appear in the book, FitzGibbon is humane and realistic about their motives and the limits of their toleration, and he is honest about the probably unfulfillable demands that Thomas, who combined the needs of a baby, a poet, a wastrel, and a family man, put upon benefactors. FitzGibbon is no blamer; he was not greatly upset when, he tells us, the portable sewing machine belonging to his fiancée caught the eye of Thomas and he attempted to make off with it—not upset, perhaps, because the attempt was unsuccessful but more likely because FitzGibbon can accept the fact that Thomas was a grasshopper, not an ant. And, accepting, the biographer proceeds to more important matters, such as Thomas's several warm and calm friendships, the books he read, his concern for his aging parents, and his late-blooming intimacy with his father.

On the other hand, FitzGibbon less easily accepts Thomas's lifelong habit of varying himself in order to beguile whomever he was with, which enabled him to charm nearly everyone he was not trying to offend. FitzGibbon suggests that playing up to the company is a Celtic quality and that Thomas inherited it from his Welsh ancestors, who developed it to charm or to propitiate their English conquerors. Maybe. Yet neither of Thomas's equally Welsh parents—his dour, cultivated father and his doting, pious mother—was famous for charm, propitiation, or histrionic talent. Dylan Thomas always liked to act. When he was young, he appeared with a little-theatre group in Swansea; offstage, especially when he was uncertain or anxious, his performances shaded into showing off. In

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FitzGibbon's opinion, the scandalous fellow of the American tours was not the "real," or not the *only* real, Dylan Thomas but a Thomas giving audiences what he thought they wanted—a performance as the world's worst-behaved poet. In this situation, as in others, FitzGibbon does not lay down the law; he tells you that a number of people, including Caitlin Thomas, disagree with his opinion, or did at the time. There is evidence on both sides of the question, and he states it. FitzGibbon's undogmatic restraint is impressive. He probably knows more about the life and personality of Dylan Thomas than anyone else, and he has transferred all his knowledge directly, efficiently, and artfully to his book. But he has simply told what he knows of the truth and left the business of judging to his readers.

"THE YEARS BETWEEN: DIARIES 1939-1944" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), Cecil Beaton's record of what he did and saw during the Second World War, is stuffed to bursting with information a reader wants and cannot find elsewhere. Beaton was a photographer—he also did some sketching and writing—for the British Ministry of Information. He produced photographic accounts of the London blitz and of the activities of the R.A.F. Early in 1942, the Ministry sent him to photograph the war in the desert and the military doings in Iran, Iraq, Syria, Transjordan, and Palestine. The next year, he went out to India, Burma, and China. There were short spells between assignments in which Beaton saw his friends and family and got in a little private work. Wherever Beaton went—to the Albany to visit Dame Edith Evans, or to Lagos to wait for an airplane—he made notes on what everything looked like. By 1939, the artist-photographer had worked so long by eye that he had the habit of always looking: he does not make an effort to write visual description; he simply cannot help doing it. One might think that by now nobody could offer any new description of desert war. But Beaton can. Here he is writing about a desert-war exercise: "The tanks, moving like lice, were specks in the distance, hardly visible but for the clouds of dust they . . . churned up. The sun beat down with such force that it reduced the world to the palest colours; yet, in the middle of this haze of misty blue, the flashes from the tanks blazed like fireworks."

I am not suggesting that Beaton is a camera instead of a cameraman, or that

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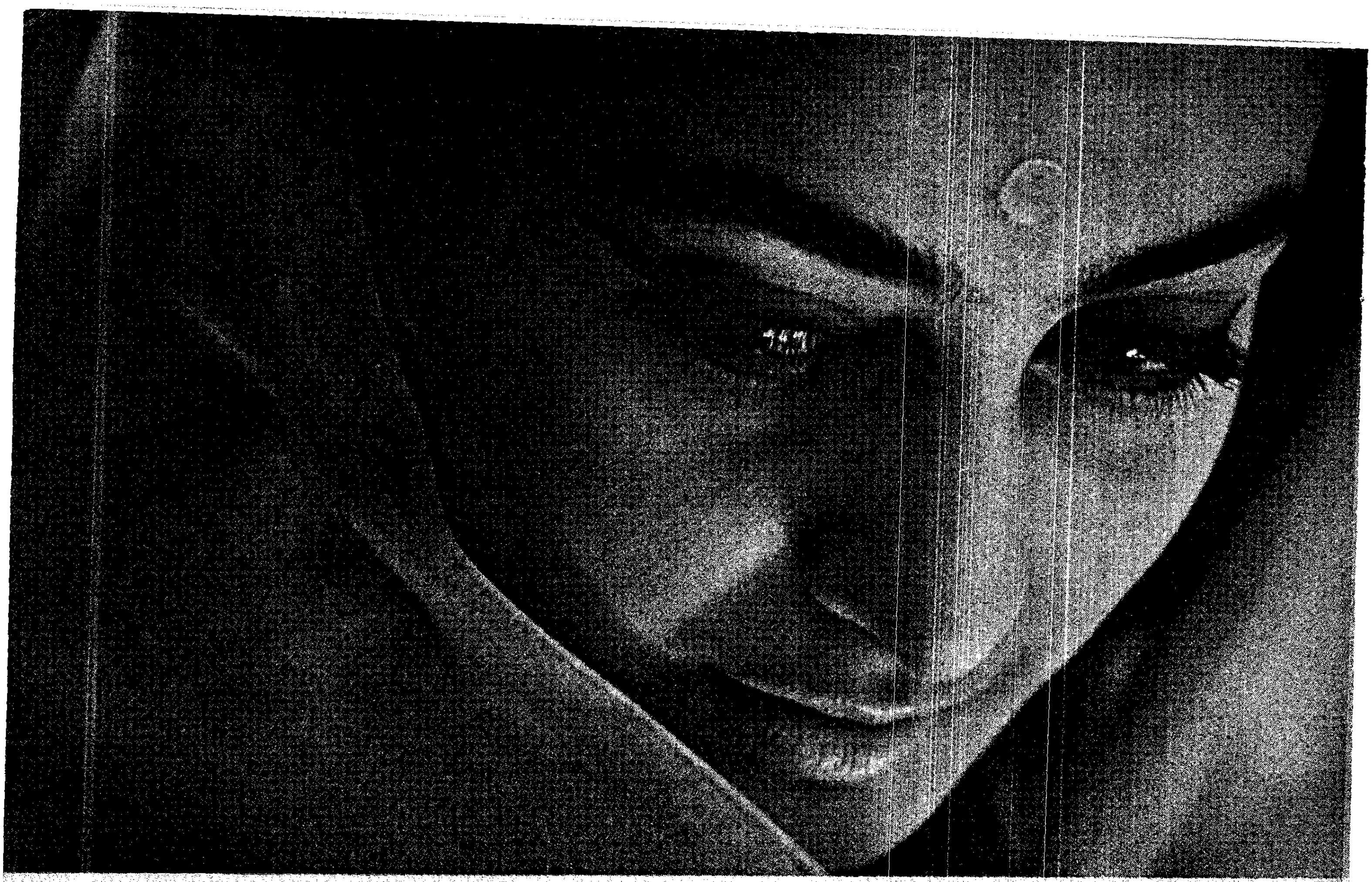

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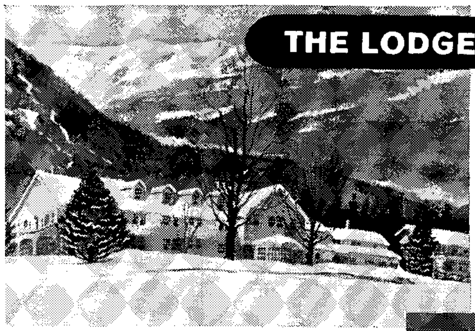
the reader is not aware of his personality. Beaton is in his book, all right, sometimes even complaining about himself. Luckily, the faults he deplores in his occasional introspective passages are—for the purposes of this book—virtues. Going around the world and finding himself among various sets of strangers, he reflects that "I have always been unlike the majority of people. Since I have built up a life to suit my own interests, I have become . . . remote from the world in general." This may explain why he tells what "the majority of people"—and, unfortunately, even the majority of journalists—omit. For example, exactly what impedimenta a man who is not supplied by the armed forces must take to visit the front lines in the desert. Or how Mrs. Roosevelt, because of her deafness, completely upset a photographic session with the Royal Family. Beaton does not skip unpleasant or indelicate features of life in a locality or under a circumstance if the place or condition is itself interesting, yet he never gives the impression of seeking the eccentric or disturbing. His remoteness "from the world in general" makes him surprised by and attentive to details of scene and of gesture that are invisible to other reporters. His account of dining with a lower-middle-class British family in India is a splendid comic piece; its joke is banality against an exotic background. His account of dining at the Savoy Hotel with the cranky old Countess of Oxford and Asquith is equally splendid tragicomedy. Its joke, and its sadness, is a flamboyant yet still entertaining personality battling against old age and neglect.

Other deficiencies that Beaton rues in Beaton are his inability to read sober literature, to cope with general ideas, or to take in "more than a few facts or figures at a time." He has, bless him, practically no ideology and very few abstract opinions. He does have a couple of stout wartime prejudices in favor of his own team; for the rest, he relies on sense perceptions and his ability to convey them. Beaton's I-came-I-saw-I-tell style is most valuable in his section on China, a country about which we have been handed so many facts, figures, and opinions that we no longer have any notion of it as a genuine place, like Newark. Beaton ranged over what was, in 1944, "Free China," and in page after page of marvellous description he shows the villages, the land (wild and cultivated), the people (peasants, generals, professors, and politicians) in toto and individually. He does not attempt to tell you what to think



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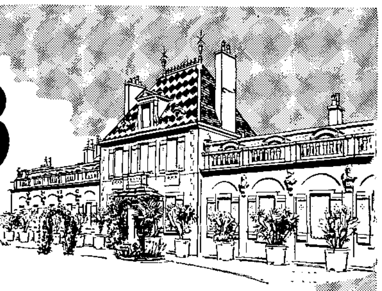

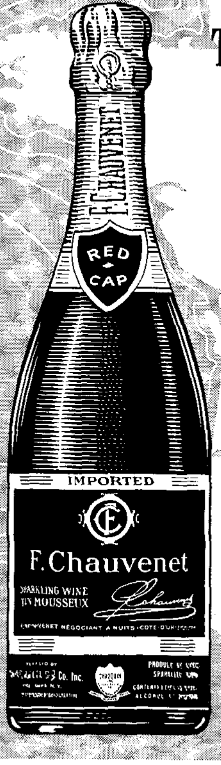

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about China; he merely tells you what it was at the time.

As you might expect of a man who has made a name as a portraitist, Beaton is sensitive to people, and his book is dotted with word sketches that give magic pictures of their subjects' presences. Perhaps the most remarkable is Beaton's Wavell in India. The arguments still persist about Wavell: Was he unjustly treated and shunted aside, or was he lacking in fight? From Beaton's sketch you might guess what controversies the man would stir, even if you couldn't decide them. Wavell was undeniably a soldier of stunning taciturnity, for which he suffered; Beaton portrays him attempting to signal, through the fog of his own inarticulateness, that he liked Beaton's pictures. Nothing—not even Beaton's pictures—tops that. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

GEORGE WASHINGTON: THE FORGE OF EXPERIENCE (1732-75), by James Thomas Flexner (Little, Brown). The question that Mr. Flexner's sparkling biography aims at answering is: How did Washington become great? For, as he reminds us, the Father of His Country was once a youngster, though he could not possibly have resembled Parson Weems' wretched little prig. This volume (the first in a proposed series of three), which ends with Washington's selection by the Continental Congress as the Commander-in-Chief of its army, recounts Washington's boyhood and his early military experiences across the Allegheníes. These active years make for lively storytelling, and Mr. Flexner does them justice. He watches closely the development of Washington's remarkable character, and his praise never stretches the reader's credulity. Mr. Flexner is also interested in many traits that other writers have skimped; his exposition of Washington's aesthetic tastes, for example, is truly enlightening.

BACKGROUND TO VIET-NAM, by Bernard Newman (Roy). This valuable book is a brisk narrative of events in and around Vietnam from the end of the Second World War to (approximately) last April. The author, an Englishman, is as much a traveller as he is a political pundit, and he gives the reader a sense of place as well as a grasp of history. He does not pretend to guess where we (the United

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States and Vietnam) are going, but he makes clear how we got where we are.

THE SIEGE OF THE ALCÁZAR, by Cecil D. Eby (Random House). A rationally detailed depiction, in the currently fashionable documentary manner, of the Republican attack on the ancient granite-built military academy in Toledo at the onset of the Spanish Civil War in the summer of 1936, and of the unexpected and almost unbelievable resistance of some eighteen hundred Nationalist (or rebel or insurgent or Fascist) men, women, and children trapped there for ten excruciating weeks. Mr. Eby, an associate professor of English at the University of Michigan, has lived in Spain and knows the scene he describes, his position is satisfactorily objective, and he writes simply, clearly, and well. The result is entirely commendable. Photographs and an end-paper map.

THE HERESIARCH AND CO., by Guillaume Apollinaire, translated from the French by Rémy Inglis Hall (Doubleday). The first English translation of a short-story collection that appeared in 1910. As most people know, Apollinaire's poetry is historically important to modern literature, and very, very good besides. These tales, on the other hand, are pretty bad—coy, noticeably out to shock, and not about anything that matters. Here and there one gets a glimpse of the future of the arts—a Surrealist whimsey (a man who can assume protective coloration, like a chameleon, and disappear against the wallpaper) or a comic-destructive fantasy (five thousand people commit suicide together)—but such interesting moments are rare. The translation is all right.

APOLLINAIRE: POET AMONG THE PAINTERS, by Francis Steegmuller (Farrar, Straus). The author has studied, sifted, and organized the great mass of Apollinaire research, and has arranged the facts (and the probabilities) in a concise, reliable, and readable biography. In this reissue of a work published some time ago, Mr. Steegmuller includes quite a few of Apollinaire's poems in French with English translations; the book serves as an introduction to the work as well as a conspectus of the life.

THE WORLDS OF ROBERT E. SHERWOOD: MIRROR TO HIS TIMES, by John Mason Brown (Harper & Row). This is the first installment of a biography, and it leaves its sub-

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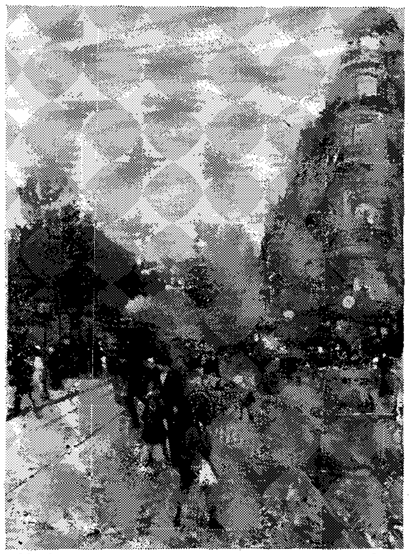
ject in 1938, among the most successful of American playwrights. Apart from Sherwood's literary achievements, Mr. Brown finds him of particular interest because he belonged to many circles that were, in one way or another, influential in his era. He was a member of New York society and of the Algonquin Round Table, of the world of magazine journalism, and, of course, of the theatre, while the roster of his film scripts is nearly as dazzling as the list of his plays. And Sherwood was equally at home in the United States and Great Britain. His biographer, then, has a lot of goings and doings to record, with portraits of the doer in many roles—rebellious student, good soldier, high spender, hard worker, and reticent gentleman. Thoroughly documented and handsomely written, the book ought, one feels, to be a mite more exciting.

NO ROOM FOR BEARS, by Frank Dufresne (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). This unpretentious and engagingly written book is surprising, for at the end of it we find that the author has told us just about all that the nonexigent among us need or want to know about bears. Mr. Dufresne was head of the Alaska Game Commission for some twenty-five years, and among his particular concerns was the continuing welfare of the brown, black, grizzly, and polar bears in his charge. He writes about the last redoubt of the half-ton grizzly—on Admiralty Island, in southeastern Alaska—and branches out in discursive fashion to tell us about the evolution of the bear from a bear-dog ancestor, the present world population of the beasts (only twelve states have no bears), the subdivisions of their species, and the factors that are combining to wipe all bears out within the predictable future. Drawings by Rachel S. Horne.

ENGLISH HISTORY, 1914-45, by A. J. P. Taylor (Oxford). This volume has the stout virtues we expect from the Oxford History of England series. Its inclusiveness makes it a valuable reference work, and it is also wonderfully entertaining reading. The lively, opinionated author never tries to conceal his views; neither does he try to palm them off as facts. Mr. Taylor's style is concise and witty—even his footnotes sparkle.

JOHN BUCHAN, by Janet Adam Smith (Little, Brown). The biography of a nice guy who finished first. The



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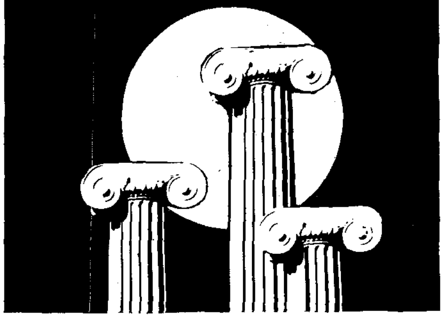

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book is permeated with its author's wonder that her subject (his dates are 1875-1940), the son of a sober Scottish minister and his even soberer wife, could have risen so high in the world; at his death John Buchan had become Lord Tweedsmuir, one of the best and best-loved Governors-General that the Dominion of Canada had ever had. Buchan's varied talents, enterprise, and energy do compel admiration. He wrote thrillers ("The Thirty-nine Steps") and serious biographies ("The Marquis of Montrose"); he was successful in law, publishing, and public administration; he sat in Parliament and on the board of nearly every do-good organization—or so it seemed—in the United Kingdom. Though American readers may not fully appreciate the social grades that Buchan had to scale (and, indeed, many modern Britons may have forgotten them), the book's pleasure is primarily the company of an agreeable, able man.

THE MARE'S NEST: THE GERMAN SECRET WEAPONS CAMPAIGN AND ALLIED COUNTERMEASURES, by David Irving (Little, Brown). This book is thrilling and depressing, being a saga of ingenuity, achievement, courage, and stupidity. Mr. Irving describes the beginnings of German military rocketry and the first glimmerings available to British Intelligence that buzz bombs, rockets, and even stranger devices were in the assorted German works. Neither side made the most of its opportunities. Nonetheless, there are some heroes in the book—the R.A.F.'s raid on Peenemünde was a great mix of deception and daring. Mr. Irving deserves praise for straightening out a fascinating, tangled tale, and still more praise for working in a host of engineering details clearly and simply.

THE BIRTH OF THE MISSILE, by Ernst Klee and Otto Merk, translated from the German by T. Schoeters (Dutton). In an introduction to this brief and irritating book, Wernher von Braun writes, "The pictures, documents, and data from the Peenemünde archives reproduced in this book illustrate a historical cross-section of the development of rocketry and space flight. They show how the original idea of penetrating space with rockets for peaceful research was finally fulfilled after a detour via weaponry to attain the necessary technical development." This theme, of German scientists and engineers reluc-

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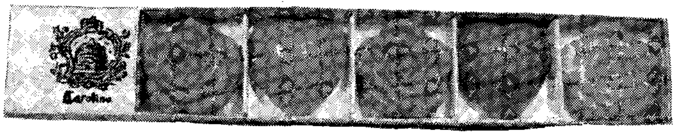

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tantly serving the Nazis while hoping to go back to the innocence of basic research, is now a common one among German writers, and it is also the theme of this book. In the case of von Braun and his group, it fits especially badly. Von Braun—as the authors, a pair of very nationalistic Germans, reveal—was active in planning the strategic use of the V-2s against England, and before that he had been busy designing military aircraft. At one point, they remark, "The A4 was now known as the V2, for *Vergeltungs-waffe* 2, or Revenge Weapon 2." Perhaps von Braun can rationalize his work on revenge weapons for the Nazis as a "detour," but one recalls Mort Sahl's remark about von Braun and German rocketry: "I aim for the stars, but often hit London."

The Political Economy of Slavery, by Eugene D. Genovese (Pantheon). The author is the professor at Rutgers whose comments about Vietnam became an issue in the recent New Jersey elections. Be that as it may, he knows a great deal about the ante-bellum South, as this book shows. He deploys masses of data—some of it new, some of it newly interpreted—about, say, soil exhaustion on Southern plantations and the political feebleness of industrial entrepreneurs in Southern society. His work is original and quite persuasive as it takes issue with a number of received interpretations.

Diary of a Genius, by Salvador Dali, translated from the French by Richard Howard (Doubleday). Dali may or may not be a genius as a painter, and he is undoubtedly a superb technician, but as a writer describing his life and ideas he is a boring poseur. There are flashes of wit (the important thing about the limp watches, he says, is that "they keep correct time"), frankness (he advises an impecunious European how to live off rich American women), and even seriousness (the painters who dominate his mind are Vermeer and Picasso), but otherwise the great waves of tedium pound relentlessly on. Illustrated.

John Sloan's New York Scene, edited by Bruce St. John, with an introduction by Helen Farr Sloan (Harper & Row). As a painter, John Sloan was an almost matchless observer of and commentator on the subtleties and vagaries of life in New York City, and his perceptions were unquestionably sharpened by the fact that he came to the city fresh from

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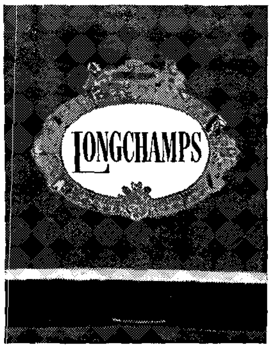

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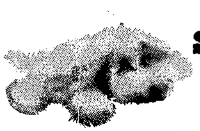

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a kind of artistic apprenticeship in Philadelphia. Unfortunately, the sharpness of his impressions is not carried over into this chronicle, which is primarily a sort of daybook, recording his comings and goings, whom he lunched with, drank with, talked with, what work he was doing from day to day, and so on. It was a lively time, as he records it, with a good deal of staying up late, partying, and cheerful merrymaking. But the recital is curiously staid, and the impression is of a morning-after account instead of one set down at the height of the festivities. Unfortunately, too, such major historic events as the first showing of the Eight at the Macbeth Gallery and the 1913 Armory Show are skimmed over with hardly a mention. Illustrated with drawings, paintings, and photographs. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

THE UNKNOWN DEGAS AND RENOIR, by Denis Rouart (McGraw-Hill). A first world showing, one might say, of some hundred oils, pastels, drawings, and other works by Renoir and Degas, now housed in the National Museum of Belgrade. Not all of them are of the first importance (and the text of the book is for the most part uninspired), but their background is interesting. The story begins, appropriately, in the Balkans, and involves a young amateur of the arts named Erich Šlomović, living in Belgrade. A Jew, he was captured and killed by the Nazis toward the end of the war. Otherwise, not much is known about him, except that he was early drawn to modern art and was apparently a friend of a good many of the artists. (Bonnard, Dufy, and Matisse all inscribed drawings or other works to him.) The most surprising thing about him is that just before the outbreak of war the Paris dealer Ambroise Vollard, who was not known for his openhandedness, gave him a great batch of paintings and drawings by artists ranging from Daumier to Vlaminck. No plausible explanation has ever been advanced for such princely generosity. (The exact number of pieces in Vollard's gift is not stated, but an index of its size is the fact that almost all the works by the two men shown here were part of it.) Since both donor and donee are now dead, probably no explanation will ever be forthcoming, but one wonders whether the transaction, occurring just at the outbreak of war, may have been not

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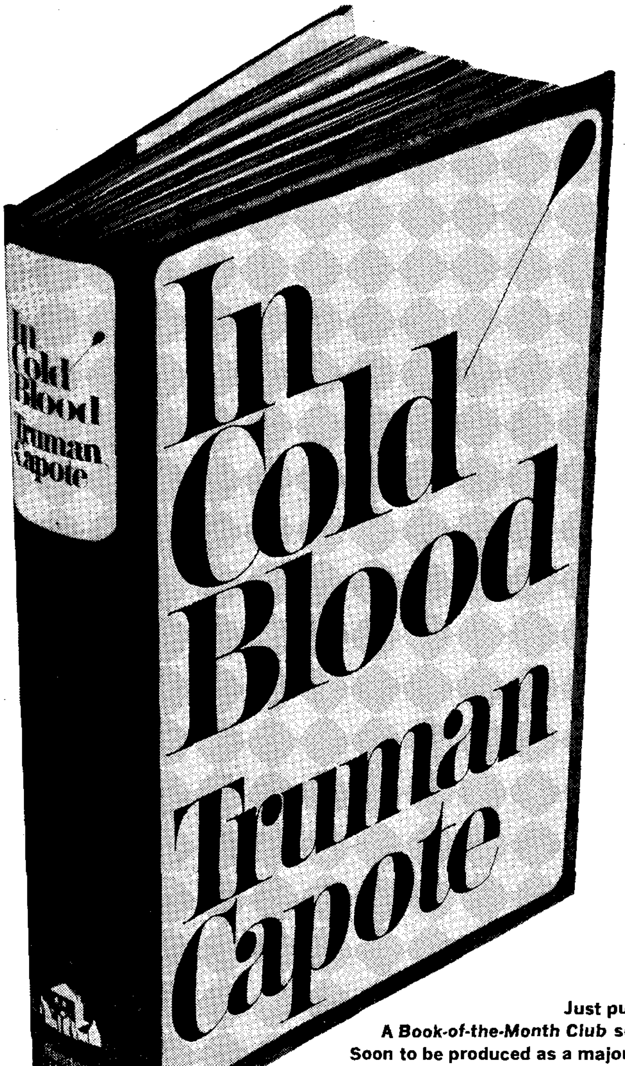

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NOTE: Truman Capote's account of the murder of a family in Kansas in 1959, "In Cold Blood," has been published by Random House. It first appeared, in full, in *The New Yorker*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

BLACK MONEY, by Ross Macdonald (Knopf). Another instructive episode (the fifteenth) in the hideous history of the squalid side of the affluent (or would-be affluent) society in contemporary southern California, to which Mr. Macdonald has happily chosen to devote his life. It is told, as usual, by the disenchanted Lew Archer, and it has to do with a rich young glutton, a scholarly alcoholic, a bogus French aristocrat, a gambling physician, a beautiful college girl, a professor of French, a used-car salesman, and murder and blackmail and robbery and malice and discontent and accidie. The money of the title is underworld money.

THE ASSASSINS, by Frederic Mullally (Walker). The principal characters in this full-throated melodrama are the President of the United States (one Harry Jackwell), Premier Mikhail Ivanovitch Kutuzov of the Soviet Union, an American newspaperman named Ed Rowe (whom the President calls by his first name), and Anya Kutuzov, the Premier's toothsome niece; the setting is a summit meeting in London; and the action has to do with a Stalinist plot to assassinate the Premier and with the efforts of Mr. R. to get Miss K. out of trouble and into bed. The result is just barely credible.

THE PERSECUTOR, by Ian Hamilton (Lippincott). The only real novelty here is the Australian setting—Sydney and Botany Bay. The tone is American—West Coast American—and the inflection is something like that of Ross Macdonald. But Mr. Hamilton's story, about an all-night disc jockey who sets out to prove the innocence of a convicted murderer, is a pretty good one, and he tells it pretty well.

•

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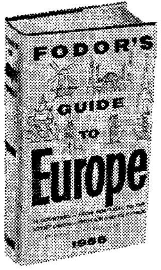

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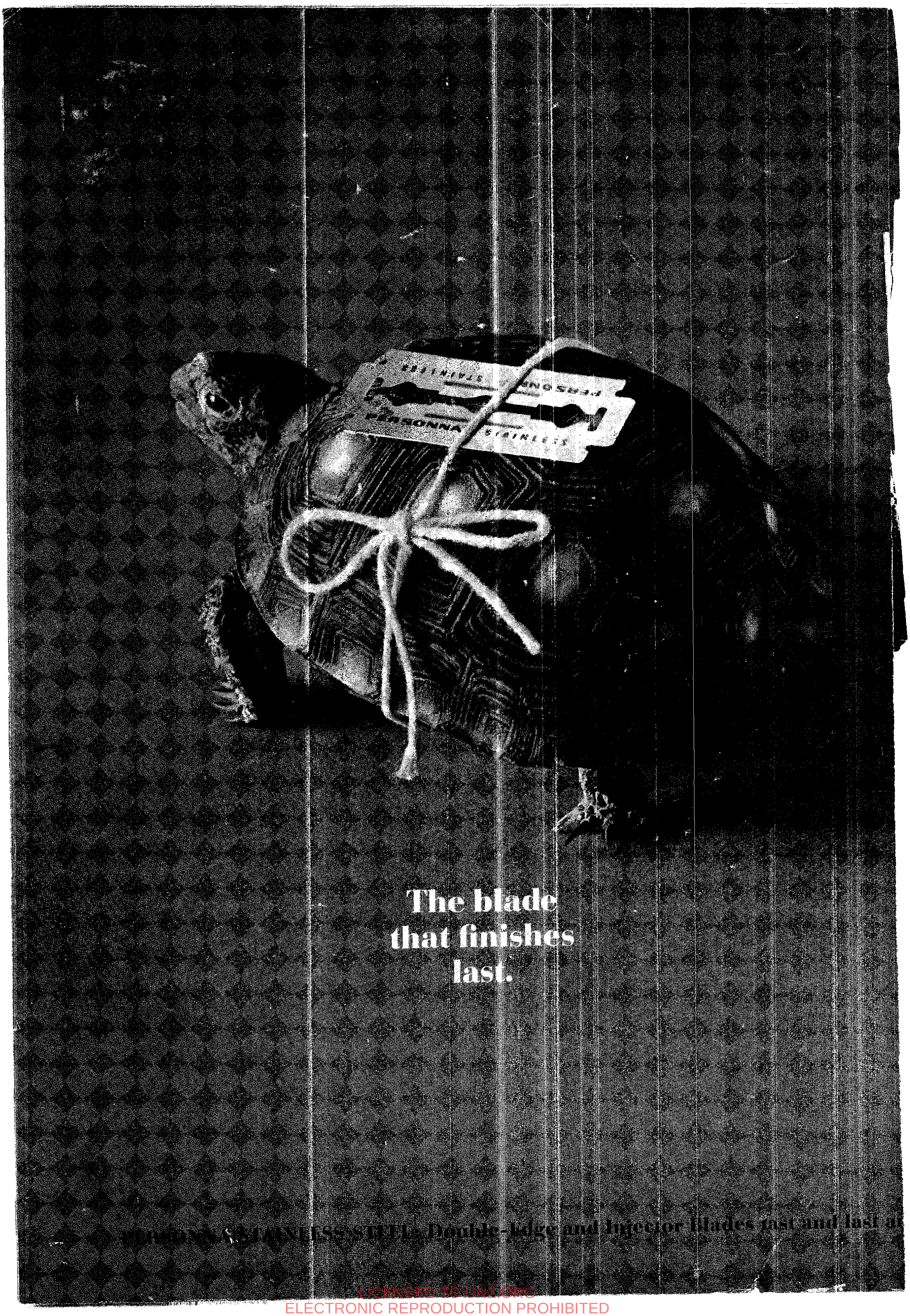
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